Saturday Review

December 12, 1964 25¢

Robert Edmond Jones's setting for "Lute Song"

AN SR SURVEY OF STAGE DESIGN

Edited by Henry Hewes

TECHNOLOGY'S CHALLENGE TO EDUCATION

A Symposium

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There has to be a little Scrooge in you to give a Volkswagen Station Wagon for Christmas.

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At this time of year, you'll enjoy the VW's firm traction. (The engine is in back, over the drive wheels.)

And you'll never spend a dime on anti-freeze; the engine is air-cooled. (Which also means it can't boil over next summer.)

There are a few other tight-fisted items you'll go for: 35,000 miles on a set of tires, over 20 mpg and hardly any oil between changes.

Let us hear from you, Scrooge.

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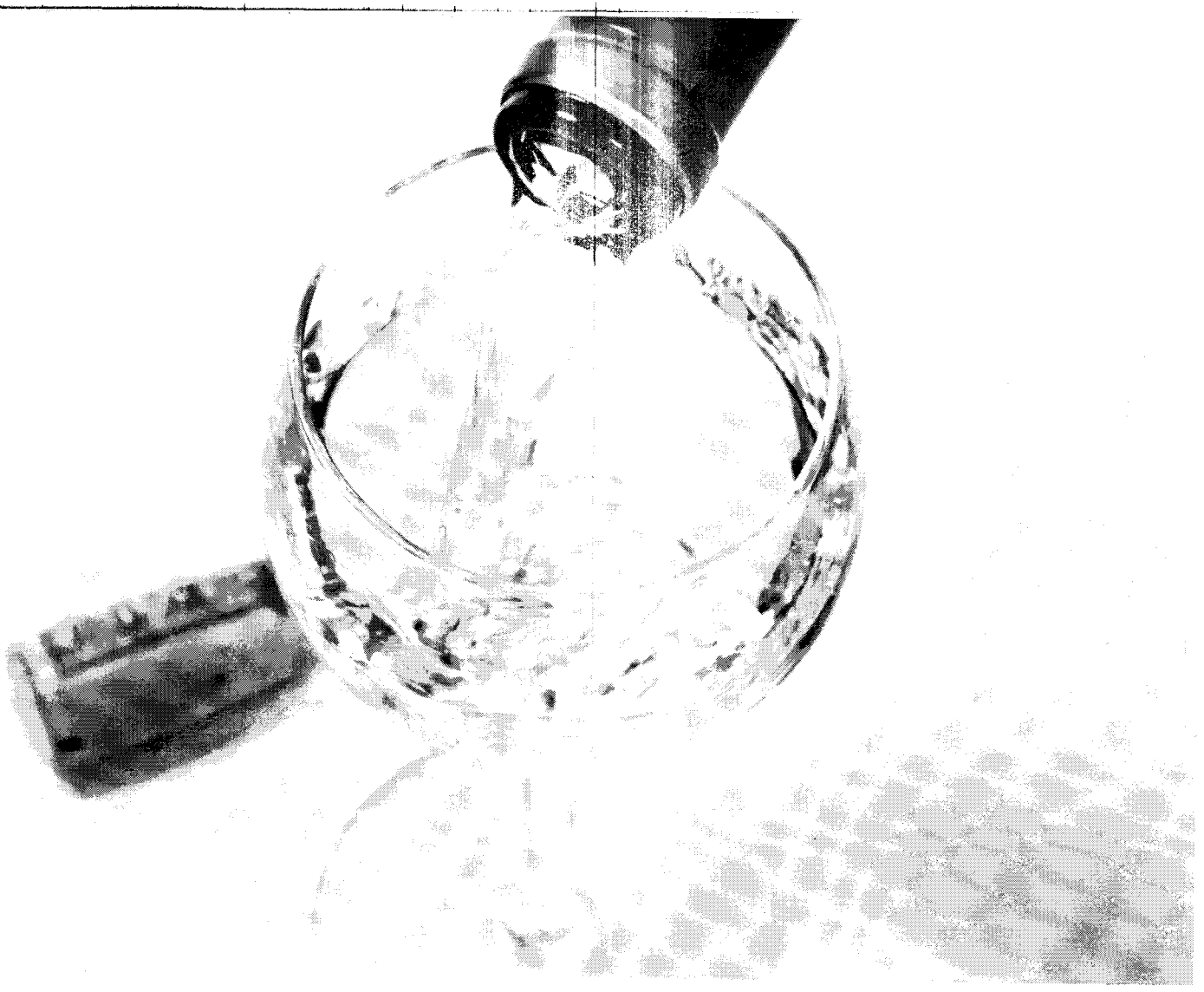

WHY DOES THE HOST GET THE FIRST GLASS OF WINE?

NOW that is a very interesting question, especially when you consider how the practice probably got its start.

Some authorities believe it was originally *mandatory* that the host take the first sip; only then would the guests follow.*

Nowadays the reason the wine steward pours a little in the host's glass first—or, at home, the host pours it for himself—is just so he can see whether he likes it and whether it is good enough for his guests.

Actually, there are two steps before one gets around to either sniffing the bouquet or tasting the wine. First the waiter shows you the bottle before it is opened, and then he opens it and gives you the cork to examine.

These first two steps are important. Although not everyone has the palate of a wine expert, anyone can and should check the label and ask any questions that may occur to him as he reads it. And he ought to check the cork to see that it is firm, and sniff it to see whether it smells nice (this is not only prudent, but looks impressive, too).

Speaking of cork, that is another reason for pouring the host first. If there are any little bits of cork floating on the top he gets them.

The only other thought we have on this comes *before* the first sip: that you order from a list of wines you have confidence in. May we recommend ours? Paul Masson has a large variety of reds, whites, and rosés. If you would like to know more about them please write us at the address below and we'll send you a kit containing descriptions of them and how they are made plus the labels from each so that you will recognize them at your wine dealer's or when the waiter brings one to your table.

This was not politeness so much as curiosity: first they wanted to see whether he dropped dead. Another popular social form was also born in fear: handshaking started as a search for concealed rocks.

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This is the time of year for lengthy lectures on Books-for-Christmas, a phrase that sometimes seems a single word. Well, I'm not about to try stemming that tide, especially when it helps to pay my keep.

What I'd like to add to the general appeal, though, is the suggestion that you gamble on an unexpected and, on the surface, unlikely suggestion—a fine, new book of poems for the friends and relatives you respect the most.

The book I have in mind is "Quick as Dandelions," by John L'Heureux, a young man from Massachusetts whose work has appeared in just about all the more literate magazines. Though he doesn't work in the most traditional forms, L'Heureux can be comprehended by any thinking person. And felt, too, which I suspect may be more important for poets and for readers of poetry.

One of his greatest attributes, I think, is his ability to organize his poems so that, quite often, the ending brings you into an unexpected awareness not only of the meaning of this poem, but of that special order of vision which is a poet's property.

L'Heureux is in holy orders, which I mention as something of passing interest, as it seems to reflect but not obtrude on most of his writing. If you're doubtful, as why shouldn't you be, about the suitability of "Quick as Dandelions," read the poem printed on the back of the jacket. If you don't like it, you shouldn't buy the book. If you feel about it as I do, you'll take several copies, one of which need not be wrapped.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Quick as Dandelions ($2.75) by John L'Heureux is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 934 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach 39, Florida.

Saturday Review

December 12, 1964

Cover photograph:

"The Blue Pavilion." Watercolor stage design for Lute Song, 1941. Robert Edmond Jones (1887-1954) Theatre Arts Collection, Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVII, No. 50, December 12, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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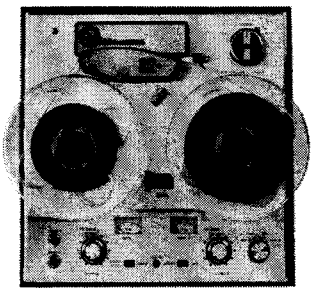

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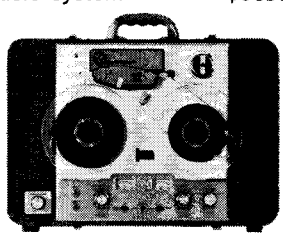

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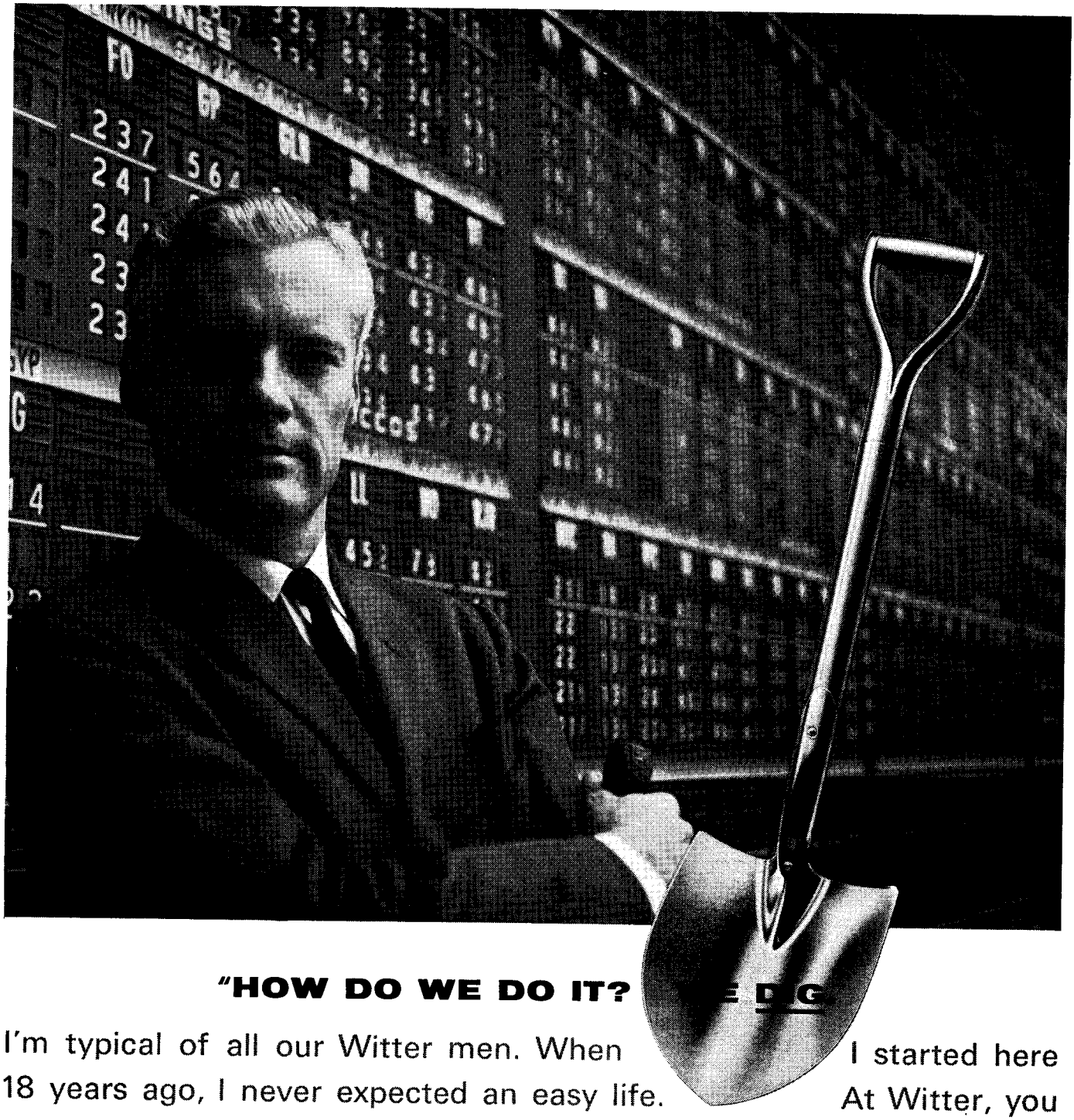

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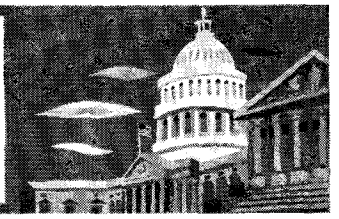
State of Affairs



A New Policy in Vietnam?

THE shooting down by the Chinese of a pilotless reconnaissance plane in mid-November will probably herald the stepping up of American activities over North Vietnam. And for that reason it may mark a significant turn of American policy in the Vietnamese war.

Originally the United States embarked on a two-pronged policy in that area: the "neutralization" of Laos in order to obtain the disengagement of the Soviet Union from direct involvement there, and a vast increase in military aid to South Vietnam. The United States hoped at the time that the counterinsurgency techniques which it introduced would suffice to turn the tide. Even then, however, it did not consider them the ultimate weapon in that war, but only the most convenient ones. The method had promise and it clearly limited the American involvement. But, in effect, the United States, at least by implication, always reserved the option that if the counterinsurgency means proved inadequate, they would be supplemented by what might be called more conventional military action against what Washington considers the source of the aggression—North Vietnam.

In the view of virtually all of President Johnson's key advisers, a point has now been reached when the current methods for defending South Vietnam need to be augmented by new types of action, strictly localized and not overly significant, at least for the time being, but directed more against the North Vietnamese.

It is recognized that such action will not win the guerilla war that is ravaging South Vietnam, nor will it significantly strengthen the politically weak government in Saigon. But the advocates of additional action across the northern frontier believe that it will above all have an intimidating effect on the government in Hanoi, which, it is reported, has been stepping up the supplies of men and material to the Vietcong. They also hope that it will have some effect in bolstering the fighting morale of the Vietnamese, and perhaps even have a discouraging effect on the Communist guerillas.

One reason for the high hopes is that in a very quiet way these tactics have had some success in stabilizing the situation in Laos lately. The United States some months ago began flying photo reconnaissance missions in that area. When an American plane was downed on such a mission the attack was used as an excuse for retaliation and the "offending" antiaircraft battery was bombed and strafed by American planes. The United States meanwhile helped the neutralist government to build up a small air force of some twenty planes flown by Laotian pilots, who have been quietly dropping bombs on the Pathet Lao forces. Whether the Communists saw the writing on the wall or not, they withdrew from some of their exposed positions and something of a status quo ante has apparently been achieved in Laos as a consequence.

The hope is that when the United States begins to signal similar warnings by similar means to Hanoi, they will also be understood and respected. Whether, visible or not, we may therefore see a very careful stepping up of activities such as photo reconnaissance and other limited military activities over North Vietnam. And, depending on the effect they prove to have, they may be escalated somewhat, or halted. Whether these missions will be left exclusively to the South Vietnamese air force or not, it will be difficult for the United States to dissociate itself from them and hence there may develop something of an American involvement whose limitations it would be very difficult to predict. But it should at least make clear that the United States plans to live up to its commitment in South Vietnam, so long as that country does not collapse from within.

The French proposal for neutralizing the area, which is interpreted here to mean the total withdrawal of Western military presence, is as unacceptable today as it was when originally proposed by General de Gaulle. It is, as William Bundy, the assistant secretary for Far Eastern affairs, interpreted it the other day, reminiscent of the kind of vacuum inherent in the idea known as "disengagement"—once an avidly debated issue in central Europe. It is also known in Washington that when the newly arrived French ambassador in Peking informed the Chinese government that he was ready to act as an intermediary between the United States and China in any negotiations about Vietnam, he was given to understand that Peking was not interested.

Behind the American determination to preserve South Vietnam's independence is a long-range plan for the "containment" of Communist China. There is a general feeling among some of the leading experts in the Johnson Administration that the situation in the Far East resembles that in Europe after World War II, when the Soviet Union embarked on a policy of expansion that finally led to the NATO alliance.

To develop a "containment" policy in the Pacific, though, is vastly more difficult and complex. There is not the same geographical and cultural cohesion, there are enormous differences in the standard of living and in the ability of the various countries to govern themselves, and very different attitudes toward Communist China. There is the possibility of achieving a certain stability in the North Pacific between Japan, South Korea, and Taiwan, although even between these countries there are various disturbing factors that inhibit closer relations. In the Western Pacific is the so-called Maphilindo region, consisting of Indonesia, Malaysia, and the Philippines. But these countries have such varied ethnic, cultural, and historical backgrounds that it will be difficult to create the kind of unity needed, however desirable it may be to all three.

Further south lies Australia, which finally has become aware of the responsibilities it must assume. The government recently introduced the draft and is now in the process of rebuilding its fighting forces. These measures may gradually enhance Australia's physical and political weight in this area.

THE weakest point in this highly uneven perimeter is, of course, South Vietnam, where the situation both militarily and politically has been deteriorating from year to year. The United States "containment" policy in the Pacific has therefore not made much progress so far and the first Chinese nuclear explosion—whose nuclear meaning but not its political one has been downgraded in Washington—has not helped to advance it.

Yet Americans are not really fully conscious of the extent to which they are now involved in this area. The war in Korea and the American casualties in Vietnam are often attributed to isolated outbreaks of violence, when they should be forceful reminders that the upheavals that began in the Pacific with World War II continue to convulse the area; that the political and military pressures Communist China is exerting have only just begun.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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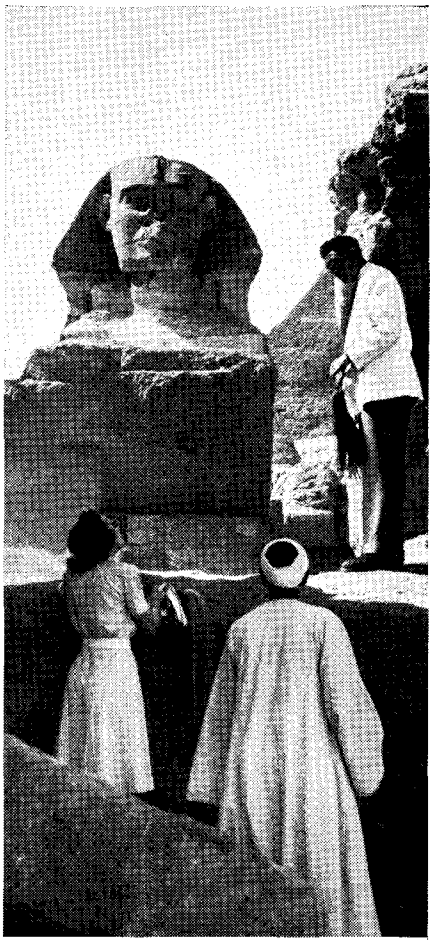

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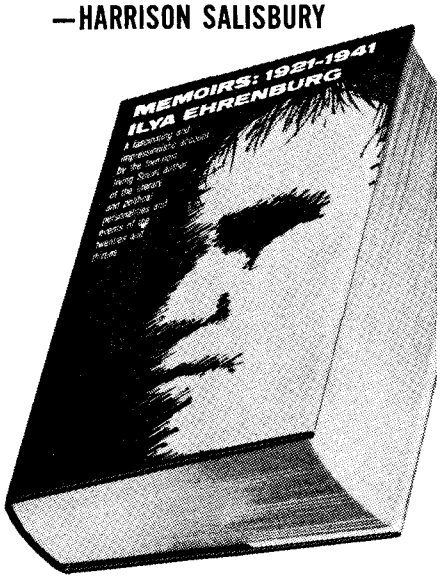

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Yule Log

Edited by Martin Levin

No Yule Like an Old Yule

PERHAPS this is the year for those of us who keep insisting that the "old-fashioned Christmases were more fun" to have one and get it out of our systems. It isn't hard if we try.

Shove back thermostat to about 40 degrees or switch off furnace entirely. This will give the windows a picturesque frosting and cool the house to a temperature in keeping with "the good old days."

The Christmas tree should be cut down with a dull axe in City Park or somewhere and dragged home through the snow over our shoulder. If we can manage a live goose under our free arm at the same time, this will add to the merriment.

Christmas cards we send should carry two cents postage: that's all it used to cost, so might as well be consistent.

Have on hand a bright new penny for the newsboy when he comes to wish us a Merry Christmas. It will brighten his chubby face and assure us of improved service next year.

Preparations for the Yule feast must get under way around 4 A.M. with bread baking in a coal-fired kitchen range especially installed for the day (see Hertz Rent-All); it should have a clogged flue.

All kinfolk invited for Christmas dinner must remain underfoot for at least a week. That is how it was when they used to come by sleigh and stage coach.

Gifts for the kiddies should be limited to woolen mittens and an orange. They will remember this "old-fashioned Christmas" for the rest of their lives.

And they won't let us forget it either.
—W. F. MIKSCH.

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CHAPTER ONE

Rain. Rain and April. A blast of heat from the oven's troubled womb and the woman with her starched apron, her self-consciously flour-coated arms, her red-faced, masochistic slavishness over her rolling pin and my lost and lonely sadness as I stuck my finger again in my mouth and wondered: who is she? and why am I? Yes, and when?

Not why might I have seemed to be, but why was I really honest-to-gosh when all was said and done, if it ever was? Doesn't anything ever mean anything? I cried silently, as my little nose against the windowpane grew colder, ever colder, while the drops rolled relentlessly down.

Her mouth came open, the lips parted, words issued forth, wrapping me in the moist, imperious cocoon of command. "Take these cookies to your grandmother's," she said. My mother, *that* was what she was. But what for?

Grandmother's house lay through the woods and beyond. That beyond of which I was not yet but which inevitably through the peregrination of a removal from that place whereat I was to that which I was still predestinedly becoming I would—and somehow I knew it then, though I was only seven—be.

"It's raining!" I protested, alone, unheeded, without friends, a movement, funds, that universally shared anger which alone makes protest viable.

"So put on your riding hood."

I looked at the calendar. It was still April.

CHAPTER TWO

She—for the thing that had happened, or rather ceased to have happened, maybe, could only have happened to her who had been somehow *I* at that time and place and who wasn't around any more (anyway nobody had seen me lately); yet still insensately shaken by that first heart-chilling, soul-searing footfall in the wet and somber leaves, those great gnashing bicuspids, the poised and malevolent claws, the too well rehearsed growl low in the carnivorous throat there below the carnal eye, crying out her fear and pain there in the lonesome, still-

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dripping gloom of that so obviously tree-filled forest—had arrived.

"Is that you, Grandmother?" she had asked; asked of the forbidding dark as much as of the huddled figure in the tousled and cracker-strewn bed, of whom even in her slightly posed innocence the heart's groping into muddled Time must have sensed, must have *known* was not in the totality of truth (insofar as its fleeting scent can ever be imbibed) altogether the one she had in that first wildly incomprehensive glance supposed her, or it, or whatever the hell was in there, to be.

Not alone something lupinely leering in that frank, supper's-on expression, the tassel of its nightcap falling obscenely down over a mouth that held too many teeth (though how many is "too many"? Are not such dentine judgments the source of our despair, truth calcified, lacking fluoridation's exegesis?) in a not-quite-successfully grandmotherish face that still bore the marks of a dinner too quickly bolted.

She was quite incurious as to what was going to "happen." That this, the becoming accident, as surely it would be named on some stained police blotter, the sergeant sweating heavily under a naked bulb, sleeves rolled on hairy arms, while at home the television bawled on and the children wailed their joint objection to the pangs of boredom, must surely become she took with a grain of Sartre.

Chapter Three

It was sere October. Or was it? Little doubts assailed her, unmistakable signs, geese flying north, ice breaking in the ponds, the kids getting out of school for the summer. She must look at the calendar oftener.

It had been April once. She clung to this through all that the power structure and the municipal transit system had done to her. The still unused crosstown transfers lay in her purse to mock her march at City Hall with the brave signs, "Don't be a fink; fight to keep the *B* line." In April Mother had stamped out her remorseless gingersnaps. And she had known raindrops.

Chapter Four

He was dead. That Papa had slain him with his axe seemed almost certain, though nothing can be very definite when a girl gets herself wound up with impressionism. Can anything be said to be finished merely because it is done? Sadly I, or she, or somebody, turned the leaves of the calendar. If it was no longer April, what was it?

—Robert S. Aldrich.

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Photo by Gerald Brimacombe—Minneapolis Star Chief Photographer

What makes a newspaper great?

Explaining American election procedures to a group of exchange students is all in a day's work for Bernard J. Rotklein (right), Foreign Service Officer with the Department of State, Washington, D.C.

Rotklein's diplomatic career had its origin 17 years ago when, as a high school student, he received a free trip to the United Nations as one of six winners in the Minneapolis Star's World Affairs Program. "That trip together with my participation in the World Affairs Program stimulated an interest in international relations," Rotklein said recently, "and ultimately influenced my decision to choose the Foreign Service as my life's work."

It has led him halfway around the world—to the U.S. Embassy in Brazzaville, Congo Republic—and back again to Washington. Currently assigned to the State Department's Office of International Conferences, Bernard Rotklein organizes and instructs U.S. Delegations to international conferences and helps receive foreign delegations attending conferences held in our nation's capital.

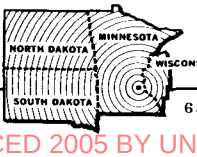
Each year over 80,000 high school students in the Upper Midwest join the Program of Information on World Affairs. Offered gratis, it consists of 26 weekly articles on world topics, carefully researched and cogently written by Minneapolis Star experts, plus study outlines and weekly quizzes.

Dr. William C. Rogers, director, Minnesota World Affairs Center, University of Minnesota, supervises the Program.

In June, after intensive competition, winners are awarded a memorable four-day trip to Washington, D.C., or the UN headquarters in New York. Since the Program began in 1946, there have been 96 winners.

The World Affairs Program is one more reason the Minneapolis Star and Minneapolis Tribune are the Upper Midwest's most influential medium.

MINNEAPOLIS STAR EVENING



Minneapolis Tribune MORNING SUNDAY

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655,000 SUNDAY • 500,000 COMBINED DAILY

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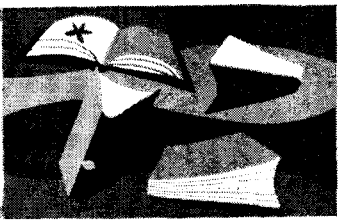
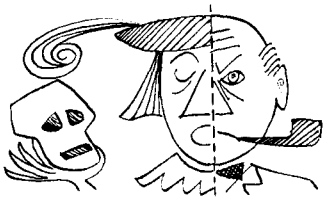
Trade Winds



In his new book *The Treasure of Our Tongue,* which is both entertaining and educational, Lincoln Barnett catapults some telling slings and arrows at those who are hell-bent on degrading the English language by embracing the "free-write" school of authorship. Among



his targets is novelist William Burroughs, who has neither the erudition nor the poetic genius of James Joyce, as Barnett points out, but who seems to work overtime to achieve unintelligibility. In his crusade to muddle and confuse the reader, Burroughs has developed what he calls the "fold-in method" of writing. Burroughs confesses that he might take page one of his manuscript, and fold it down the middle. He does the same with page 100, then matches them up to form a composite page. The resulting collage is supposed to result in great art.

Mr. Barnett takes as dim a view as we do of this sort of acrobatic pagination, but just to prove that we're open-minded about the whole situation, we took a recent letter of complaint we wrote to a typewriter company and folded it in with one of Hamlet's soliloquies. The result follows:

"Now I am alone. Oh, what a rogue and letter as a complaint about my electric typewriter, not monstrous that this player here, the dealer for the fourth time with passion should force his soul so to sounding like an anvil chorus her working all her visage. Tears on it seems to me that if you in his aspect, and his whole shape suiting which sells considerably above the price of peanuts and all for nothing. For Hecuba. What's to the interest of your company to motive and cue for passion that I have considering the entire machine with tears, and cleave the general ear up to parts drop off. Make mad the guilty and appal the free. And even my secretary finds it hard to peek like John-a-dreams, continually borders on the outskirts of do nothing, no, not for a king upon whose property that this letter is in handwriting. That I am pigeon-livered and lack gall malfunction appearing every time I hit the space bar. Or ere this I should have fatted serious attention to shoring up bloody, bawdy villain. At the next model you bring out, will be most brave, that I the son of a dear letters of complaint . . ."

On second thought, maybe Burroughs is right. It just might sell in today's market.

A lot of things are befuddled these days, according to reports we've been receiving. The Westport, Connecticut, library reports that a little lady in tennis shoes came to the desk, uncertain of the title of Whittaker Chambers's posthumous book *Cold Friday.* "I can't remember the title," she said. "But I think it's something like *Frost on the Pumpkin.*"

In the same community a youngster asked his teacher at Bedford Elementary School the name of the man whose statue adorns the main corridor.

"That's the man who founded this school," the teacher told him. "The school is named after him."

The boy thought a moment and said: "Oh—Mr. Elementary?"

And think of the confusion Helen Gurley Brown is facing. She has just returned from a promotion tour of Ireland for her books *Sex and the Office* and *Sex and the Single Girl,* only to receive a notice that her books have been officially banned in Eire.

The San Augustine, Texas, Retail Merchants Association also must be getting its signals mixed. Betty Adcock sends us its Thanksgiving advertisement, which praises the spirit of the first Pilgrims and adds the notation: "May we all be thankful, too, that we may enjoy today the good things of life on credit." We've been unable to find any statistics to show how many Pilgrims charged their first Thanksgiving dinner on a Diners' Club card.

More confusion reigns in credit card circles, however, this time within the pages of *Venture,* the new hardcover magazine that American Express is pub-

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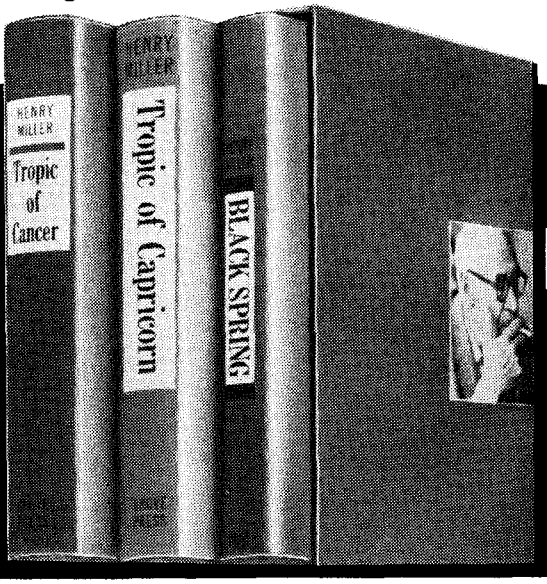

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lishing. John D. MacDonald, the 20,000,000-copies-sold novelist, wrote a 5,000-word article for it and offered to do his own photography as well. The editors very politely turned down his offer and prepared to send a professional photographer to handle the picture part of the assignment. But when they saw the photographs MacDonald sent in with his manuscript, they chopped his article down to a few facts and converted it into his own picture story.

There is, however, no confusion in the advertisement that Dr. Thomas Palmer tells us he ran across. It reads: MALE BASSET HOUND DESIRES TO MEET FEMALE BASSET HOUND. OBJECT: BASSINET.

But the curtain of confusion extends all the way out to Palo Alto, California, where teacher Cynthia Diamond tells us about a student who was asked to list the characteristics of America's early frontiersmen. He wrote: "Courageous, strong, and full of wandering lust."

Even the *New York Times* has its moments of befuddlement. In a recent news item it reported: "A two-year-old English motorist was fined $28 recently on a careless driving charge. He told the court his attention was distracted momentarily by a pretty girl on the street."

But the *Times* quickly compensated for its sins with a quotation from a respondent who was asked what he thought about the recent innovation of bars in Broadway's legitimate theaters. He was quick to answer: "I think this is the greatest bourbon renewal project of 'em all."

Confusion also reigns right here in TRADE WINDS. In a recent column we reported that no self-respecting publication was worth its salt unless it managed to bring in a few glaring errors to keep readers on their toes. A typesetter helped us along immeasurably by spelling Cincinnati with two "t"s.

Our face could qualify for the Cincinnati Reds. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1600)

LADY OTTOLINE MORRELL:

MEMOIRS

Never did I hear Henry James repeat his talk or repeat phrases, which is a rare thing among talkers. Even the best seem to have innumerable gramophone records in their minds which, if one knows them well, seem scratchy, monotonous, and mechanical.

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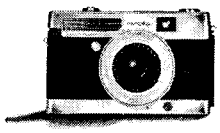

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Minolta: the name quality made famous

As It Happens

A Senate subcommittee says juvenile delinquents learn every type of crime from network programs. This proves educational television works.

In 1959 a Russian got five years for shouting: "Down with Khrushchev!" Released when rehabilitated recently, he happily shouted: "Hurray for Khrushchev!" Got five more years.

Alcoholic consumption starts soaring the day before Christmas, peaks on New Year's Eve, and hangs over through January 1.

Never before have so many café singers perched on pianos, à la Helen Morgan. This keeps up, Steinway will install jump seats.

The post-Christmas unemployment ranks are always swelled by office-party smart alecks.

In this TV age a parent gets to know his own children only during commercials.

If all Vietnam's ex-Premiers were sent to the front, the Viet Cong would be overwhelmed.

California's latest is the split-family pool; half in one house, half next door. If neighbors quarrel, one builds a spite-dam.

Discussing their families, Saudi Arabians only count sons. If the government introduces income tax, they'll also count daughters.

East German stores are playing "Dreaming of a White Christmas." Irving pierced the Berlin wall.

Doris Lilly's new book is *How to Make Love in Five Languages.* A Berlitz bedtime story.

Fact magazine is gaining circulation with a simple editorial policy: Nobody's any damn good. —FRED SPARKS.

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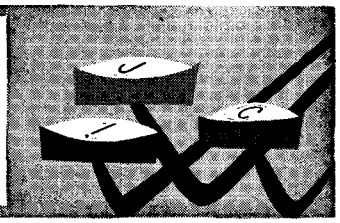
Manner of Speaking



One Father: A few weeks ago (said the man of perpetual clutters) I clipped from some newspaper or other a story I have since mislaid, probably by tossing it into the limbo in which the top of my desk is buried, and from which no soul ever returns except at random and unsummoned. Until that emergence, then, the world's data of time, place, and name is lost to me, but the story remains firm to my mind, the gist of it being that a Beatle-bitten teen-ager let his hair grow into a shoulder-length bob, that the hair-do outraged the school system, that the school system kicked him out until he got his hair cut to its rather than to his own taste, that the school system's decision outraged the boy's father, that the outraged father took the case to court, and that the court ordered the school system to take the boy back, hair and all. A clear victory for what Charles Dickens called "fancy" and a rebuke to all the gradgrinds of the School of Hard Facts.

I should, in fact, like to believe that the court has reaffirmed the simple principle that a citizen's hair is his own to wear as he pleases. I must, to be sure, confess to some grudge in this, a grudge against all those army types from second lieutenant to colonel who spent years of their lives and mine, presumably in the service of the country, but actually in waiting for any hair of my head to grow longer than five-sixteenth of an inch. Thereupon they would leap upon me with a glee known only to commissioned stupidity and ask—always in that same tone—"You going out to buy a violin, soldier?" My part of the dialogue, always as sprightly as theirs, alas, consisted of four short sentences, of which only the first could actually be spoken aloud: "No, sir. Cannot play violin, sir. Wish I could, sir. May I request transfer to music school, sir?" After which, having been forced to swallow the best of my conversational effort, I would be told to "Get yourself a haircut and start looking like a soldier."

Nor was my animus, let me add, entirely due to the instinctive hatred that knits officers and enlisted men into what officers call *esprit de corps*. Part of it, I confess, was shyness. I don't like my head with nothing but moss on it: the point shows and the fontanel still throbs under emotional strain, a fact the other poker players spot at once on their way to cleaning me out. I like it long.

Remember Miniver Cheevy?

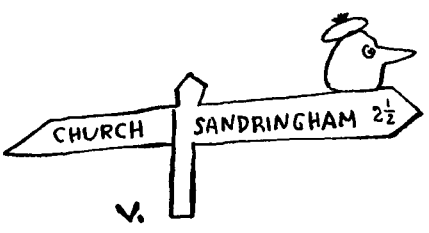
Miniver loved the Medici
Albeit he had never seen one.
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

My not-so-secret psyche leans with Miniver, and of them all I choose Giuliano, though he was, alas, a sinless Medici. And I have at least seen his portrait, probably by one of Botticelli's students. There, I say, is a haircut to shame all mere Beatles. And if it's good enough for a Medici, why isn't it good enough for the school system? (You may check for yourself on Plate VI of Young's *The Medici* in the Modern Library Giant.)

But leave the Medici and sin out of this. I should like, as I say, to think the court has reaffirmed that what a man does with his hair is on his own head and beyond public censure. I hope it has, thereby, reaffirmed the individual's right to his eccentricities, and warned the public school system about unreasonable infringement.

Why do they all have to be made to fit a pattern? My local school system, in what I take to be a common pattern, has required Myra to buy what I shall insist is a loathsome gym uniform. The principle, I take it, is that in a democracy all the girls must look identically loathsome when they line up for games. I am not at all sure but what I should have insisted on letting Myra buy a gym suit to her own taste and fought it out in the courts, if need be. My wife, of course, is reasonable about these things. She points out that some of the girls are from well-heeled families and some from poor ones, and she adds that unless everyone wears the same thing "it might get out of hand." That, I gather, means that some of the girls will be all frou-frou'd and that others will look like Little Nell in a snowstorm.

But why can't Myra wear her frills to her own taste? Her father, after all, is a rich poet, and what's frillier than that? Is there any democratic principle that requires the poor to have their poverty hidden from them? Is it that shameful? Besides I have an experienced aversion to poverty and I know it won't hide to begin with. Or try hiding it in the gym class, if you like, and then watch it pop out at the pick-up line on rainy days when new Caddys line up with the old Fords to rescue the orphans of the storm. It's no go, I say.



But I am only high on principle, as you see. In practice I am a coward. I daydream of principles at law, but I never fight the case.

Perhaps only as a rationalization of my own cowardice, therefore, I must speak my admiration of the father of that boy, with my apologies for having misplaced the clipping and his name. I want him to have the one public vote I am entitled to, and I want to add three psychic cheers.

No, I am not at all sure, despite Giuliano de' Medici, that I'll let my boys go all the way to a full bob when their madcap years come on. I know enough, naturally, to tell myself they need some way of expressing the rebellion every adolescent must rise to. But I'm afraid I'd still be that coward who speaks, always, in the name of sanity. "Does it have to be *that* way?" I'd find myself saying.

And then if they got their haircut but insisted on going to school barefoot, I'd find myself saying, "Rebellion, yes, but does it have to come out *that* way?"

And when they put on shoes but insisted on wearing earrings, I'd still be sanity's man: "Good Lord, does it have to be *that* way?"

Because, like every understanding parent, what I really want is a neat, comfortable, conforming rebellion. "Go ahead and rebel," I really want to say with every other complacent oaf who ever begot a child, "but don't act strange about it."

And when the Superintendent of Schools got around to insisting that hair be cut short, or shoes worn, or earrings removed, would I fight it to the Supreme Court, if need be? Who, me? What do you take me for—a rich poet, or something?

Except that maybe I just will the next time it comes up. I have, as I say, mislaid the name and address of that father who saw it through. But not his example. Let me remember him as the Right Father, and thank him here and hereafter for being wise enough to understand his son, and near enough to back natural foible all the way across the Orthodox Rocks and right smash through the Cliffs of the Concrete Mind into the Fanciful Caverns that every psyche always knew were there to begin with, and that no psyche can forget on pain of letting itself turn into concrete.

—John Ciardi.

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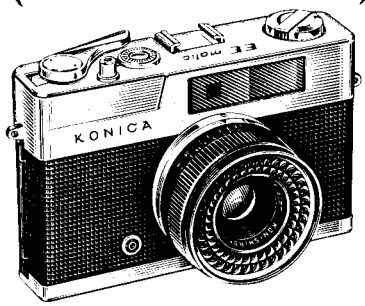

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by HARRY and BONARO OVERSTREET

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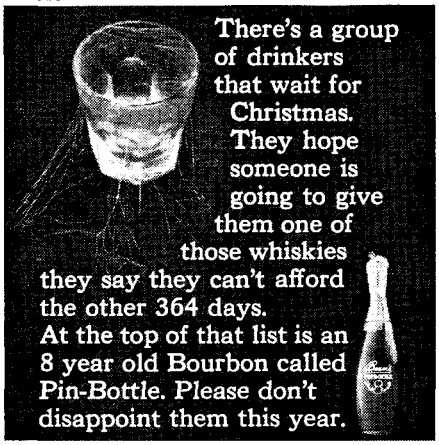
There's a group of drinkers that wait for Christmas. They hope someone is going to give them one of those whiskies they say they can't afford the other 364 days. At the top of that list is an 8 year old Bourbon called Pin-Bottle. Please don't disappoint them this year.

8 YEAR OLD BEAM'S PIN-BOTTLE
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, JAMES B. BEAM DIST. CO., CLERMONT, KY.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Art

DRAWINGS FROM THE CLARK ART INSTITUTE: A Catalogue Raisonné of the Robert Sterling Clark Collection of European and American Drawings, Sixteenth through Nineteenth Centuries, at the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute, Williamstown. Edited by Egbert Haverkamp-Begemann, Standish D. Lawder, and Charles W. Talbot, Jr. Yale Univ. Press. $30 to Jan. 1; $37.50 thereafter.

GIOTTO. By Camillo Semenzato. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, 75¢.

KANDINSKY. By Cornelius Doelman. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, 75¢.

KOKOSCHKA. By Anthony Bosman. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, 75¢.

TREASURES OF ANCIENT AMERICA. By Samuel K. Lothrop. World. $29.50.

TURNER. By Michael Kitson. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, 75¢.

Crime, Suspense

THE GLASS CELL. By Patricia Highsmith. Doubleday. $3.95.

IS THERE A TRAITOR IN THE HOUSE? By Patricia McGerr. Doubleday. $3.50.

A KNIFE FOR THE JUGGLER. By Manning Coles. Doubleday. $3.50.

THE TERRORS OF THE EARTH. By Stanton Forbes. Doubleday. $3.50.

THE UPFOLD WITCH. By Josephine Bell. Macmillan. $3.95.

Current Affairs

THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY. By Robert J. Donovan. New American Library. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, 60¢.

POST-WAR ECONOMIC GROWTH: Four Lectures. By Simon Kuznets. Harvard Univ. Press. $4.25.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS. Edited by Louis Filler. Putnam. $5.95.

THE PURSUIT OF WORLD ORDER. By Richard N. Gardner. Praeger. $4.95.

REPUBLIC IN SUSPENSE: Politics, Parties, and Personalities in Postwar Germany. By Klaus Bölling. Praeger. $6.50.

RIGHTS FOR AMERICANS: The Speeches of Robert F. Kennedy. Edited by Thomas A. Hopkins. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE AND THE AMBASSADOR: Jackson Subcommittee Papers on the Conduct of American Foreign Policy. By Senator Henry M. Jackson. Praeger. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

Education

TOWARD A PHILOSOPHY OF ORGANIZED STUDENT ACTIVITIES. By Herbert Stroup. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $4.50.

Fiction

THE FRATRICIDES. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Simon & Schuster. $5.

MY TROUBLES BEGAN. By Paolo Volponi. Grossman. $5.

THE POWER. By William Harrington. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.95.

THE SHY PHOTOGRAPHER. By Jock Carroll. Stein & Day. $5.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM. By Timothy Shay Arthur. Edited by Donald A. Koch. Harvard Univ. Press. $4.95.

"The strangest thing happened to me today. I sold a refrigerator for cash!"

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History

A CONCISE HISTORY OF WORLD WAR I. A CONCISE HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II. Prepared for The Encyclopedia Britannica under the Advisory Editorship of Brig. Gen. Vincent J. Esposito, U.S.A. (Ret.). Praeger. Each: hardbound, $6.95; paperback, $2.95.

Literary Criticism

AN AGE OF FICTION: The Nineteenth-Century British Novel. By Frederick Karl. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $6.

FLAUBERT: A Collection of Critical Essays. Edited by Raymond Giraud. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

KEATS: A Collection of Critical Essays. Edited by Walter Jackson Bate. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

MOLIERE: A Collection of Critical Essays. Edited by Jacques Guicharnaud. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Miscellany

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE OF THE U.S. AND CANADA, 1939-1960. By Genevieve Miller. Johns Hopkins. $10.

CARRYING BRITISH MAIL OVERSEAS. By Howard Robinson. New York Univ. Press. $7.50.

DANGEROUS TO MAN. By Roger A. Caras. Chilton. $10.

THE FINEST ROOMS BY AMERICA'S GREATEST DECORATORS. Viking. $18.50.

HANDWEAVING. By Iona Plath. Scribners. $8.95.

INSTANT STATUS. By Allan Sherman and Arnold and Lois Peyser. Putnam. $1.95.

A VANISHING AMERICA: The Life and Times of the Small Town. Edited by Thomas C. Wheeler. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $9.95.

Music, Theater

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1963-1964. Edited by Henry Hewes. Dodd, Mead. $6.50.

LANDOWSKA ON MUSIC. By Wanda Landowska. Edited by Denis Restout. Stein & Day. $9.95 to Dec. 25; $12.50 thereafter.

Personal History

IMPROPER BOSTONIAN: Emily Greene Balch. By Mercedes M. Randall. Twayne. $6.

Poetry

COLLECTED POEMS: 1935-1965. By Kenneth Hopkins. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $6.

Religion

BAPTISM IN THE THOUGHT OF ST. PAUL. By Rudolf Schnackenburg. Herder & Herder. $5.95.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S BEST PLAIN SERMONS. Edited by Vincent F. Blehl, S.J. Foreword by Muriel Spark. Herder & Herder. $3.95.

Science

WE ARE NOT ALONE. By Walter Sullivan. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

An intimacy to share

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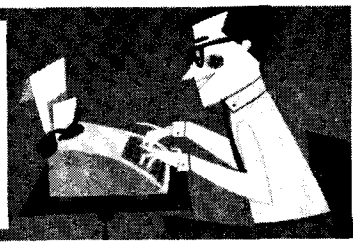
Top of My Head



Smoke Gets in Your Ears

FROM a letter from John H. Moore in Albany, New York: "How long must we endure the TV commercial about the lady who wants to try the little cigar? You must know that tease-ending series—the gal in the smoking car, the one whose escort leaves the butt smouldering in the ashtray (and the voice asks): 'Shouldn't a gentleman offer a lady a Tiparillo?'

"Indeed he should," says Mr. Moore. "But why stop there? Why not a humidor full of Havana Invincibles? Or some of those stogies, black and baleful, that Arthur Train always depicted in the mouth of Mr. Tutt?" End of Mr. Moore.

Mr. Moore obviously doesn't understand the powerful theory behind this type of advertising. Nobody has actually asked the lady to smoke the cigar. But the thought has been planted and a lady who is sitting there at home before her TV set innocently giving herself a pedicure may wonder "Why not?" This is known as subliminal advertising. No hard sell—"Get up, lady, and go to your favorite cigar counter and get one now!" But the thought seeps through. She inhales the message.

There are other little one-minute novelettes equally as attractive. Consider these two little story lines, one for a cigar, the other for a cigarette. First, a boss is out of cigarettes, his employee gives him one, the boss takes a puff and gives the employee a raise. Second, a man hasn't the courage to ask for a raise. He smokes a cigar and gets the raise. If either of those two plots had seeped into an advertising agency's half-hour situation comedy show Madison Avenue would have been clouded over with a thick layer of grey flannel lint.

But I didn't make these up. I give you actual dialogue or a slightly unreasonable facsimile:

The scene is a bank. The president is out of cigarettes.

"Grigsby!" he shouts, "Got a cigarette?"

"Yes sir," responds Grigsby, "a charcoal filter."

"Ahh," says the president, "I don't like the taste of them."

And a voice over says: "What the president didn't know is that Philip Morris has the coconut charcoal.

"You'll like it," says Grigsby.

The president lights it. While he lights it we see a surgical operation being performed on Philip Morris, and out drops the brain of some advertising genius in the form of tiny granules of charcoal—excuse me—coconut charcoal, looking something like the residue of what you scrape out of an old favorite pipe.

"I like it," says the president. "Grigsby, you're due for a promotion."

The other commercial concerns the White Owl cigar. It's known as the Invincible. The announcer's voice says:

"The White Owl may not make you invincible but it makes you feel that way."

We see a young man nervously pacing in front of the door leading to the boss's office. He has been promised a raise and hasn't got it yet. He goes to the door—falters—steps back, tries again but can't make it. In his nervousness he lights up a White Owl cigar. He takes a puff or two, the metamorphosis takes place, and he strides in, trailing behind him a feathery cloud of White Owl smoke. The boss is off camera but we see the young invincible man shake his cigar furiously toward the camera.

"Now see here," he shouts at the top of his invincible voice, "about my raise—I demand to know why it hasn't gone through yet . . . Oh, it has? Gee, thanks Dad."

No charcoal granules—excuse me—no coconut charcoal granules here. Just plain in-the-raw invincibility—with a heaping sprinkling of granules of nepotism. This is a case of "who's up front that counts."

It is also obvious that Dad is not a smoker of White Owl cigars. If he had been he would have had the invincibility to throw that young sprout out right on his ear.

I must admit that none of these smoking commercials has ever moved me to accept its premise or its product. But I confess there is one smoking commercial that has always intrigued me. I've always had the feeling that I'd like to come up and smoke a Muriel with Edie sometime. No plot—except the one I conjure up in my weak, subliminal mind.

—GOODMAN ACE.

This business of "getting what you pay for" certainly holds for liqueurs. Take Crème de Menthe, for example.

Is it true that some are better than others? Of course it is, and the better ones cost more...for good reasons. Nowhere in the world does mint grow as flavorful and fragrant as in France and the United Kingdom. So the best Crème de Menthe must be produced from these leaves, and they must be plucked at their peak and processed immediately to preserve their full flavor.

Mint leaves, tender and fragrant, are vital to a superb Crème de Menthe. But that's not all. The liqueur must be bottled as soon as possible after it is made. For this is one sure way to capture its true flavor and delicacy. One liqueur producer still takes such pains with Crème de Menthe—and 18 other delicious flavors—all made and bottled in France.

"Yes, I Know... Marie Brizard"

Sole U. S. Distributors
Schieffelin & Co., New York

Crème de Menthe 60 Proof

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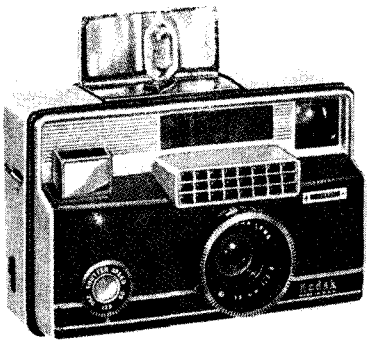

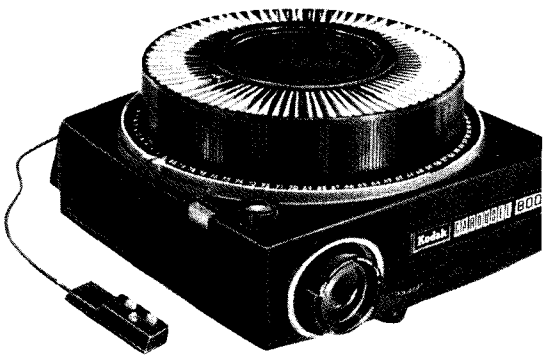

Sophisticated gift! Instant loading; continental design and precision! Uses drop-in KODAPAK Cartridges. Sharp *f*/2.8 lens lets you focus as close as 2½ feet. Shutter speeds to an action-stopping 1/500. Electric eye lets you set exact exposure while viewing. Built-in flash synchronization. Fits easily in pocket or purse. Exciting new KODAK INSTAMATIC 500 Camera . . less than $95.

Fully automatic versatility! Does practically everything for you automatically. Motorized film advance, coupled rangefinder, automatic electric-eye and automatic flash-exposure controls. Fast *f*/2.8 lens, shutter speeds to 1/250. Built-in flash holder. KODAK INSTAMATIC 800 Camera . . . less than $130. (Model 700, with lever film advance and zone-focus symbols in the viewfinder, less than $110.)

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Finest color-slide projector! Revolving tray holds 80 slides; a full show in one tray! Tray lifts off easily, stores like a book. Slides drop into place, won't spill or jam. Automatic operation. Remote forward, reverse, and focus. KODAK CAROUSEL 800 Projector . . . less than $150. (Model 700, less than $125. Model 600, less than $90.)

All Kodak gifts say "Open me first" and save your Christmas in pictures!

Give beauty...color...excitement. Give a fine gift from **Kodak**!

Be sure the name Kodak is on the box!

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Two-thirds of our elementary schools have no library. What you can do.

Experts say a child *needs* a library when he's learning to read. Here is how *you* can help your child's school get the library it needs.

GRADES one to six are the Age of the Question Mark. During these years, a child collects more answers than he will in any other period of his life.

Books are his best ally. *Yet more than sixty percent of our grade schools have no library.*

A few books on a windowsill are better than no books, but they are not a library. Neither is a bundle of books collected at random. And public library service is often inadequate or inaccessible.

Experts say the best answer is a central *school* library with a trained librarian. A person whose very special knowledge of books will support the good work done by teachers in the classroom.

The most important room

A good school library is the most important room a young reader passes through on the road to growing up.

Here he learns to *love* reading at the same time he's learning to read.

Here he solves schoolwork problems on his own. And here he experiences the thrill of *discovery.*

Quiz for parents

Does your child's school have a library?

If it does, are there enough books to go around? The American Library Association suggests ten library books per child. But the national average is less than six.

Is there a full-time librarian on the school staff? In many schools, mothers come in and lend a hand. But they need the advice of a professional librarian.

If you can't answer *yes* to all of these questions, there is work to be done.

How you can help

International Paper in cooperation with The American Library Association has prepared a *free kit.* Its purpose is to help parents get the school library their children need. No matter how big or small the school may be.

The job demands enthusiasm *and* hard work. But isn't your child's progress worth the effort?

FOR I-P's FREE KIT—"How to get the school library your child needs"—or for *free reprints* of this advertisement, write to: Education Dept., Box 100E, International Paper Co., 220 East 42nd St., N.Y., 10017.

"Send me a man who reads!"

This series on *children and reading* is sponsored by the men and women of International Paper.

Millions of the words you read—in magazines, books and newspapers—are printed on paper by I-P.

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Saturday Review
December 12, 1964

TECHNOLOGY'S CHALLENGE TO EDUCATION

1. Antidotes for Incompetence

By FRED M. HECHINGER

IN DISCUSSING human competence in a world of change, I want to make it crystal-clear that I am not ready to accept all the changes that are being pressed on us. I am not at all prepared to suggest that we must blindly find new competences in order to adjust to all the changes or in order to make ourselves inconspicuous in the modern habitat. Let me be specific. I see no reason in the world why modern man should develop any competence whatsoever to pay high rents in order to be permitted to live in buildings with walls that act as soundtracks rather than sound-absorbers. Nor do I believe that this problem can or should be overcome by developing such novel engineering competences as "acoustical perfume"—artificial noise to drown out next-door noises. When I don't wish to be a silent partner to the bedroom conversation of the neighbors, I am not at all satisfied by having the sound effects of a waterfall, the chirping of crickets, or incidental music superimposed on the disturbance, just to cover up the incompetence or greed of modern builders.

The other day I found myself wandering through the desolate destruction of Pennsylvania Station in New York, thoroughly incompetent in my efforts to find a ticket office. Instead I found a large poster which said that "your new station" was being built and that this was the reason for my temporary inconvenience. Nonsense! my station was not being built at all. My station is being destroyed, and I do not need the new competence of an advertising copy writer or a public relations consultant to obscure the facts. The competence that was needed—and which I and great numbers of like-minded contemporaries lacked — was the competence to prevent an undesirable change. In plain language—the competence to stop the organized vandalism which, in the name of progress and change, is tearing down good buildings to put up flimsy ones; is dynamiting fine landmarks to replace them with structures that can be ripped down again twenty years later without a tear.

When the packaging industry finds it increasingly easy to design containers that make reduced contents appear to be an enlarged value at a steeper price, the change does not call for the competence of a consumer psychologist to make the defrauded customer feel happy. The change calls simply for a tough public prosecutor.

Lest I be mistaken for a political or even a sentimental reactionary who wants to halt progress and change, let me add another example of modern life the improvement of which may call for radical public action rather than for any new competence. Commuter rail transportation has fallen into decline in many parts of the country. Persons dependent on it find themselves frustrated and inconvenienced. In reply to their plight, they are given explanations such as the economic difficulties facing the railroad. Explanations, however, are no substitute for remedies. The competence required here is not technological or mechanical. After all, it would be difficult to persuade any sane citizen that a technology able to dispatch men into space and return them on schedule is mechanically incapable of transporting commuters from the suburbs to the cities in comfort, in safety, and on time.

The competence lacking here is one of general intelligence of the kind that is willing to shed doctrinaire myths when they stand in the way of the facts

At the University of Delaware not long ago, an unusual project brought together a number of distinguished spokesmen from the often separate worlds of education, business, science, and government. Their assignment was to explore, each from his special point of view, the increasingly crucial subject "Education for Human Competence in the Face of Technological Change." The three-day meeting was one of the few times such a group has ever gathered under academic auspices, and it thus represented a significant and encouraging departure from the traditional ivory-tower image of a university. Through special arrangement with Bruce Dearing, dean of arts and sciences at Delaware, and Marshall Fishwick, project director of the Weymss Foundation, who jointly planned the conference, a few highlights appear here. Those represented on this and the following pages are Fred M. Hechinger, education editor of the *New York Times*; Howard A. Meyerhoff, professor of geology at the University of Pennsylvania and former director of the Scientific Manpower Commission; James A. Donovan, staff director, U.S. Advisory Commission on International Educational and Cultural Affairs; William L. Reese, chairman of the Department of Philosophy, University of Delaware; Albert N. Browne-Mayers, M.D., psychiatrist and research scientist; and Lammot du Pont Copeland, president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company.

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of modern life. To make millions of commuters suffer (and I use this example only because it is readily familiar, not because it is unique today) merely because the doctrine of free, competitive enterprise must be upheld, even after competition has disappeared as a vital ingredient, is an example of ludicrous mental incompetence. So is the tendency to worry whether a public takeover of a public necessity that is no longer being adequately maintained by private enterprise constitutes socialism or merely the protection of citizens' interests.

We ought to place the stress of competence in such a fashion that we can use it to mold, control, and—in extreme instances—even to block change rather than merely to adjust or submit to it.

Take the vast social and economic question of the place of the so-called service industries in the changing economy. Economists seem to agree that this is a growing industry and one that will provide more jobs at the very time when other industries, as a result of automation, may be providing fewer jobs. Yet, since the service industries ought, by definition, to provide the kinds of services that make life easier, more comfortable, and more pleasant, the only criterion of success or failure is competence – the ability to please the consumer. Ideally, human service is almost invariably preferable to mechanized service. The work of a competent cook has it all over the most efficiently prepared TV dinner. A well-trained and amiable waiter is infinitely more desirable than the best self-service cafeteria. A safe taxi ride, with a driver who knows where he is going, restrains his urge to tune in to the Beatles, waits to smoke his cigars, and insults his customers only if specifically asked to do so – is infinitely preferable to driving yourself. I leave it to you to conclude whether such competence as I have been describing is being trained in sufficient quantity and quality today.

It is a matter of a combination of competence and attitudes. I am willing to assume that the new breed of medical secretaries who guard the moats of doctors' offices like so many modern dragons are competent in some of their assigned tasks. But why must all of them be graduates of a special course—it could not possibly be accidental—in how to act superior to patients? I suspect that part of the answer is that we overemphasize and standardize the "how to be competent and professional" in most of our modern training courses and add a smattering of pseudo-psychology. As a result, too many of our salesgirls, medical assistants, and even teachers have that superior certified gleam in their eyes that is a dead giveaway: they think of customers, patients, and children as so many controlled experiments to be "handled" or "related to"—and made to feel inferior.

Nor will the modern substitute for competence-plus-pleasantness—the Public Relations folksiness—satisfy the customer in the long run. The hotel PR letter that informed me how good it was to have had me did not remove the unpleasant experience of the fact that they had not had me at all. They had, in fact, lost my reservation and I had had to find lodging in the dead of night somewhere else. Furthermore, I judge service on an aircraft entirely by the way in which I am being treated as a passenger and not by the standard landing speech, "It certainly was a pleasure to have you aboard and I certainly hope you will fly with us soon again." (The Verbal Relations courses of the service industry's training schools seem to put a premium on the abuse of the word "certainly.") I am service-minded enough to resent even the PR note that adorns practically every implement in modern hotel rooms—bath mats, soap, Kleenex, etc. – reminding me that the particular item has been placed there "for your convenience." I simply believe that the entire hotel, with every executive and employee in it, has been placed there for my convenience and that no other purpose justifies its existence.

I BELIEVE a truly fundamental need is the combination of competence of expression with honesty of thought and attitude. We need to teach children and youths that speech is a precious gift, a sacred and essential art, and the instrument that enables us to say what we mean to say. Since we probably cannot effectively outlaw attempts to use speech to camouflage incompetence and to disguise undesirable change, it is imperative that we teach new generations how to detect and disarm such fraud. This is not an easy task. It is made infinitely harder by the fact that so many teachers have themselves been contaminated by the germs of pedagogical and sociological language. Perhaps we might think of some summer institutes for the verbal decontamination of an elite force of teachers.

A second priority must come to grips with the abuse of our great and important mastery of the art of statistics. It is an art—or perhaps a science—that offers a fine demonstration both of the importance and the danger of competence. There is no question at all that American statistical competence has made significant contributions to the understanding of modern man and to the improvement of modern living. The danger is that statistical evidence will be misinterpreted into becoming a substitute for law, morals, ethics, standards of behavior, goals of society.

The step from saying that a majority of people are "doing it" to believing that this is therefore what everybody ought to do leads to a tyranny of statistics. It is the technological justification of mob rule, made all the more dangerous when it is mistakenly sold as the codification of democracy. It translates the code of the adolescent society—"But dad, everybody is doing it"—into

(Continued on page 77)

From Brawn to Brain: In spite of many distinguished adherents, the view that the mentally able are the students who alone should receive the best in education is untenable. No more acceptable is the fatuous notion that every youngster is entitled to a college education. The first view, if implemented, would create a caste system foreign not only to a democracy but also to the spectrum of personnel requirements in our society. The second ignores the individuality of human beings and entails a waste of precious, and limited, educational resources. Educators are not faced with the problem of sorting the sheep from the goats, but of distinguishing lions from antelopes, and both from dairy cattle.

Translated into human equivalents, the simile drawn from the animal kingdom means the development of reliable and discriminating criteria for the identification of talent of all kinds and at all intellectual levels. It implies the channeling of young people into the kinds of training to which their respective abilities and temperaments will prove most responsive.

How can education most effectively respond to the manpower and brainpower requirements of technological change? The basic ingredient of that change, which is still in full swing, is the shift from brawn to brain. The unskilled worker is obsolete in factory and on farm. All society has moved to a higher economic plane, where the tempo has changed, yet the fundamentals of learning are much the same. Education's most urgent need is a change of pace. Alfred P. Sloan has said, "Give us educated men—we can train them. We can't educate them." If educators will place a higher rating on human capabilities, they can soon raise the level of human competence to the point where it can face technological change, whatever its dimensions.

—Howard A. Meyerhoff.

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2. *The Automation of Government*

By JAMES A. DONOVAN

THE LATTER half of the twentieth century may well be looked upon by historians as that period in which man was forced, by the rapid development of the machine, to become more concerned with his ultimate nature and his relations to the universe. Now, the fact that machines evolve and become increasingly complex, and the fact also that the period of gestation for each new machine is considerably shorter than that of its parents, as Samuel Butler was fond of pointing out, have not been lost upon the federal government. Machines change society, as all in government can readily see, and government must change accordingly.

Of course the government is necessarily concerned with our whole society. Many government programs, most recently the anti-poverty program, necessarily deal with persons within society who are dislocated for reasons including increasing efficiency in the use of machinery. But let us look for a moment at the ways in which the federal service itself has changed with the growth of machinery.

This service, like our society in general, is changing radically toward fewer and fewer straight clerical jobs and more and more jobs for middle-grade technicians, scientists, and engineers. The day when one could think of the federal service as "an army of clerks" has passed, and good riddance. The most recent Civil Service Commission survey of white-collar workers in the federal government shows that in 1961 there were still 28,000 general clerical employees in the four lowest grades. But even at that time there were more employees in physical science occupations and almost four times as many in engineering.

In 1947, to continue these statistics, there were 85,000 typists. The federal government's employees have increased about 25 per cent since that time, so one would expect about 106,250 typists to be on the payroll now. On the contrary, however, we find there are now only 78,000. This is due, in part at least, to the introduction into numerous government offices of quick-copy equipment that has reduced the demand for persons whose skills do not extend beyond the ability to type.

The federal government has long been the country's largest user of equipment for automatic data processing. There are 10,300 employees working with computers and 22,000 machine-operating employees, many of whom work to support the automatic data processing (ADP) branch of the government's data processing and computer systems. In short, these persons are serving the machines.

One could recite statistics of this sort indefinitely, showing that the demand for increased services from the government, which the increasing population of the total country requires, means more laws to interpret, administer, and enforce. There is a greater regulatory workload in many agencies. There are more claims against the government to examine. And so on. We find, for example, that medical officers in government have increased 15 per cent since 1957 to a total of 11,202, most of these being employed in the Veterans Administration and the Public Health Service.

It should be mentioned, lest these figures sound frightening, that despite the fact that since 1956 the total population of the country has increased 13 per cent, federal employment has increased less than 5 per cent.

One last figure giving some notion of the fantastic increase in the use of computers is to be found in a recent statement of a Senate Government Operations Committee. This says that in 1959 some $251 million was spent in annual operating costs for automatic data processing equipment. The current budget for fiscal 1965 provides over $1 billion for the care and feeding of these machines, their appetites being utterly voracious. (The first of these hungry creatures was born in 1951 when the first commercially procured computer, the Univac I, arrived at the Bureau of the Census. Thus we are talking about a growth in the machine population that has taken only thirteen years altogether.)

Enough has been said to show, I think, that the federal service reflects the numerous changes going on, because of the evolution of machines, in our society at large. As society changes, the federal service naturally changes. In a government that is as responsive as ours to the will of the population, this is good. It follows that numerous persons have been displaced or have had to be retrained for other jobs in government because of the introduction and large use of machines. On the other hand, large numbers of jobs have been created by such totally new programs as those which have sprung up since 1945 in the Atomic Energy Commission, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Defense Department, and other agencies. Training and retraining goes on in the government all the time, thanks to the Government Employees Training Act of 1958, itself a result of the changing conditions that exist in practically every government agency. In fact, hundreds of training courses are offered across the country to all government employees, more than

"It never fails! You get all the oil ready and nobody attacks!"

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300 in the Washington area alone. These encompass employee accident prevention responsibility, the current American scene, industrial noise, small purchases, report writing, value engineering, and so on and on.

And yet, for all its training and retraining, the government, like any employer, cannot transform the basic human material it has to work with. The only way to prevent accumulating poor raw material, of course, is to improve recruiting methods; the government is doing this.

Still, the best need retraining, and even re-educating. The main point develops, though, that for all that has been said about automatic data processing and so on, there are obviously a substantial number of positions in government at all levels that can never be automated. The work in these is non-repetitive, no decision being quite like the next one. These are the jobs that involve value judgments and are likely to make government increasingly attractive as an employer.

In fact, they are the positions in which

(*Continued on page* 79)

3. *The Uses of Experience*

By ALBERT N. BROWNE-MAYERS

COMPETENCE does not apply only to a competent artisan. It is a concept that involves all aspects of the personality. The competent person is competent as a lawyer or doctor, but is also competent in the emotional areas; he possesses sensitivities as well as control, he utilizes the emotional aspects of his life in order to enrich his total experience and the social milieu about him.

Continually keeping pace with technological changes means that the student will have to become competent in relation to his job, to himself, to the society about him, as well as to the variety of social forces that impinge on his daily life.

What can we do to help him in achieving such competence? Without doubt we shall have to rely greatly on the humanities and perhaps view them also as part of therapy—emotional education—in achieving the competent graduate.

We could start by setting up certain rules to follow. For instance, we might set up one requirement in this new venture. The single rule to follow would be to make naïveté the greatest mistake —as if naïveté were a sin. Naïveté may be defined as an attitude that does not covet experience but actually holds experience in low esteem. Historically speaking, there have been times when innocence and naïveté were enviable states, but in this rapidly changing society, naïveté is inexcusable—we cannot afford not to know.

I should also like to mention a vast area of research and therapy that can be utilized for the education for competence. In our social sciences—and here I would like to include the great variety of psychotherapies, such as individual, group, nondirective counseling, family therapy, etc.—much has been achieved within the last fifty years. In addition to these therapies, there are such techniques as T-groups, role playing, activity groups, discussion groups. All of these new instructional methods are only partial answers to very difficult problems, but the one thing they have in common is that psychological techniques can be used for therapeutic purposes.

Too often we find in today's world that the psychological sciences are used for propaganda—in the destructive sense of the word—or for brainwashing, and we too easily forget the health-giving and constructive advances that have been achieved in the recent past.

If we can pursue our research in an orderly fashion without too many shrieks of pain from the long-established institutions, and if new bridges can be built between the wisdom of the past and today's new techniques, we may well be on the verge of developing a greatly enlightened society. Indeed, it may well be a virtually new society.

My theme of competence for today's citizen is no simple mastery of a technical skill, or of a body of knowledge in a profession. Competence embraces all aspects of living—sensing, knowing, thinking, feeling. These living experiences form a total configuration in which the whole appears to be more than its parts.

In order to achieve this total competence, education will have to provide a wide spectrum of experience. This is no idle talk, for, let us remember, education is in an emergency situation.

A Note on Values: If we ask how one goes about educating for human competence, we must surely begin by asking what it means to be humanly competent. One exhibits competence as a physician when he heals his patient, competence as a businessman when he makes a profit, competence as a statesman when his rule results in the well-being of his people. And to be competent in one of these ways is part of what it would be to be humanly competent. But a man might be competent as a physician and, at the same time, be quite incompetent in a human sense, so human competence goes beyond vocational or professional competence, although it includes that kind of competence as a part. And if we are educating for human competence and not merely for technical competence, we must include but go beyond the goal of technical competence.

In what direction must we go beyond technical competence? At the outset it was assumed that human life has a goal, an unchanging goal. If it has, human competence would consist of achieving this goal. But the language is very old-fashioned, and grave men have warned us often enough in recent years that life is meaningless and man a useless passion. Is life meaningless? Has human life, indeed, no goal? The questions seem hardly edifying. And I would like to avoid being painted into the corner where I sometimes find myself in the Introduction to Philosophy class, treating questions that later seem to me highly dubious, such as "Am I a man dreaming I am a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming I am a man?"

Educating for human competence, it turns out, means educating for the goal of developed human capacities. And we must add to the procedures insuring technological competence in the education of our youth whatever will maximize the development of these capacities. The developed human being, in the tradition of Western culture, is one who values wisdom, courage, temperance, justice, truth, beauty, goodness, integrity, and compassion. These are the characteristics of an enlightened man, one possessing a luminous self-knowledge, resulting from a discriminating development of intellect, will, and feeling. They combine self-knowledge and self-fulfillment.

I suggest, in sum, that human competence requires both technical competence and an understanding of the foundation of this competence in theory; that this understanding is part of the liberal arts; that it is through this tradition that the individual is enabled to understand his nature and his place, moving toward those more universal attitudes to which at last one's loyalty rightfully belongs. It is in this movement toward enlightenment that some of us will become creative agents contributing things of worth to the development of our culture. —WILLIAM L. REESE.

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4. Putting First Things First

By LAMMOT DU PONT COPELAND

OF THE EIGHT vice presidents of Du Pont, five hold the doctor of philosophy degree in science or engineering, and two the bachelor's degree. Of the general managers, who head our twelve industrial departments, six have their doctorates and four their bachelor's degrees in the same disciplines.

Superficially, you would hardly expect anything else. A chemical company staffed by English, French, or drama majors would have a rather difficult time competing with companies whose work was done by technically trained chemists, chemical engineers, and others trained in similar disciplines. And so I would not have you leap to the conclusion that the Du Pont Company is about to fill its management jobs with men trained in the liberal arts.

Although the men who reach the upper rungs of corporate management no longer deal with the problems of their academic disciplines, their studies have trained them to have a mentally tight ship and to look for conclusions that follow the facts. Such training is not unique to the physical sciences, but I do believe that those charged with academic curricula could give further consideration to a better integration of cause and effect. The scholar recognizes the interplays, but too many of our students have brains full of knowledge but no cross-reference systems, too many facts but not enough imagination.

Yet as I look around, as I read newspapers and magazines, it seems to me that the problems that threaten to overwhelm our civilization, the problems that have got to be dealt with if we are to survive as human beings, let alone as civilized human beings, do not lie in the field of technology or of the physical sciences. This is true even though their roots may run deep into technical soil.

The problem posed by the atomic bomb is an example. In the first instance, the problem grows out of the physical sciences. It all began with Professor Einstein's $E=mc^2$. But today the technology of nuclear physics concerns us far less than do the sociological problems that have come to exist because the bomb exists.

It is possible to conceive of this problem's being solved by technology—by, perhaps, some breakthrough by one side or the other so far-reaching as to make further competition hopeless. But such a development is, I should think, unlikely. And even if it came, it would promptly evolve into a social rather than a technical problem: What use do you make of your discovery?

We in the United States had the problem in its purest form at the close of World War II. We had the atom bomb. No one else had it. This meant that we had in our hands the means to be the absolute rulers of the world. No one could have stopped us. This power the scientists had put into our hands. But the question of whether, when, or how to use it was decided neither by the scientists nor by technical considerations.

The nuclear issue is only one of our problems, of course. The racial question is a matter not of technology but of the human equation. The population explosion constitutes a tremendous challenge. The difficult and complicated problems involved in our relations not only with the Communist world but with our friends and allies are more sociological than technical. Man's impact on his environment—changing the balance of nature by diverting forest land to raising crops, switching agricultural land to housing developments, polluting air and water—confronts us with many serious social questions to which we do not have the answers.

THE problems and the challenges offered to us by automation are to a great degree social in nature. They involve a permanent or temporary loss of employment by men and women who must have work or be supported by the state. They involve steadily rising standards of intelligence and education. The social dislocations implicit in these problems will be solved, when and if they are solved, by the best efforts of the social scientists and the humanitarians, working closely with experts in the physical sciences.

You might say, with a good deal of accuracy, that the physical scientists have been raising exceedingly knotty questions and dumping them into the laps of the social scientists and the humanitarians. It might well be possible to write the history of our modern civilization in these terms without omitting any very significant episodes.

Considering all these things, there can hardly be any doubt as to the importance of the humanities in our modern life. The men who manage companies all across the country are well aware of this. When I say this, I narrow the focus down from the cosmic to the individual. What is the role of a member of Du Pont management in the solution of these problems? What can each of us contribute? What can we do to help the educators? What can the educators do to help us?

I do not pretend to have the answers to these questions. I'm not sure anyone has, in the definitive sense. But it is time the questions were being asked, time all of us together were looking for answers. For it is abundantly clear that Americans are no nearer to solving these questions than are any other peoples. And we cannot procrastinate. The problems won't wait for us.

Let me, then, as the representative of a technically-minded company, volunteer one suggestion. It is that the solutions to our problems will not emerge as huge cosmic entities. Perhaps it would be easier if it happened that way, but in my opinion it will not. History shows us that the world's problems have not yielded to all-embracing solutions. It is true that efforts have many times been made to impose Procrustean solutions on great masses of people. This is, indeed, the easy way out inevitably taken by

(Continued on page 78)

"I made 6,000,000 shekels speculating on the grain exchange—all on papyrus, of course."

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Scene Designers: Their Art and Their Impact

By HENRY HEWES

QUITE RIGHTLY, the drama critic's evaluations of stage settings and costumes are apt to be different from those of the art critic. For whatever its value as art may be, a design in the theater must be judged by its contribution to the total, unified impact of a particular production. But even the drama critic is often unable, in one sitting at least, to appreciate the contribution of the designer. *Saturday Review* therefore asked thirty American scene designers to indicate their preferences (see page 31), in the hope that out of it might emerge a truer assessment of contemporary stage design.

A tabulation of the survey shows that these professionals regard Jo Mielziner's *Winterset* (see opposite page) as the outstanding setting in our theater's history. Furthermore, Mielziner is cited for seven other designs, a score that places him one ahead of the late Robert Edmond Jones in this respect. It is also a setting by Jones, *Lute Song* (see cover), that receives the second greatest number of mentions. The simplicity of this lovely design is breathtaking and, equally important, it is part of a total production scheme in which the graceful Oriental frame is used with differing backgrounds to sustain unity in a wide-ranging narrative. However, according to Edward F. Kook, who worked closely with Jones for many years, the late designer's own favorite was his first, *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife.*

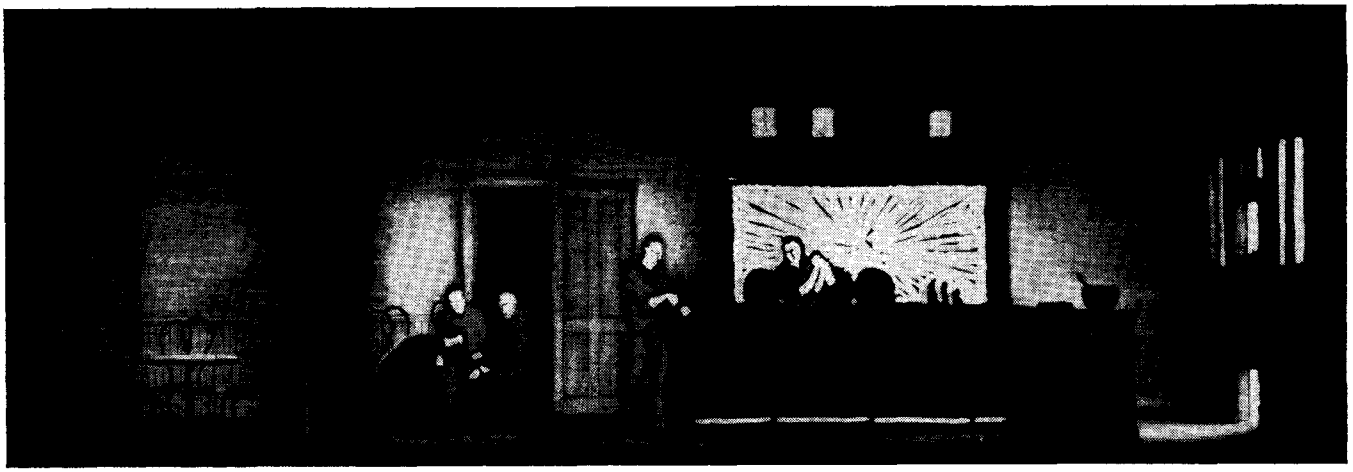
Although it is not by an American, the late Christian Berard's enchanting decor for *L'Ecole des Femmes* (see page 26) was seen by theatergoers here and came third in the selections, just topping Jones's *The Iceman Cometh,* which placed fourth. After these choices, no single setting received more than two mentions, but the late Norman Bel Geddes (whose reported personal choice, *King Lear,* was selected by none of his colleagues) and the currently prolific Oliver Smith each had various designs cited seven times. Boris Aronson settings received four mentions and those of Lee Simonson, Mordecai Gorelik, Jean Rosenthal, William and Jean Eckart, and Peter Larkin were each mentioned by two other designers.

TWO new books have just appeared to arouse interest in the world of the scene designer. The first is the large deluxe *Stage Design Throughout the World Since 1950* (Theatre Arts Books, $25). Like its predecessor, *Stage Design Throughout the World Since 1935,* it was prepared by the International Theatre Institute under the auspices of UNESCO. However, the handsome new volume offers designs from thirty-three countries, whereas the former book covered only eighteen. There are some 540 reproductions, thirty-two of which are in color. Numerically, the greatest representation is given to Russia (sixty-eight), France (sixty-two), West Germany (thirty-eight), Italy (thirty-three), and England (thirty). American designs number twenty-seven, with nineteen designers contributing. Most missed are Ming Cho Lee, Jean Rosenthal, Ben Edwards, and Isamu Noguchi, all of whom have done more remarkable work since 1950 than some of those included.

As for the designs in the book, they constitute a rich collection, with the emphasis on scenery that breaks away from literalism and tradition. Bridges, steps, skeletal buildings, and ships dominate. And abstraction appears to be the prevailing trend. It should, however, be noted that the Russian designs generally resist this trend and therefore suggest a theater whose decors are somewhat old-fashioned.

In addition to the reproductions, this book includes a well-documented inquiry into new materials and methods, and a "Who's Who in Stage Design." These features plus the reproductions make this book essential to all who work in the theater.

The second book, *A History of the Theatre* (Odyssey, 95 cents) is much less expensive but in its way just as handsome. Issued as one of a series of eighteen such booklets on a broad variety of subjects, it is amazingly effective within its miniature (four by six and a half inches), forty-eight page-format. Hannelore Marek's simple description of the development of the theater from the Greeks to the present day highlights the most pertinent facts and is relatively easy to read. And Peter Spier has contributed almost 100 color illustrations that capture the essential quality of his subjects. Since the sketches include some of the settings for *L'Ecole des Femmes* and *Marco Millions, SR* readers may perhaps be interested in comparing them with the larger-sized reproductions that accompany this article.



Robert Edmond Jones's remarkably simple barroom designed for Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* (1946), owned by the University of Minnesota Theater. It is interesting to compare this with Hutchinson Scott's very complicated set for the British production in *Stage Design Throughout the World Since 1950.*

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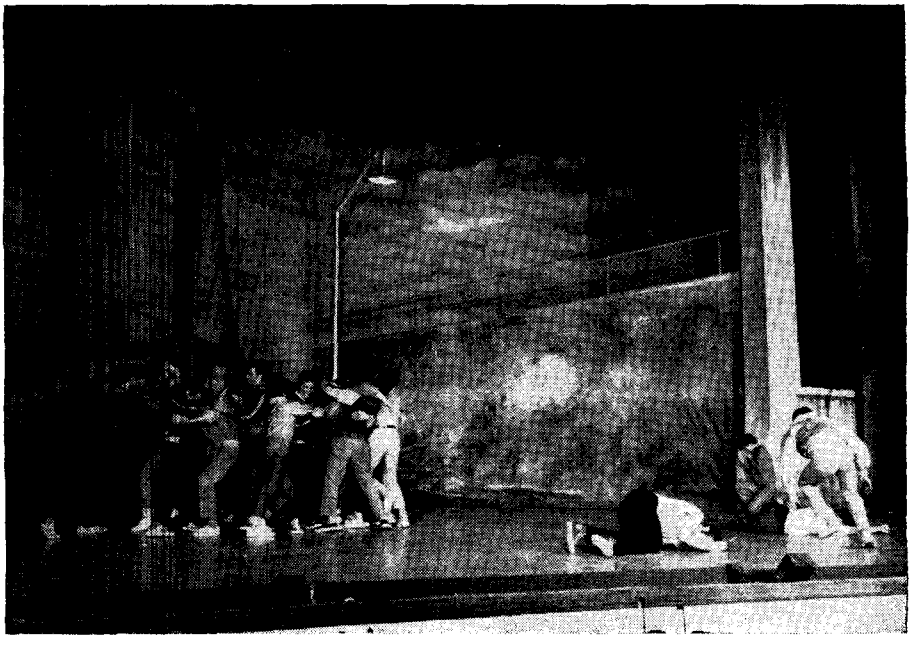
Above: Jo Mielziner's setting for Maxwell Anderson's tragedy *Winterset* (1935). The massive, soot-darkened base of the bridge gives a sense of the sunless, oppressed lives of the play's protagonists. But the view of the bridge as it trails off into the river fog poetically suggests the lost hope of escape to something brighter.



Right: One of Oliver Smith's settings for the musical *West Side Story* (1957). The underbelly of the West Side Highway, the tough wire fence, and the drab bareness of the cement walls symbolize our neglect of the urban adolescent's need for personal attention and for a prospect of beauty.

Picture credits: *Winterset*—Peter A. Juley; *West Side Story*—Fred Fehl; *J.B.*—Antony di Gesu (collection of Edward F. Kook; *L'Ecole des Femmes*—*Encyclopedie du Theatre Contemporain; Teahouse of the August Moon*—Antony di Gesu; *Electra*—Antony di Gesu; diagrams by Doug Anderson.

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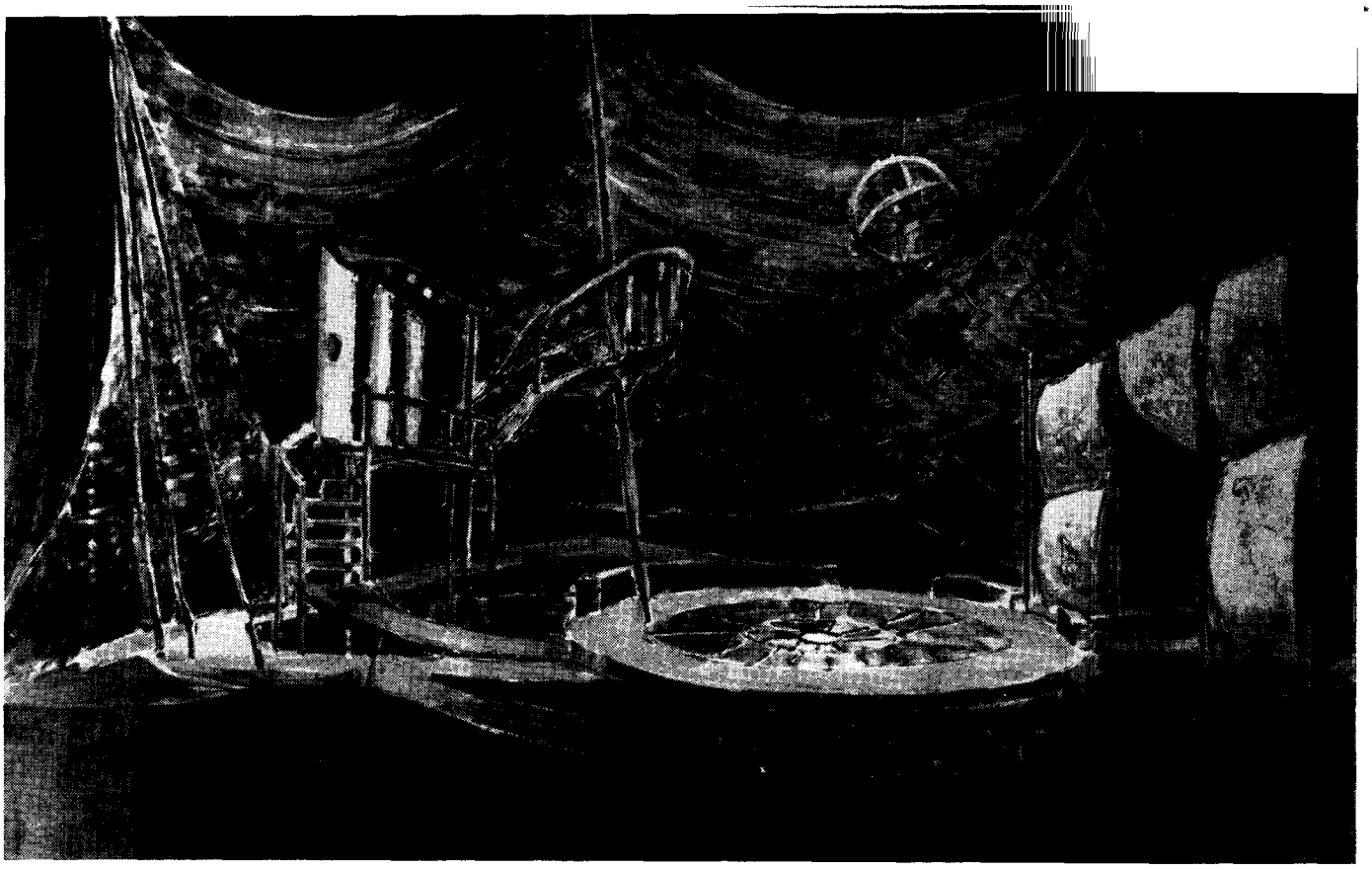

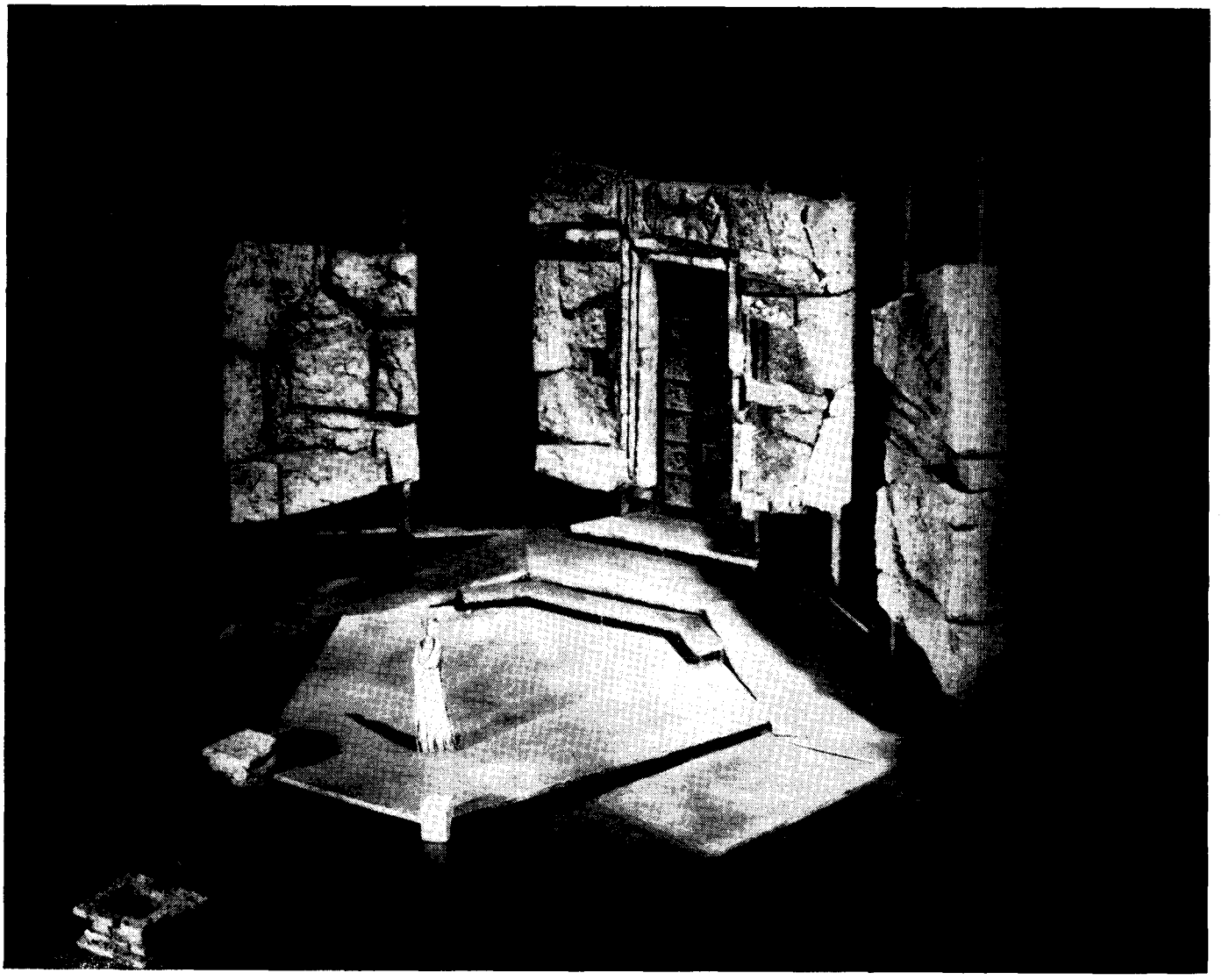

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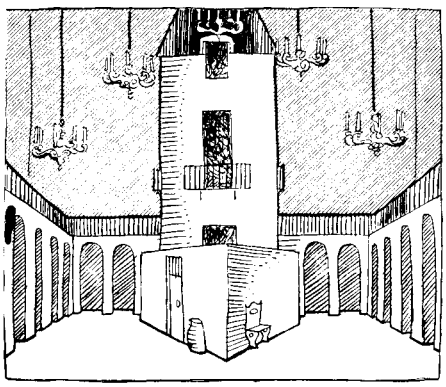
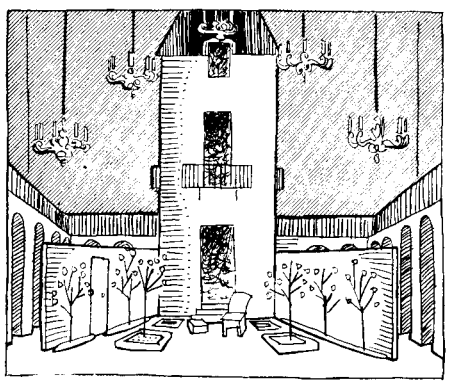
Top left: Boris Aronson's open set for Archibald MacLeish's *J.B.* (1958). The worn circus tent in the background is hoisted by the actors to create the shabby postwar arena in which a modern Job is tested. It is interesting to compare this photograph with that of the actual set in *Stage Design Throughout the World Since 1950.*

Bottom left: Ming Cho Lee's sculptured setting for Sophocles's *Electra* in Central Park's Delacorte Theatre (1964) is a stunning example of the current trend toward abstraction. Lee arrived at his set-things not by making a sketch but by working with a large three-dimensional model, a method that is becoming more widely used by designers who want the freer creativity improvisation affords.





Above: Christian Bérard's sketch for Molière's *L'Ecole des Femmes* (1936). The diagrams on the left show how this exquisitely delicate set changed from the *exterior street scenes to those inside the garden walls by simply sandwiching it open* and shut in much the same way Jocelyn Herbert did her RAF hut in last season's *Chips with Everything.* Note that the diagrams, which are based on photographs of the actual set, differ slightly from the sketch as a result of production conversations with the actor-director, Louis Jouvet.

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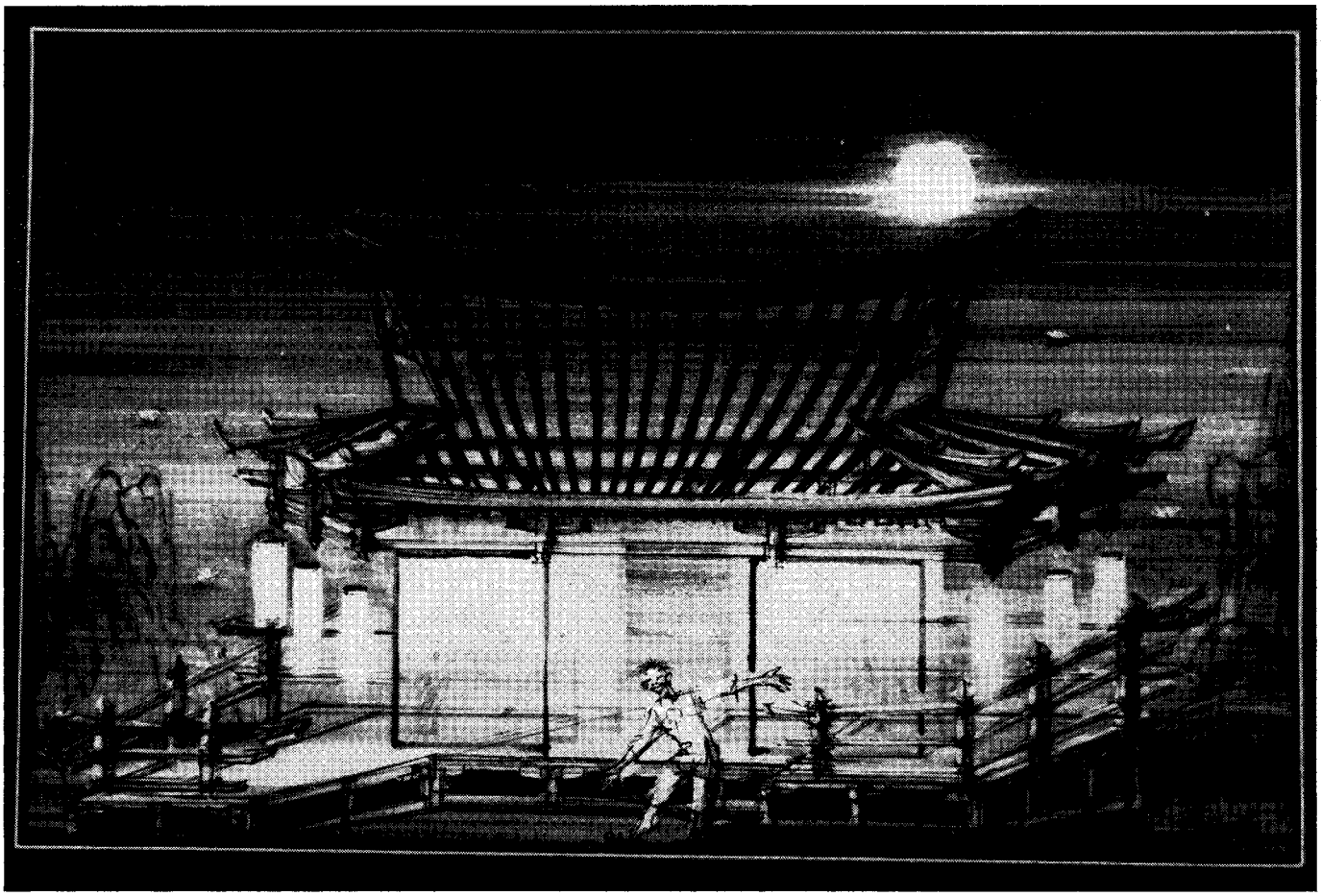
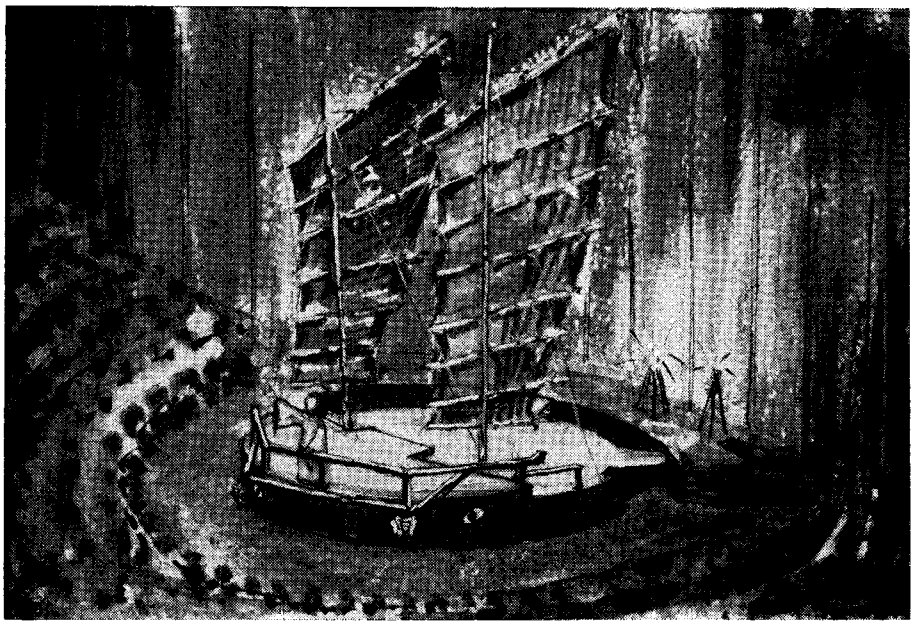


Above: Peter Larkin's sketch for *Teahouse of the August Moon* (1953). The teahouse is erected by the performers themselves at the beginning of the play's third act to take the play out of its earlier broad comedy into a warm and magical denouement.



Left: David Hays's shipboard scene for O'Neill's *Marco Millions* on the ANTA-Washington Square Theater's thrust-out forestage (1964). The transformation of the stage into a ship was effected with a few simple elements, and the feeling of debarkation was achieved by having the performers turn the revolving forestage floor manually. It is an outstanding example of the application of Jean-Louis Barrault's principle of "total theater," in which the actors and the scenic elements are interchangeable.

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30 Scene Designers Select Their Favorites ➤

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Name (Date of Birth)	Favorite Own Design	Favorite Design by Other Designers
Herman Rosse (Jan. 1, 1887)	*Elisabeth*	*Beauty's Awakening* (Henry Wilson), *Dances of Isadora Duncan* (Gordon Craig), *Rosencavalier* (Alfred Roller)
Lee Simonson (June 26, 1888)	*The Faithful*	*The Lark* (Mielziner), *Lute Song* (Jones), *The Divine Comedy* (Norman Bel Geddes)
Cleon Throckmorton (Oct. 8, 1897)	*Porgy*	*Arabesque* (Bel Geddes), *Roar China* (Simonson), *The Jest* (Jones)
Mordecai Gorelik (Aug. 25, 1899)	*Men in White*	*Dead End* (Bel Geddes), *A Streetcar Named Desire* (Mielziner), *Portrait of a Lady* (William and Jean Eckart)
Boris Aronson (Oct. 15, 1900)	*J.B.*	*The Iceman Cometh* (Jones), *No Exit* (Frederick Kiesler), *Mother Courage* (Otto)
Jo Mielziner (Mar. 19, 1901)	*Winterset*	*Desire Under the Elms* (Jones), *Lute Song* (Jones), *Goat Song* (Simonson)
Donald Oenslager (Mar. 7, 1902)	*Major Barbara*	*Lute Song* (Jones), *Winterset* (Mielziner), *The Miracle* (Bel Geddes)
Henry Dreyfuss (Mar. 2, 1904)	*The Last Mile*	*The Iceman Cometh* (Jones), *The King and I* (Mielziner), *Becket* (Smith)
George Jenkins (Nov. 19, 1908)	*Two for the Seesaw*	*Winterset* (Mielziner), *Oklahoma* (Lemuel Ayers), *My Fair Lady* (Smith)
Albert Johnson (Feb. 1, 1910)	*The Band Wagon*	*Arabesque* (Bel Geddes), *The Green Pastures* (Jones), *Inherit the Wind* (Larkin)
Stewart Chaney (June 23, 1910)	*Hamlet*	*Le Tricorne* (Picasso), *Winterset* (Mielziner), *The Firebird* (Chagall)
Frederick Fox (Jul. 10, 1910)	*Darkness at Noon*	*High Button Shoes* (Smith), *The Golden Apple* (William and Jean Eckart)
Samuel Leve (Dec. 1, 1910)	*The Beautiful People*	*Winterset* (Mielziner), *Lute Song* (Jones), *Dead End* (Bel Geddes)
Jean Rosenthal (Mar. 16, 1912)	*L'Après-midi d'un Faun*	*Paradise Lost* (Aronson), *West Side Story* (Smith), *Another Part of the Forest* (Mielziner)
Howard Bay (May 3, 1912)	*Carmen Jones*	*Mourning Becomes Electra* (Jones), *The Great Magoo* (Rosse), *The Band Wagon* (Johnson)
Harry Horner (July 24, 1912)	*Lady in the Dark*	*Carnival* (Armstrong), *Casey Jones* (Gorelik), *One Third of a Nation* (Bay)
Leo Kerz (Nov. 1, 1912)	*Rhinoceros*	*Lute Song* (Jones), *Compulsion* (Larkin), *Winterset* (Mielziner)
Ralph Alswang (Apr. 12, 1916)	*King Lear*	*Winterset* (Mielziner), *Lute Song* (Jones), *Men in White* (Gorelik)
Lester Polakov (Aug. 24, 1916)	*The Member of the Wedding*	*L'Ecole des Femmes* (Christian Bérard), *Winterset* (Mielziner), *Scheherazade* (Leon Bakst)
Oliver Smith (Feb. 13, 1918)	*Camelot*	*The Gentle People (Aronson), L'Après-midi d'un Faun (Rosenthal), Ring Round the Moon* (Oliver Messel)
Ben Edwards (July 5, 1918)	*A Touch of the Poet*	*The Iceman Cometh* (Jones), *Ethan Frome* (Mielziner), *L'Ecole des Femmes* (Bérard)
Rouben Ter-Arutunian (July 24, 1920)	*The Seven Deadly Sins*	*Seraphic Dialogue* (Isamu Noguchi), *L'Ecole des Femmes* (Bérard), *Die Meistersinger* (Wieland Wagner)
William Eckart (Oct. 21, 1920) Jean Eckart (Aug. 18, 1921)	*The Golden Apple*	*West Side Story* (Smith), *Winterset* (Mielziner), *Carmen* (Antoni Clavé)
Eldon Elder (Mar. 17, 1924)	*Legend of Lovers*	*A Streetcar Named Desire* (Mielziner), *Candide* (Smith), *The King and I* (Mielziner)
Peter Larkin (Aug. 25, 1926)	*Compulsion*	*Lute Song, The Iceman Cometh, The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife* (All by Jones)
William Ritman (Feb. 28, 1928)	*The American Dream*	*Death of a Salesman* (Mielziner), *Fall River Legend* (Smith), *L'Ecole des Femmes* (Bérard)
Ed Wittstein (Apr. 7, 1929)	*The Fantasticks*	*The Tenth Man (Hays), L'Après-midi d'un Faun (Rosenthal), Titus Andronicus* (Peter Brook-Desmond Heeley).
Will Steven Armstrong (Mar. 26, 1930)	*Carnival*	*The Innocents* (Mielziner), *The Gentle People* (Aronson), *Ballad of Baby Doe* (Oenslager)
David Hays (June 2, 1930)	*Marco Millions*	*L'Ecole des Femmes* (Bérard), *Le Loup* (Carzou), *The Innocents* (Mielziner)
Ming Cho Lee (Oct. 3, 1930)	*Electra*	*J.B.* (Aronson), *Death of a Salesman* (Mielziner), *Die Kluge der Gefangene* (Ita Maximowna)

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Vietnam: Miscalculations and Alternatives

ON SEVERAL occasions in these pages we have called attention to a substantial danger in the confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union. This is the ominous inability of the Soviet government to read American newspapers. There is a tendency to assume that prominent news stories attributed to unnamed but "authoritative" American sources are substantially and invariably accurate. This is not to say that all such stories are untrue. Some of them may in fact be a forerunner of decisions to be made public later or a reflection of the way government thinking may be trending on certain questions. But the percentage of these stories that are only partially true or that are outright speculation is far higher than the Soviet government seems prepared to accept. To a Soviet official, it seems almost inconceivable that major news stories can be totally disconnected from government influence or control. This has led to a number of serious miscalculations, of which the installation of missiles in Cuba was a prime example.

Another and more recent instance concerns Vietnam. One of the dispatches from Vietnam to American newspapers, prominently featured, said that General Maxwell Taylor, returning from the area, intended to recommend a widening of the war, with massive military action against North Vietnam. The Soviet government apparently took this news account as an attempt to prepare American public opinion for a decision already made. This led directly to the Soviet decision to send military aid to Hanoi—an action which in itself brooks the serious risk of causing the conflict to erupt far beyond Vietnam as a whole.

President Johnson properly recognized that the Soviet decision may have been based on a miscalculation caused by the erroneous news reports indicating that the United States had decided to expand the war to North Vietnam. At a press conference, he reaffirmed that American policy in Vietnam was to do everything possible to stabilize the area, that we had no intention of acting impulsively or recklessly, and that it was a serious mistake to suggest otherwise. He also reminded the press—as well as any foreign statesmen who might be listening—that newspaper accounts for at least two years have spoken "authoritatively" about an imminent full-scale invasion of North Vietnam.

The President's statement met at least those aspects of the problem involving misinformation leading to miscalculation and miscalculation leading to a heightening of world tension. What remains, of course, is the larger question of what to do about Vietnam. Attempting to force a military solution would almost certainly precipitate a mushrooming conflict. But the present policy—shoring up the Vietnamese government and supporting the military actions against the guerillas—has bogged down in a costly and futile holding operation. Is there no alternative? There is. Why not try the United Nations?

It will be argued that the United Nations lacks the legal and physical wherewithal to act effectively in Vietnam. Perhaps so, but the same thing was said about the U.N. in Korea, Suez, the Congo, and a dozen other crisis centers since the U.N. was formed. The U.N. becomes stronger, not weaker, when it deals with major questions instead of just the minor ones. Even if Vietnam is a bigger challenge than anything that the U.N. has tried to cope with before, the experience may well result in moves to build up the U.N. with statutory authority and with effective peace-keeping machinery, in which case Vietnam could turn out to be the greatest blessing to the cause of world peace since San Francisco.

OR it may be argued that any full-scale discussion and examination by the United Nations might be embarrassing to the United States. If this is true, then a policy of continued concealment can go only so far before the lid is blown off with even worse consequences than national embarrassment. There is nothing we need fear in making use of the good offices of the U.N.—in Vietnam or anywhere else. The President has reiterated the essentials of our policy—to do what we can to promote the conditions of stability and orderly government in South Vietnam and at the same time avoid the danger of any spreading infection that could jeopardize the peace in Southeast Asia and possibly in the world.

There is nothing inconsistent between such a policy and using the U.N. to the fullest.

Another argument that might be advanced against United Nations consideration of the Vietnam situation is that the U.N. might come up with recommendations that the U.S. would be forced to reject because they ran counter to the national interest. Here, too, it ought to be made clear that nothing is more in the American national interest than the development of the institutions of world law through the United Nations. No court of law can guarantee in advance that its decisions will favor one or the other of the contending parties who come before it. What is most needed in the world today is an objective agency for dispensing justice. If such an objective agency were to decide against the United States in any case arriving before it, then we might have cause to regret the fact, but we would have even greater cause for rejoicing in the precedent that might thereby be created, for in the end the security and well-being of the American people will rest not upon mountains of nuclear explosives but on the existence of a world organization that can at least put law enforcement and justice to work among nations, even as the nations themselves insist on putting law enforcement to work among men.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Report Cards

HAROLD TAYLOR and the readers of his fascinating account of the World College experiment [*SR*, Nov. 14] may be interested to know that a group of citizens here has been working for some time now to establish an institution based on concepts very similar to those outlined by Dr. Taylor.

The proposed Institute of World Culture is intended to serve as a center for the promotion of human and international understanding and friendship, the search for peace, and the strengthening of democratic ideals. The center would be a meeting place for people who want to participate in these processes in one form or another, where they could study, meditate, and exchange views, where they could find strength in a common cause and thus help strengthen the cause.

To help promote this spirit, the institute is to serve as an educational tool on the popular, primary, and secondary-school levels through a museum with extension services, and on the undergraduate and graduate levels through a permanent college seminar. The institute would also serve as a research and conference center, as well as an information center for matters pertaining to such things as international studies, student exchange, and cultural exchange programs.

At the present time our efforts are concerned with formalizing the organization and securing competent professional guidance and assistance. The committee is keenly aware that there are many people who share thoughts of a similar nature in this field. Perhaps it would be good to join hands. We should be most pleased to hear from interested persons who would like to lend their spiritual, professional, or financial support.

HARRY S. ZAPPLER, D.D.S.
Geneva, N.Y.

THE ARTICLE "The Idea of a World College" seemed to me exceptionally worthwhile and timely. I'd like to add one more voice in favor of the idea.

The description of the discussions and research taking place at the trial academic-year session sounded very much like a larger version of a seminar sponsored by the Society of Friends that I attended in Austria in 1961. This seminar drew participants from all religions and countries, including Soviet Russia. Although it lasted only three weeks, the discussion groups and the opportunities to exchange ideas informally certainly gave us all many new insights into other parts of the world. How much more valuable a whole academic year spent in this manner would be! It seems to me that a world college has unique and far-reaching possibilities for furthering world understanding. Full speed ahead!

MARIE LALIBERTE RICHMOND.
Miami, Fla.

MY REACTION to the article "The Idea of a World College" was one of complete stupefaction at the truly awesome naïveté exhibited by the author. His views brought to mind a cartoon printed shortly after World War II in which a lady is asking a lecturer: "But how can we have a brave new world with the same old people in it . . .?"

It has never been shown that expressions of trust by the West, at Yalta or elsewhere, have caused the Communists to swerve more than temporarily from their policies. In Dr. Taylor's article I could find nothing to contradict, and much to reinforce, the proposition that the policy of Communist-dominated nations is to send to gatherings of this sort trustworthy ideologues who would be quite unlikely to lower the bars of their own evangelical antagonism toward the free world. . . .

DIANE MALIN.
Los Angeles, Calif.

"It isn't supposed to reach out to you. You're supposed to reach out to it."

Battle of the Bagels

HORACE SUTTON'S historical informants at El Al, who associate the introduction of coffee and bagels to Vienna with the Turkish siege of 1683 [*SR*, Nov. 21], are repeating a story that is—to use local idiom—pure "Schmoarr'n" (*i.e.*, a flour and sugar omelet dessert). Coffee is documented in the Austrian capital as early as 1663. Kolschitzky, the alleged "Pole," was probably a Rascian, a Banat Serb, and he surely did not open the first coffeehouse, an institution that dates from a later time than the immediate post-siege period. He was merely *one* of the city's first "Kaffeesieder" or dispensers, an official privilege granted him as a reward for his heavily self-publicized services as a secret courier during Vienna's ordeal. At this time, moreover, there were few, if any, Jews around, a major expulsion having taken place a decade before the Ottoman attack. In short, the tale is the Austrian and perhaps also the Yiddish equivalent of George Washington and the cherry tree.

THOMAS M. BARKER,
Associate Professor of History,
State University of New York.
Albany, N.Y.

AT THE RISK OF being considered a provincial ignoramus by Horace Sutton, I would like to know what is a bagel, which, according to Mr. Sutton, serves as a fundament for various concoctions that would make Dagwood blench. Pot likker and cornbread I know. Crawfish bisque, enchiladas, tacos, and other ethnic delicacies I have seen and eaten, but nary a bagel, nor is the word to be found in Merriam-Webster Unabridged 1950.

LUCIUS M. LAMAR.
New Orleans, La.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The local expert on bagelology declares it is a hard, unyielding roll with a hole in the middle, not unlike a petrified doughnut.*

Visit Revisited

I MUST DISAGREE with Hollis Alpert's review of *The Visit* [*SR*, Nov. 21]. Mr. Alpert's main objection seems to be that the film did not faithfully follow the text of Durrenmatt's play, from which it was adapted.

I couldn't care less. Please judge *The Visit* for what it is—a very good plot with acting by Ingrid Bergman that is a joy to watch. I have seen it twice and intend to see it again.

ROBERT W. BAGLEY.
Cambridge, Mass.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Week of Vocalists—Arkhipova to Tebaldi

SOMETHING of a commentary on the international art of communication, or the art of international communication, was provided at the debut recital of Irina Arkhipova, the latest visitor from the USSR to make a Carnegie Hall appearance in the "cultural exchange" program. The Russian mezzo was courteously received when she appeared on the stage, and approvingly applauded for her singing of material by Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev, and Moussorgsky. But it was only when, as a kind of afterthought, she interpolated "O don fatale" from Verdi's *Don Carlo* as an encore that there was fire as well as smoke and a warmth that embraced both sides of the footlights.

This was not wholly because the Verdi aria was more familiar to the audience, as well as more showy, in a vocal way, than the music that had preceded. It was also because Miss Arkhipova, a thoroughly experienced professional, put aside the caution, or at least the restraint, that had characterized her preceding performances and attained a common ground of appreciation with her audience. It also suggested that she is more of an opera performer (much of her career is associated with the Bolshoi) than she is a recitalist.

There was some intimation of this earlier, in her treatment of Pauline's aria from *Pique Dame* and the excerpt from the same Tchaikovsky's *Jeanne d'Arc* best known as "Adieu forêts." In the first of these, which opened the program, the voice was not yet "awake," and though she showed a solid command of the necessary compass (B flat to high A), the timbre was a little coarse, the color rather whiter than most Western listeners prefer. The *Jeanne d'Arc* excerpt came after *If I Had Known* and Serenade, also by Tchaikovsky, and gave a suggestion both of the sheen of sound that is latent in the voice and of a provocative dramatic temperament.

Perhaps the most equivocal portion of the program was the ensuing *Songs and Dances of Death*. Moussorgsky's grim assessment of Kutuzov's verses setting forth the manifold ways in which Death asserts his inescapable dominion is rarely (in Western countries, at least) sung by a woman. Moreover, though Miss Arkhipova gave every evidence of insight into the magnitude of the interpretive problem, she consented to pause and be applauded after each song. This not only disturbed the mood but meant that the atmosphere had to be established and re-established. The lyric "Serenade," second in the sequence, came off best, first because she began to color her tones with something appropriate to the lightly ironic text, and the music lingered in the best portion of her voice. There was not quite the rhythmic bite for the "Trepak," or the overpowering impact to make "The Commander" (in which Death surveys a battlefield, knowing that he is the only victor) quite the chilling experience it can be.

However, when Miss Arkhipova returned to launch into Verdi, it was with a despairing fury suitable to Eboli's discontent with her "fatal beauty." Vocally it was not always exact, but there was a sure command of the dramatic style, as well as the extension to reach the top C if not to hold it. After another group of songs (Rachmaninov), she added an excerpt from Rimsky's *Tzar's Bride* and two from *Carmen* (the latter in Italian). In this context it was close to putting first things last. John Wustman was a diligent rather than stimulating pianist.

Oddly, the kind of rich-sounding mezzo voice one associates with some Russians of the past was heard during the week from the native Lili Chookasian in Richard Yardumian's Second Symphony ("Psalms"), with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall. It was truly a Philadelphia brand of mezzo sound she offered on behalf of the words of the Psalms it embodies, matching in pliance the solos played by French hornist Mason Jones and Henry C. Smith III on the euphonium (which Yardumian employs at the beginning and end of the work). Some of Yardumian's word setting was motivated by a strong sense of the appropriate, but the work's lack of a unifying musical plan left it less a symphony than a vocal cantata with orchestra. There can be no objection to this except the semantic; but Yardumian's materials did not support the time span allotted to them.

By contrast, the *Sinfonia da Requiem* of Benjamin Britten, with which the rather poorly constructed program began, remains a challenging experience long after it was written in the composer's twenty-eighth year, precisely because of the sustained musical planning it embodies. In the aftermath of the composer's recent *War Requiem* it can be viewed as part of a larger design that stayed with him, expanding and developing across the years. It was given a performance of sumptuous tonal

(*Continued on page 40*)

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

A Witty Way with Life

RICHARD G. STERN, after publishing three novels, has brought out a miscellany called *Teeth, Dying and Other Matters* (Harper & Row, $4.95). The volume contains thirteen stories, one piece of political journalism, and a full-length play.

Stern's career began auspiciously in 1960 with the publication of *Golk*, an amusing and skilfully fashioned elaboration of an ingenious idea. Golk, a TV producer, is engaged in the most outrageous invasion of privacy, and yet he is a popular hero. The novel did not go unappreciated. Saul Bellow wrote: "The real thing doesn't come along often. *Golk* is fantastic, funny, bitter, intelligent without weariness." Bernard Malamud commented: "*Golk* is a pleasure . . . a triumph of style, both comic and wise . . . absolutely witty in a densely sustained manner. I had the sense of being taken for a wonderful ride." Other esteemed voices joined the chorus.

The second novel, *Europe* (*SR*, Dec. 16, 1961), made good use of the familiar theme of Americans abroad, but it seemed to me less original and less effective than its predecessor. On the other hand, Flannery O'Connor said: "I liked it even better than *Golk*. Baggish should be remembered as long as Chichikov." An English novelist, Anthony Burgess, admired as an experimenter, declared: "The book is quicksilver with picaresque action . . . made out of the joy of language, witty and always entertaining; it is a beautifully contrived artifact."

Richard Ellmann said of *In Any Case*, "This new novel takes in more of life than *Golk*," and this at least is true, but I am not so sure as Ellmann that it is a better novel. It is a cleverly conceived story of an American whose son was killed in the French Resistance and has subsequently been charged with betraying his comrades. Sam Curry's search for the truth leads him into strange corners, and much of the time it is reasonably exciting, but it comes to seem too involved and perhaps a little mechanical. After a while the reader knows that another twist is just ahead.

At the end of my review of *Europe* I wrote of Stern: "He is simply amused by what he sees about him, and he manages to share his amusement with his readers. He is not angry, he is not shocked, and he is enjoying himself. He can be witty without having to hit anyone over the head. He is his own man, and I look forward to seeing what he does." What he does in *Teeth* may not bring forth the enthusiastic comments evoked by his earlier books, but it gives us a chance to consider what sort of writer he is.

He is not a master of the short story, but all of his tales are adroitly done and agreeable to read. As the novels have shown, he has a gift for creating bizarre situations; ingenuity and a certain sort of wryness are his major assets in the stories. We remember poor Ethel Wilmott in "Teeth," in love with her gauche but miraculously helpful dentist. We remember the remarkable collection of grotesques in "Wanderers" and the astonishing and pleasing climax of "A Counterfactual Proposition."

Stern's style is often sardonic and sometimes rather cruel, as in this picture of a very old and wealthy man:

> In Lake Forest Mr. Lomax scarcely ever went out of his daughter Celia's house. Most of the day he sat well wrapped up in the upstairs sitting-room playing cribbage with his valet, Mr. Graves. After his morning broth, he read half of the *Tribune*, and in the afternoon, after his nap, he read the other half. The only season he remarked was winter, which began for him when he saw the first snowfall coming down over the lawns. Then he would instruct Mr. Graves to begin preparations for the trip to Magnolia, the Florida Gulf town where he spent the last twenty-three of his eighty-six winters. A few days later, that third of his family whose year it was to see him off gathered round him at the La Salle Street Station and waved goodbye as his train moved down the tracks.

Yet Stern is capable of tenderness, as the conclusion of this story, "Arrangements at the Gulf," shows: at eighty-six Mr. Lomax is still concerned with the future and makes a claim on friendship.

The political essay, written in 1959, is worth preserving. Stern, interested, as young intellectuals are likely to be, in what goes on in the minds of men of action and power, went to Washington to see Senator Kennedy and Vice President Nixon, perhaps with a premonition that they would soon, like the lion and the unicorn, be fighting for the crown. He never did have a chance to talk with Kennedy, but he saw enough

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53 Japan: A History in Art, by Bradley Smith

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of him to form an impression of his style. Nor did he interview the V.P., but, back home in Chicago, he heard Nixon take part in an "informal question-and-answer session with the faculty." He sums Nixon up as "this hard-soft, oppressed-oppressive, witty-bedulled, mechanical man-boy."

The play, *The Gamesman's Island*, is a kind of comedy of unorthodox manners. Oliver Eady, who has made money and reputation by inventing parlor games, has three daughters, whom he has brought up in his own fashion. Two of them are married, and the third is inspecting a suitor. In the course of the play the married daughters swap husbands for a night, and the third abandons her approved suitor for a less respectable individual. There are witty lines, and the conclusion is pleasantly Shavian, but one scarcely feels that Stern's future is in the theater.

What all this adds up to, I'm afraid, is that Stern, in his middle thirties, is still a young man of promise. Although *Golk* is an original and engaging novel and *In Any Case* an ambitious and sometimes impressive one, and although he writes engagingly in several genres, he is still, in a manner of speaking, on trial. So, I suppose, are most writers in their thirties, but some are not, and I could wish that Stern belonged to the minority, as his talents suggest that he ought to. He has an individual style, not particularly rich in imagery, but fresh, incisive, and often witty. If many of his characters are not presented in depth, they are convincing—even the scandalous Golk—and sometimes memorable. He builds well both his stories and his novels, and he has narrative power. He touches on important themes, though usually by implication rather than directly. What he seems to lack is a center: the four books so far published have little in common except talent. He has been either unwilling or unable to show us where he really lives.

—Granville Hicks.

Looking Backwards with Dodd, Mead

A FRIEND of mine who likes to classify New York publishers into two species—uptown and downtown—points out that the degree of elegance a publishing house exhibits these days is likely to be in direct proportion to its distance north of Forty-second Street. Here one finds the newer, post-World-War-II firms with their air-conditioned offices, high rent, and fast tempo.

Downtown types, on the other hand, tend to be conservative, soft-spoken fellows. "They've been around a while," my friend says. "They've got longer backlists and shorter discounts. They don't have to try harder." Here, along the original Publishers' Row, you will find many of the grand old names in publishing (Harper, D. Appleton-Century, Crowell-Collier, Dutton, Macmillan, Dodd, Mead), and here you will also find a lack of air conditioning. The elevators don't play music, but by and large the cash registers do, and this is what we're here for, isn't it?

These thoughts are inspired by the celebration this year of the 125th anniversary of the publisher who brought to this country the works of Winston Churchill, Norman Douglas, G. B. Shaw, Leo Tolstoy, G. K. Chesterton, Rupert Brooke, Max Beerbohm, Anatole France, and Kenneth Grahame (among others), and introduced such native Americans as Bliss Carman, Paul Leicester Ford, Wolcott Gibbs, George Barr McCutcheon, and Hendrik Van Loon. The publisher is Dodd, Mead, and we would not want the year to pass without mentioning the firm's recently issued *Anniversary Anthology*. "A Sampling of Reading Tastes," it's called, but it is also a tribute to the good publishing taste of five generations of the Dodd family, which has been involved in the business since its founding in 1839. (There has been no Mead since 1894, but the Dodds are reluctant to remove the name too hastily.)

Although there are older trade names on Publishers' Row—D. Appleton began publishing about 1835, and Harper in the late 1820s—Dodd, Mead is the oldest general publishing house still under the management of the same family. It began when Moses Dodd, who was studying for the Presbyterian ministry, discovered that his eyesight was too poor for the church and decided to become a publisher instead. He opened his offices in an annex of the Brick Church Chapel in City Hall Park, leading off with a collection of sermons by his landlord (always a dangerous practice). "Publishing in those days was a highly respectable profession," Moses's grandson, Edward H. Dodd, remarked in a memoir many years later.

It was different in other respects, too. "No publisher would have dreamed of approaching an author who had been discovered and published by another, with offers of better terms." Contracts were hardly more than memoranda, and royalties were likely to start at 10 per cent and go down as sales increased. (This really was a sliding scale.) Moses was twenty-six that first year, and he got off to a fine start by marrying a sister of the Hoe brothers, whose printing presses were to become so successful.

In 1844 Moses begat Frank Dodd, and in 1859, at the age of fifteen, Frank went to work for the firm. Editorially speaking, Moses also begat Elsie Dinsmore, and possibly even the whole idea of a juvenile series, when he chopped Martha Finley's mss. in half and published it in two volumes, the second as a sequel to the first. "The books caught on slowly, as juveniles are wont," Edward H. Dodd recalled, "but after a few seasons, about the year 1869, they started rolling." Twenty-eight volumes came out all told, and they rolled for eighty-five years before stopping.

Whether by chance or not, the company's first big adult hit came just after Moses Dodd passed away in 1870. Frank Dodd, then twenty-six, brought his cousin Edward S. Mead, twenty-seven, in as a partner. E. P. Roe's *Barriers Burned Away* was submitted about this time, and Dodd and Mead, who both knew a winner when they saw one, bought it immediately. They were not sorry.

Mead also wrote a good many of the firm's titles, including ten or a dozen juveniles a year under different names. To upgrade their list the two partners

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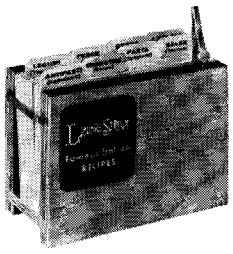
Taverna La Fenice/Venezia/9 p.m./Alfredo Zoppi recommends: Granzevola, Zuppa di Crostacei alla marinara, Orata e Triglia in cartoccio, Asparagi all'Agro, Tokay Contine Villanova, Torta della Casa, Fragole con gelato, Caffe', followed by

LIQUORE STREGA
THE ORIGINAL ITALIAN LIQUEUR



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hired Hamilton Wright Mabie as literary adviser and scout, and among the first books Mabie turned up were his own. (If you can't find 'em, write 'em.) "His talks on nature seemed to have been conceived indoors," Edward H. Dodd remarked. Nevertheless, Mabie was the high priest of American culture until Henry Seidel Canby took over after the turn of the century. Some wag remarked that at this point American literature passed from an era of Mabie to Canby.

The firm didn't stay long in one place during its first seventy-one years, moving eleven times. In those days many publishers ran their own bookstores, and Dodd, Mead was one of them. The store was dropped in 1910 when the company became the first publisher to land on Fourth Avenue, and settled down—or rather up (it occupied the thirtieth floor of its own building)—for a stay that lasted until 1941. Those were halcyon days. Trollope was imported to this country in ten volumes and Mrs. Browning's poetry in one. For part of this time Dodd, Mead also published *The Bookman,* a literary magazine that hung around until 1933. Its bonanza publication, however, was *The New International Encyclopedia,* which later became simply the *International Encyclopedia* in a gesture of honest titling remarkable in the reference book field.

To return to our genealogy: Edward H. Dodd, Frank's son, became president in 1916, and another cousin, Frank C. Dodd, took over in the early 1930s. Edward H. Dodd, Jr., who entered the firm about this time, was elevated to head of the table in the Fifties, but has since stepped down and is now chairman of the editorial board. Edward, Sr., has long since retired, but is still alive at ninety-five. His grandson, Jonathan—the fifth-generation Dodd—joined the company five years ago as an editor.

Mindful, perhaps, of its churchly origins, Dodd, Mead has always published what is known in the trade as a "clean" list. The editors have avoided sex and sensation, and have gone in heavily for birdlore and Elizabeth Seifert. One result of this policy is that Dodd, Mead books stay in print a long time; there are 1,200 active titles on the list today, hardly one of which you could give your fifteen-year-old daughter for Christmas, considering the kinds of books fifteen-year-olds are reading now.

We don't want to suggest that Dodd, Mead is a stodgy house, and we don't think there is anything wrong with dignity, either. In an industry in which sheer survival is an achievement, a century and a quarter of good publishing is something to reckon with. How good, the *Anniversary Anthology* makes clear.

—David Dempsey.

Deciphering the Chinese Character

Communist China: The Early Years, 1949-55, *by A. Doak Barnett (Praeger. 360 pp. $6.95), and* ***The Communism of Mao Tse-tung,*** *by Arthur A. Cohen (University of Chicago Press. 210 pp. $5), explain the metamorphosis of a giant nation. C. T. Hu is co-author of "China: Its People, Its Society, Its Culture."*

By C. T. HU

Mao—an original thinker?

WHILE some people have chosen to regard the Communist ascendancy in China as a passing phase, the steady consolidation of power by the Communist regime, and the increasingly effective use of this power in the arena of world politics, have cast serious doubts upon the wisdom of such a position. The recent nuclear explosion, with all its psychological and political ramifications, is one concrete and dramatic manifestation of both the potential and the posture of a China in revolution. Leaving aside the military and political implications, this event creates a greater sense of urgency in reappraising the China problem. And a sober reappraisal of China must begin with an understanding of the true character of the Chinese state and society under Communism.

To those who are interested in contemporary Chinese affairs, the name A. Doak Barnett is too familiar to require introduction. One of the leading authorities on contemporary China, Barnett has provided the American public as well as the scholarly community with a number of provocative works, among them *Communist China and Asia* and *China on the Eve of Communist Takeover,* both of which have won considerable acclaim. The present volume is a sequel to the latter and covers the period from late 1949, when the Communist regime was established, to early 1955, when the "transition to Socialism" began. Several of the twenty chapters have appeared in journals of public affairs, but the majority are reports prepared for the Institute of Current World Affairs and the American University Field Staff, with which the author was affiliated up to 1955. Based partly on personal observations on the mainland but mostly on extensive research and systematic study in Hong Kong, the reports cover a variety of important topics, ranging from the ideological framework to economic development and cultural transformation, and are arranged according to subject rather than chronology. The fact that the author has kept the editing to a minimum is indicative of his general satisfaction with what he had written earlier, and in this instance, historical hindsight has tended to confirm the soundness of his fundamental approach and theses in the interpretation of Chinese Communism in its formative years.

Revolutionary China is exceedingly complex and its future far from predictable. Nevertheless, honest efforts must be made to gain an understanding of the dynamics and the areas of strain that determine the character of China today. By reissuing his earlier reports in one volume, Barnett has made another contribution to that enterprise. It is true that there is no dearth of written material on contemporary China, but few writers have followed and studied the events in modern China with his single-minded concentration and persistence, nor have many attained the same level of sophistication. In its lucidity of language, logic of argument, and judicious use of source materials, the present volume has a good deal to recommend itself, in addition to which the author's accounts of his personal associations provide rare insight into Chinese life in flux.

While the Barnett volume is addressed primarily to the general public in the good tradition of interpretive re-

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porting, Arthur A. Cohen's book is a scholarly attempt to investigate in depth the controversial issue of Mao's position among the giants of Communism. Two interrelated problems are involved in this study. One is the evaluation of the Chinese leader through an exhaustive analysis of his writings, to determine the extent of his originality and of his contribution to Communist theory. The other concerns the role of Mao in the formulation of basic policies both before and after the Communist triumph in China and his claim to orthodoxy and leadership in the world-wide Communist struggle. Cohen is well versed in the extensive literature on Communism, from Marx to Mao himself, and he is obviously intrigued by the many superlatives used in the adulation of Mao, which borders on deification. He has been able to show, through extensive documentation, how much of Mao's reputation as an original thinker is built on sheer sycophancy and in which areas of Communist revolutionary thought and action he has made genuine contribution.

Against the background of Communist thought and the kaleidoscopic course of the Communist revolution, Cohen has scrutinized virtually all the important writings of Mao from the 1920s to the present. The book is characterized by immaculate scholarship and a sobriety of judgment; few would disagree with the author's verdict that "the view of Mao as an intellectual, whose erudition in philosophy surpasses that of any living Communist, is more picturesque than true." Nor would many question his argument that "Mao has attained his highest distinction as a Communist revolutionary leader." Cohen has succeeded in distinguishing between Mao as philosopher-theoretician and Mao as revolutionary strategist, the Chinese claim to omniscience notwithstanding.

Each in his own way, one dealing with larger problems and the other more specific, Barnett and Cohen have succeeded admirably in explaining the not too well understood phenomenon of a China under Communism and the dominant personality behind it. In view of the rising concern about and interest in China, both volumes hopefully will find their way into the hands of thoughtful people in many parts of the world.

The Modern Mysterious East

Asia: Awakening of a World, *by François d'Harcourt, translated from the French by Elisabeth Abbott (Harcourt, Brace & World. 295 pp. $6.95), records the author's impressions on a journey from Galilee to Japan. Ferdinand Kuhn, co-author with Delia Kuhn of "Borderlands," has traveled widely in the Orient.*

By FERDINAND KUHN

DO YOU remember the time when Asia was the Mysterious East, when Valentino played the Sheik, and Boyer said, "Come wiz me to ze Kasbah"? In the folklore of those days a special mystery enveloped the ultra-Moslem countries, with their veiled women, narrow streets, and muezzins summoning the faithful to prayer. Buddhist pagodas and Hindu temples were also supposed to hold exotic secrets, and the mere mention of incense and spices in a travel article was enough to waft a Westerner back to the *Arabian Nights*.

François d'Harcourt swallows every one of these chestnuts in his new book, telling of a phenomenal Asian journey from the Sea of Galilee to Japan. Although Valentino was dead when M. d'Harcourt was born, and *The Sheik of Araby* was no longer a hit tune, the captions of the silent movies still live in his impressionable prose.

"Everything is a mystery in this part of the world," he writes about Arabia. Yet the old-fashioned mysteries were not the only ones that stirred his wonder. What baffled him most, what must trouble every perceptive traveler, was the gap between the rich and poor in Asia, the greed of those at the top, the misery of hundreds of millions of their people below.

M. d'Harcourt was no ordinary tourist, hopping from one Hilton to another. Wherever he could find an out-of-the-way fastness in Asia, he sampled it. He is one of the few Western travelers to have reported on the long-hidden Arab sheikhdoms of the Persian Gulf and the Arabian Sea. Although a newcomer to Asia, he was enterprising enough to dip into the defiles of the Hindu Kush, the desolation of Ladakh, the jungles of Borneo and Burma.

UNHAPPILY, his reporting does not do justice to his itinerary. Reading his short and breathless chapters, jumping from one country to another and another, is like watching a show of color slides by an amateur travel photographer. Before one can ask a question or look beyond the foreground, the slide projector clicks

and another scene, of a different country, lights the screen.

As a journalist, M. d'Harcourt dutifully interviewed the celebrities: Ben-Gurion, the Shah, Nehru, and the late Ngo Dinh Diem, among many others. In Afghanistan the royal foreign minister, Prince Naim, told him: "Well, for me, China is the land of hope." In Korea, General Chung Hee Park said bitterly that the division of his country between north and south was all America's fault.

The author himself is unsparing of the United States; he finds American aid almost everywhere "frittered away" and lining the pockets of the rich. He sees Japan, America's most important partner in Asia, "flaring up again, under the ashes" toward a new militarism.

These are opinions, and M. d'Harcourt is entitled to them. But neither he nor his translator is entitled to spatter his pages with errors of fact that could easily have been avoided.

What, for example, can one make of his statement that the United States is "far from the foremost provider of financial aid" to India? That from 1947 to the end of 1960 the American share "was about 3 million dollars, against 750 million from the USSR over the same period"? Actually, American loans and grants to India in that decade totaled more than 3½ billion dollars. And what does d'Harcourt mean when he says Korea is "one of the few countries of the Asiatic East that—like Burma, Indo-China, Tibet and Mongolia—has not been colonized"? Or that in Kabul one never sees the face of an Afghan woman, or that in Vientiane, the capital of Laos, "since the bombardment of 1957, . . . a war zone," "there are almost no women"?

The "awakening of a world" in M. d'Harcourt's title is another name for what Americans call the revolution of rising expectations. What form this revolution will take M. d'Harcourt does not predict. To avert an explosion he calls for social reform, birth control, an end to corruption, and an "osmosis" of the Communist and non-Communist creeds. It is a tall order.

The original French edition of this book won the Pellman Prize, awarded each year for a play, a film, and a book with an "optimistic" outlook on life. How odd that this book should have qualified!

(Book reviews continue on page 45)

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Underwater America

ONE OF my earliest recollections of Florida was the conversations my parents used to have about palmy real estate deals in the southlands that turned out to be under water. "He lost a fortune in Florida real estate," I used to hear the adults whisper. "The land was all under water." I must say, though I never quite understood the circumstances at the time, that some fragmentary recollections of that nefarious land boom came back to me the other day when I drove along the Florida Keys on my way to see the state's newest attraction, the John Pennekamp Coral Reef State Park. As the state's newest official preserve, it is twenty-one miles long and three and a half miles wide, and almost all of it is under water.

The John Pennekamp Park, which, I had better say right off, is named for a Miami editor who has been very active in conservation circles, is not only the newest and by far the largest of Florida state parks, but also the only underseas park in the continental United States. Everybody, of course, remembers how the ubiquitous Secretary of the Interior donned scuba equipment some time back and descended into the depths of the Caribbean to cut a ribbon opening a similar underwater park in the Virgin Islands.

Pennecamp Park is a combination of state lands and federal holdings that were state-dedicated and federally proclaimed as a protected area because "it is the only living reef formation along the coast of North America, and it is in the public interest to preserve it for the benefit of all people." Of the fifty-two species of coral that grow in the Atlantic system, forty of them are found in the park, among them such graphically named specimens as Staghorn, Moosehead, Leaf, Hat, Star, Starlet, Finger, Brain, Rose, Tube, Ivory, Flower, and Cactus.

When I drove up there the other day I found the gate manned by an affable ranger. Beyond him lay a busy little park that looked more like a frontier town than a new official preserve. There was a large lagoon for boats, a stretch of barren fill where trailers had parked, and the sketchy makings of a central building. Beyond that lay acres of water forming the right of way to more acres of water that covered the park. The chief ranger and I set out in an official boat, a high-speed craft with twin outboards that skirted, at a rather throaty roar, past a statue called Christ of the Deep, a sculpture that will eventually be dropped into its proper home under the waves in the middle of the park.

It's a three-mile run from the park's dry-land entrance to the underwater areas, and as we bumped along I made notes as well as I could. As I read them now, discounting the scratchings made by especially large waves, there are regular trips being offered by concessionaires who will take visitors out in glass-bottom boats on either a one-hour or a two-hour trip. The ride will be shortened to a mile and a half, which is to say cut in half, when a new channel is dredged. So far there are no accommodations inside the park, but tent and trailer camping is allowed on the coral fill at the edge of the lagoon. The park provides grills, picnic tables, running water, washroom facilities, and a playground.

The park was opened in August last year, but since then a quarter of a million dollars has been set aside in new plans, including a visitor center, an auditorium for orientation lectures, a restaurant, and an observation tower. The concessionaires who are already in business offer pedal boats for patroling the lagoon, fishing boats, and diving boats. The fishing can be done in the shallow back-country waters for redfish, snook, and sea trout, and also outside the reef for grouper, snapper, yellowtail, barracuda, and Keys grunts, whatever they are.

Snorkel and scuba people can hire boats with or without a qualified guide to explore the glories of the underseas, and they can either bring their own equipment—no charge for corkage—or rent lungs on the premises. Double-hull sailboats, called catamarans in certain sections of the nation, are for charter, and so are skiffs for those who wish to waterski. Sightseeing party boats carrying half a dozen rubbernecks charge $5 for the two-hour excursion, $2.50 for one hour. All of them have glass wells in the bottom.

As we approached the beginning of the parklands, the ranger unpeeled the cover from the flooring of our boat and we suddenly found ourselves staring downward at waving patches of seagrass, odd parrot fish, and forests of elkhorn coral. All the tropical fish are protected in the park area, and fishermen who wish to engage other specimens may use a hook and line only. On the other hand, there is no law against commercial lobstering, and from August 1 to May there is no rule to say a visitor to the park can't leap off a boat and take a lobster from the deep, provided, of course, it isn't already reposing in somebody's trap.

Actually the reef, of which the park is only a part, stretches from Miami clear to the Dry Tortugas, those offshore islands famous for the fact that the doctor who treated John Wilkes Booth was imprisoned there. The coral reef preserve area itself is a skinny oblong charted out in a line parallel to the chewed-up spit called Key Largo.

Pennecamp Park came about mainly because of the great number of queen conch shells that began to appear in curio shops. I can remember one year, while I was living at the edge of

A day at the park—coral, fish, and underwater sculpture.

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Greenwich Village, when a truck appeared on West Eighth Street just at Christmastime, loaded to the rail with pink conch shells. The driver, who had brought them up from Florida, sold them at fifty cents apiece off the tailgate and did a rushing business. So many conch shells found their way into parlors that conservationists took alarm. Florida conchs had been almost fished out and curio dealers were going farther afield into the Bahamas. All these events were aired at a meeting at Everglades Park in 1957, principally by Dr. Gilbert Voss of the Marine Institute of the University of Miami. Dr. Voss traced the growth of the seashell jewelry vogue, which began in the late Thirties, following the early Florida tourist boom. Shell collecting followed, and great shell bazaars appeared at the roadsides. Collectors came to the reefs with crowbars, dynamite, and hoists, ripping up the coral reefs to make decorations for sitting rooms. Then came the commercial shell collectors looking for rare specimens, followed by the tropical fish hunters, followed by the skin divers who found sport in spearing angelfish and queen triggerfish.

The desecration was hardly different from the damage done by the plume hunters who ravaged Florida's birds to provide milliners with feathers to adorn ladies' hats. Voss called for the protection of the area in the same way that protection is given to preserves on dry land. Charles Brookfield of the Audubon Society and Dan Beard, then superintendent of Everglades Park, joined the cry. Everybody thought the idea was great, and there was unanimous consent from the federal government and the State of Florida until both camps got into a squabble over an unlooked-for-point: nobody could decide who owned the ocean bottom. The Florida Governor finally gave control of the bottoms inside the three-mile limit to the Florida Board of Parks, and President Eisenhower, on the part of the federal government, passed the control beyond the three-mile limit to the Secretary of the Interior.

John Pennecamp got his name on the door through his strong efforts to make the park a reality. He had already played a big role in establishing Everglades National Park, one of the most unusual parks in the nation. Now he wrote strong stories in support of reef preservation, and largely through his efforts drummed up two cash contributions that bought seventy-four acres on Largo Sound. Some beneficent soul came through last year with $2,350,000 to be used in acquiring the park headquarters site. The name of the donor who gave the land for the headquarters of a park that can't be seen is not to be revealed. —Horace Sutton.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 34

richness and a quantity of physical commitment from Ormandy which caused the baton to fly out of his hand in the middle of the "Dies Irae." He finished the work in his old, batonless mode, without any apparent detriment. Following the two symphonies and an intermission, Emil Gilels made his second appearance at Philharmonic Hall in as many nights, as soloist in a beautifully organized projection of the Chopin E-minor Piano Concerto. In his recital on the previous evening, he gave one of the most compelling performances of Liszt's B-minor Sonata heard here in years.

Three excerpts from three favorite operas brought an audience that netted $93,000 to the Metropolitan Opera's Welfare and Pension Funds (thanks to the generosity of the Texaco Corporation in meeting the necessary expenses) for a Sunday-night "gala." To be sure, there was more to the attraction than works of Strauss, Puccini, and Verdi. At the going rate, it was about $30,000 apiece for Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lisa della Casa, and Otto Edelmann in the first act of *Der Rosenkavalier,* Renata Tebaldi, Carlo Bergonzi, Cesare Siepi, and others in the first act of *La Bohème,* and Joan Sutherland and John Alexander in the first act of *La Traviata.* Much of the singing was good, and some of it was great. Which was which, the customs of such occasions reserve for silence. There will be other, reviewable occasions to assign credit and assess blame. Certainly all the intentions were honorable ones. —Irving Kolodin.

Fischer-Dieskau; Barenboim

With Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau available for only two of the four Thanksgiving-week concerts, New York Philharmonic officials could do one of two things: a) try to find another vocalist of comparable stature to take over, or b) change the subject—soloist and vehicle—completely in mid-series. They chose the latter: Fischer-Dieskau sang Wolf's *Harfenspieler* songs and Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* on Thursday and Friday, and Daniel Barenboim played Mozart's E-flat piano concerto (K. 482) on Saturday and Sunday. In both cases William Steinberg sandwiched the soloist's contribution between performances of Haydn's 99th (neat, tasteful, and rather impersonal) and Elgar's *Enigma Variations* (nicely differentiated and calculated to minimize the built-in threat of boredom).

Anyone familiar with the old Fischer-Dieskau/Furtwängler recording of the Mahler knew what to expect from the singer: intense communication of the texts, coupled with virtuosic vocal control. Time, fortunately, has lessened neither attribute. In Steinberg, however, Fischer-Dieskau found a less sensitive (and predictably faster) collaborator than Furtwängler. The conductor seemed to be striving for understatement *über Alles;* what was obviously intended as artistic restraint came across as indifference.

The Wolf lieder, marvelously sung, were also crippled to a certain extent—in this case by the composer, not the conductor. When he replaced his simple piano accompaniments with quasi-Wagnerian orchestrations, Wolf blew up the rhetoric of his songs and watered down their impact.

At his Philharmonic debut, the twenty-two-year-old Barenboim revealed extraordinary talent as well as a few stylistic miscalculations. He approached the Mozart concerto as if it were a bravura vehicle, and, on these terms, made it a tour de force. In the process, however, he forgot that the playful side of Mozart's nature need not invariably imply romantic showiness. There is more charm and delicacy in the work than was discovered on this occasion. With added experience and, perhaps, stronger guidance, Barenboim may be expected to project a wider range of these qualities. He is already well equipped to do so. —Martin Bernheimer.

The Word And the Poet

By Paul Engle

Verse is not written, it is bled
Out of the poet's abstract head.
Words drip the poem on the page
Out of his grief, delight and rage.

Words hold his life, as window glass
Holds sunlight it allows to pass.

The word becomes the poem where
His pencil's point becomes thin air.

The word, which only tries to sing
A lived-through act, becomes live thing,
As if a mirror, black with night,
Turned the astonished air to light.

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A Hit at Elsinore

A COMPANY of players, in September 1963, came to the royal castle of Kronborg, at Elsinore, Denmark. Unlike the actors who delighted the Prince of Denmark in William Shakespeare's *Hamlet,* the modern thespians brought more than simple masks and costumes. They were accompanied by elaborate television equipment and videotape production crews supplied by Danish State Radio. The actors were English; so were the producer, the director, and staff—all from BBC Television. The visitors put on a play. It was not *The Murder of Gonzago* with which Hamlet's strolling players caught the conscience of the king. It was a three-hour version of *Hamlet* itself—done for the first time in the very halls and rooms, on the identical battlements and platforms, and in the same fields and graveyard where the Dane grieved, feigned madness, and cracked a noble heart. Shakespeare's fictional actors, in the play within a play, were, by Hamlet's measure, a hit at Elsinore. They clinched the guilt of Claudius for the murder of the Prince's father. The BBC actors played for no royal audience—Kronborg Castle is now a tourist attraction—but lovers of Shakespeare in many parts of the world have acclaimed the Elsinore *Hamlet* when they have seen it on their national television systems. England, Canada, and the Commonwealth have broadcast this production, and it has been shown in Europe and Scandinavia.

It was shown recently in this country on the same evening by two stations of Metromedia, Inc.—WNEW-TV, New York, and WTTG, Washington, D.C. A third station in this group, KTTV, will offer it soon to viewers in Los Angeles. Shakespeare enthusiasts on the West Coast would be well advised to set aside three hours, on the scheduled evening, to see one of the most notable productions of *Hamlet,* on or off television. They will share a unique, vibrant entertainment experience, rich with new acting and staging insights that extend the conventional dimensions of this mysterious and exciting tragedy. The effectiveness of this Elsinore *Hamlet* rests not exclusively on its you-are-there impact. The producers were, in fact, taking a big risk when they attempted to do *Hamlet* as a remote (outside) broadcast. It might have been a mere stunt (estimated cost: $150,000), with technical gimmicks drowning the play.

The skill and judgment of Peter Luke, the producer, and Philip Saville, the director, were undoubtedly responsible for the happy outcome. They assembled a superb cast. Headed by Christopher Plummer in the title role, it would rival the most meticulous London production. They exploited Kronborg Castle fully, cutting and arranging the scenes of the play to suit the possibilities of the real setting. The castle seemed to diminish the play in only two instances. Polonius saw Laertes off for France at a real dock, where the intimacy of the old man's tedious advice to his son was bothered by the business of getting into a small boat. Hamlet's conversation with the ghost was played in a field close by the sea. The ghost's voice, impressive in its supernatural agony, was filtered, echoed, and otherwise distorted for hellish effect, and it was accompanied by an eerie soundtrack of surf and wind. The feeling was right but the words could not be understood. Elsewhere, however, the entire play was exalted by the real castle. A cold medievalism brooded everywhere, enveloping the actors in an atmosphere pervasive, tangible. The cameras slipped past great, ribbed, translucent windows; they raced across time-stained floors and peered into corners dark with history.

Hamlet, speaking his soliloquies, was seen in different parts of the castle—the camera cutting from place to place with no break in the rhythm of the speech. He welcomed the players in the open and did his Hecuba speech partly off-screen. Plummer's Hamlet was sharply mad at the beginning, but as the play progressed the conventional problems of Hamlet's character grew unimportant. His lucidity shone forth, his cruelty softened. All the characters seemed warmer, more sympathetic than usual. They involved the viewer in a more universal tragedy of all people who somehow make a mess of their lives. This was a daring production; it succeeded spectacularly. BBC Television had offered it to the major American networks, but none bought it. Then Bennet Korn, of Metromedia, purchased it for his group of stations. Tuck Tape sponsored *Hamlet* in New York, and sponsorship was shared in Washington, D.C., by Republic Savings and Loan, Serta Mattress, and Scan Furniture. We salute them for letting a portion of the American television audience look in on this twentieth-century visit of the players to Elsinore.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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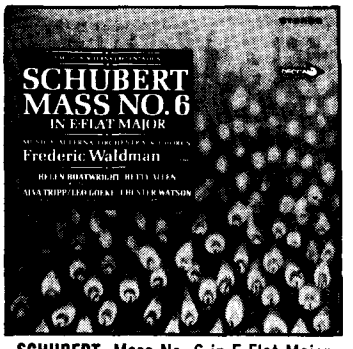

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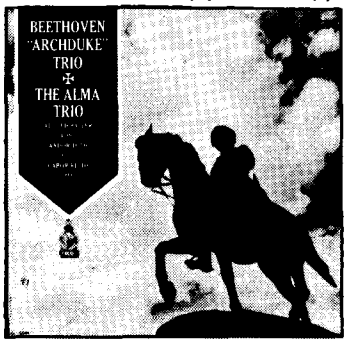

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Think Big

IAN FLEMING always imagined big, but probably never bigger than in *Goldfinger*, in which the world's foremost gold smuggler and hoarder, the ruthless Auric Goldfinger, attempted nothing less than to crack Fort Knox and remove the hoard of gold it contained. He nearly carried it off, too, as the movie just made demonstrates in crackling, violent, extremely suspenseful fashion. Before beginning operations in America, Goldfinger is most ingenious in figuring out ways of depleting England's gold reserves. His ruthlessness in the old country extends to the golf course, where James Bond, set on his trail, encounters him and challenges him to a match that, as it develops, would disturb the professional and amateur player alike. It is regrettable to see Bond stooping so low as to pull the switched ball trick, but when a country's security is at stake, anything goes, including the right to kill and to switch golf balls.

There has been a switch of directors in this third of a continuing series. Terence Young, who piloted *Dr. No* and *From Russia with Love* to booming box-office success, has been replaced by Guy Hamilton, whose touch is equally light and who has paced the action even a bit faster. As the budgets grow more expansive, so do the special effects. One can't help but admire the specially equipped Aston-Martin issued to Bond by the weaponry division of the Secret Service. It contains concealed machine guns in the fore and aft fenders, its hubcaps are capable of extending sets of tire-slashing knives, it can lay down a smoke-screen and an oil slick with which to foil pursuing vehicles, it can even eject the rider in the passenger seat. The car is bulletproof and, of course, has exemplary cornering ability. It is just one of the many fanciful delights strewn liberally throughout the picture.

Were it not for the utterly fantastic premises of the story, the good-humored and insouciant style in which the whole series is presented, one might find the scarifying violence a bit much. But if the audience has been sufficiently Fleming-indoctrinated, I suppose there is no reason to complain. It's all meant as thrills and entertainment, and as movie stuff it's first-rate. There is some sort of spoof involved, but of just what I'm not sure. Maybe it's the whole thriller genre that Fleming was taking off on and getting rich by, and maybe he also had a sense, like Scaramouche, that the whole world was mad. At any rate, as human beings became more devilishly destructive, Ian Fleming managed to keep pace. *Goldfinger* was written in 1959, and the script-writers evidently felt they had to update the book for 1964 topicality. James Bond, therefore, is nearly cut in two by a laser beam, and he just manages to keep Fort Knox from being atomized.

Bond is again played by Sean Connery, who has the role down pat by now, but the villains this time are better. Too bad, Gert Frobe, as Goldfinger, is sucked through a window of a plane, and thereby lost to the series. Harold Sakata, as the (North) Korean called Odd-Job, is even more menacing. Only one of the three girls in the film survive, this one being Honor Blackman, an attractive but mannish pilot. Two other girls get it in approved Fleming style, one being gold-painted to her death, the other cut down

by Odd-Job's steel bowler. (He throws it at her and breaks her neck.) It's all incredible and dreadfully sinister, but you can't help watching.

The only reason one continues watching a French film called *Bay of the Angels* is because of the prominent presence in it of Jeanne Moreau, who for some reason continues to waste herself in unimportant efforts by lesser and late-coming members of the New Wave group. Her director this time is Jacques Demy, who seems to have discovered that a type known as the compulsive gambler exists. With portentous seriousness he shows how an underpaid bank clerk becomes drawn and addicted to the roulette table, where he meets the already addicted Miss Moreau. Since everything she does is touched with art, her portrait of a woman who rides the ups and (mostly) downs of luck has reality and fascination. Her hair is bleached blonde, she finds it hard to watch the fateful roulette wheel as it spins, she gives herself in sex, but makes it plain she can't afford to commit herself to love. And she makes it clear that it isn't the money that intrigues her but the gambling. Other than that the movie whines to a finish, having said next to nothing. Why was it made? Because Jeanne Moreau agreed to do it, that's why. She really ought to read her scripts more carefully. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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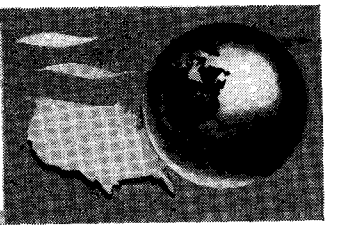
As Others See Us



LONDON:

Anglo-American Cooperation

There is chaos
In Laos,
And no man is an island
In Thailand.
The British do not give a damn
What happens in Vietnam,
And the Americans would feel much easier
If only they would cut it out in Indonesia.
The Americans do not give a lemon
For the Yemen,
And no man
Cares much for the Sultan of Oman.
We would all be delighted
If the Nations could be United,
But pulling together is a very difficult thing
When each man is pulling on a different string.
It would be much better, of course,
If only there were a Multilateral Force.

—*Christopher Hollis in the Spectator.*

TOKYO:

Using Nuclear Power

THE DEMONSTRATIONS by leftist elements against the visit of the American nuclear submarine *Seadragon* appear to be animated by a desire to make political propaganda against the government. . . .

So far as the safety issue is concerned, the government is taking all necessary precautions. Radioactivity tests at the ports of Yokosuka and Sasebo are being made before, and will be made again after, the visits of the American submarines. It is pointed out that nuclear-powered submarines of the *Nautilus* type have called at other ports in the world without causing either damage or danger.

A question that naturally suggests itself is why the United States is sending nuclear-powered submarines just now to Japanese ports. A report from Washington says that the controlling reason is that nuclear-powered vessels of all types will be commonplace among maritime nations in a few years. This being the case, the American government decided many months ago that its ships could not reasonably be barred from foreign ports just because they use nuclear power. Referring to the defense treaty between the United States and Japan, it is pointed out that Americans feel they should not have a fleet defending Japan in which some ships could enter a Japanese port and some could not. . . .

What we would wish to see is the reduction of all armaments to a minimum. . . . It is nothing less than natural that the Japanese public should be highly sensitive to any danger, or supposed danger, from an escape of radioactivity, for the nation has suffered in the past as no other country has. Unfortunately, leftist elements endeavor to take advantage of this sensitivity for their own purposes. We believe that is recognized by the majority of people.

It might be in order to point out that fears of radioactivity must not be allowed to prevent us from adopting nuclear energy where it can be put to good use.

—*Japan Times.*

BOMBAY:

Shaky Alliance

THE RESULTS OF THE 1964 Presidential election cannot be projected far into the future. They are inconclusive because they refer to an exotic set of circumstances. Even though they demonstrate a devastating repudiation of Goldwaterism by the vast majority of Americans, including normally Republican voters, they do not necessarily indicate a permanent Democratic tide of liberalism. This campaign has been described as a confrontation between the forces of progress and those of reaction, but the vote was indicative of rather less strident concerns. The landslide victory of Lyndon Johnson was, in effect, a forfeiture by the Republican Party. . . . The Democratic Party resulting from the President's victory is a demonstration of his encyclopedic knowledge of the electorate, but it may not hang together for very long in its present form.

—*The Times of India.*

PEKING:

View from the East

LIKE PAKISTAN, Cambodia is a country which the United States has tried in vain to intimidate through the withdrawal of "aid." When the pressure that always accompanies U.S. money became intolerable, Cambodia threw their "aid" back into the teeth of the imperialists. Washington and its bootlickers predicted at the time that, denied of American largesse, Cambodia would not last three months.

Nine months have passed. To the consternation of its ill-wishers, Cambodia is still on the map of Asia. It is even better off without the American handouts. The government put through a series of economic reforms that enable the country

China and the U.N.: The American arguments against the admission of Communist China to the United Nations are well known. They boil down to the insistence that no nation should be allowed to shoot its way into the world organization. Since China's explosion of a nuclear device, is the United States merely going to revise its policy to a statement that no nation can bomb its way into the United Nations . . .?

It is preposterous to go on pretending that Formosa is a great power and entitled to one of the five permanent seats on the Security Council. Regardless of how much one may detest the masters of Peking, they are the rulers of and the spokesmen for a fifth of the world's population. If China's cooperation is required in future moves to strengthen world peace and lessen the danger of nuclear war—and of course it is—then there should be no further delay in bringing China into the world council of nations as quickly and as fully as possible. Perhaps China's leaders will prove arrogant and difficult. They will, no doubt, overlook no opportunity to make Chinese propaganda. But that is a risk that must be taken and endured.

World conferences without China will become more and more absurd as China grows in strength. The free world must do everything it can to persuade China not to grow in belligerence and danger to world peace at the same time. On the Chinese question, the U.S. has become entangled in a web of twisted logic. Canada should advise her great neighbor, politely but firmly, that she will no longer support a policy of excluding China from the United Nations.

—*The Edmonton Journal.*

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to stand on its own feet and steadily develop the national economy. . . .

Cambodia has been true to itself in standing up to the bluff and bluster of giant imperialist America. It has won the admiration of the new emerging countries which believe that economic development through self-reliance is the surest guarantee of political independence.

—*Peking Review.*

COPENHAGEN:

The South's Return

MR. JOHNSON took over the Presidency from John F. Kennedy as a heavily burdened regional politician. He was able not only to overcome this handicap but to gather and lead the American people through the national crisis following the assassination of the President, in spite of the sentiments directed against his own state. He came from Texas and gave the people fortitude to stand united in sorrow in a period of trial, without bitterness toward each other. He came from the South and gave Congress unity and strength to pass the civil rights law that has mollified and perhaps will be able to resolve the Negro revolt against injustice. His behavior in these two crises during the year of his Presidency may have been an essential part of the basis for the overwhelming confidence that was shown him in the election.

It is understandable that the old Southern states have turned against him and their own political tradition; his name stands for the reform that is to break their social pattern. But it remains one of the sadder paradoxes of this election that the South alone should reject the man who after 100 years is leading the way to its return to the Union.

—*Berlingske Tidende.*

PARIS:

An Enduring Legend

TODAY, ACROSS all kinds of personal memories, the historic personality of Kennedy emerges, and one begins to realize that this happy young man also knew how to keep distances.

The man was much more complex than was believed. There were in him areas of mystery, but it was difficult to perceive them behind the façade. What one saw and what, alas, disappeared with him from Washington were an elegance of behavior, a good taste in human relations, a unique mixture of joy in the delights of living and of good manners. These qualities will not easily be found again, and hardly under the present Texas regime.

This said, and all sentiments laid aside, what remains of the three years of the Kennedy era now that one begins to see them from a distance? The political heritage is the one most open to discussion. Articles devoted to his memory become rather confused as soon as they broach the subject. The zealots have always stated that Kennedy was a great President. They have classed him in stature with Roosevelt and Wilson. Those who are less uncritical are of the opinion that he gave promises of greatness that he would probably have realized in a second term.

What remains as the loss, however, is a certain feeling of possibilities, of an élan, and—why not say it?—of an impression of beauty. These are not political qualities, but surely they are enduring legendary and mythological qualities.

—*Le Figaro.*

—*Krokodil.*

A Soviet comment on the turmoil in South Vietnam. Says the American: "Whoever's on top today, take the receiver."

TORONTO:

Meeting Force with Force

THE UNITED STATES insists that the Russians and their followers are legally more than two years in arrears of their U.N. contributions and therefore must be deprived of the right to vote, in accordance with Article 19 of the Charter. The latest U.S. move is a carefully phrased hint of a threat to refuse payment of all U.N. assessments, unless the Soviet Union is made to settle. The Russians are more blunt; if their U.N. vote is taken away, they declare, they will leave the organization. . . .

Although the new U.S. threat offers no solution to the problem, it does have some usefulness in bringing the General Assembly to a clearer understanding of the realities at stake. Confronted by the Soviet threat of withdrawal, a number of U.N. members may have been inclined to vote the Russians a free ticket in the expectation that the United States would accept the verdict and go on paying more than its share of the bills.

The United States has now warned them that one of the most crucial issues is "the problem of maintaining the United Nations' constitutional and fiscal integrity," and it has added the warning: "The United States naturally prefers to make its decisions about next year's programs after these issues are resolved."

This is plainly a warning to the General Assembly not to be tempted to placate the Soviet Union, trusting in U.S. patience. The warning is justified; force must be met with force.

—*The Globe and Mail.*

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A Multiplicity Inside a Mystique

—*Minneapolis Institute of Arts.*

Bronze Buffalo. Middle Chou period.

A History of Far Eastern Art, *by Sherman E. Lee (Abrams. 527 pp. $25), considers Asian art as human achievement and expression rather than the product of esoteric ways of thought. James Cahill, curator of Chinese art at the Freer Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, is author of "Chinese Painting."*

By JAMES CAHILL

THIS is the first book in nearly forty years to deal with the art of the whole of Eastern Asia, covering not only China and Japan, but also—in spite of the somewhat misleading title—India, Java, Cambodia, and Siam. It is the only book that offers an authoritative survey of the artistic traditions, in all major media, of this vast area.

That such a survey can now be written in depth and detail is a sign of the healthy state of Oriental studies, of how much we have learned about these civilizations during a few decades. Most salutary of all is the note on which the book opens: Asia is heterogeneous, the author observes, rejecting any easy means of giving his book a specious unity of theme; there is no such thing as the "Oriental mind," nor is there any all-embracing mystique that sets the Asian continent apart, as a complex of metaphysically-oriented cultures, from a "materialistic" West. By disposing at the outset of this notion of Asia as an entity other than purely geographic, Sherman Lee frees himself to write about Asian art as human achievement and human expression, rather than as the exotic flowering of necessarily alien and esoteric ways of thought.

This same realization of the diversity of Asian cultures, however, has discouraged most scholars from trying to be Orientalists in the old, broad sense; instead, we have specialists in Chinese archeology or Japanese prints. Not many other people today would even attempt such a book as this, and very few of those, if any, could make such a success of it. For what Sherman Lee gives us is not merely a résumé of existing information, but the fruits of firsthand acquaintance with a multiplicity of art objects, scattered all over the world. He writes, that is, from direct knowledge *of* the objects, rather than from an academic knowledge *about* them. He writes as a scholar of positively voracious interests and enthusiasms, but also as a museum man, who, first as Far Eastern curator and later as director of the Cleveland Art Museum, has assembled there a superb collection of Oriental art, nearly as extensive in its coverage as the book itself. What might seem at first a limitation in his choice of illustrations—reproductions of objects from the Cleveland Museum number about as many as those from all other Occidental collections combined—turns out to be a strength, since his text is filled with intimate insights gained from close study and handling of these personally-selected acquisitions. The reader shares in experiences of connoisseurship: he is told, for example, of how a Chinese Sung dynasty ceramic winepot, purchased as a piece of the relatively common Northern Celadon, was later identified as an exceptionally fine example of the rare Tung ware.

Since the book is thus concerned more with objects and their styles than with historical facts and ideas, Dr. Lee feels free to regroup his material, disregarding some traditional categories and divisions by schools in favor of new ones that seem to him more meaningful. Some of these will strike the reader who is already acquainted with the subject as artificial and not very enlightening; Sung painting, for instance, refuses to divide as neatly as the author would like into such "styles" as "Courtly," "Lyrical," and "Literal." Others of his divisions, which do not pretend to be more than devices for clarifying the complexities of an age, are more useful, *e.g.*, the treatment of the Kamakura art of Japan in three spheres: the Contemplative Life, the Active Life, and the Esthetic Life. Such broad characterizations help to offset the feeling—almost unavoidable in a book of this sort—that one is being taken, at times, on a kind of guided tour of a museum (the Cleveland Museum, presumably, augmented by loans from other collections) and being shown object after object, with a few perceptive comments provided for each. For the most part, Lee skillfully avoids this additive type of writing. He is at his best when he draws relationships, whether of influence or chance congruence, between the arts of different countries, or follows a movement, such as the spread of Buddhist styles, across national frontiers.

The writing is generally lucid, although it sometimes sounds a bit offhand and is frequently allusive where it should be explanatory. One practice in particular, beloved of writers of the Malraux persuasion, is unwelcome in a book that will serve the additional function of a textbook for college courses in art: that of dropping little-known names and remote references into the text, on the bland assumption that readers who fail to recognize them (surely the great majority, in many cases) will feel guiltily that they ought to.

The black-and-white illustrations, although not always ideally sharp, are on the whole satisfactory, with good tonal gradations. The color plates, on the other hand, range from fairly good to perfectly dreadful. But we are, unhappily, becoming so inured to that in mass-produced art books that we scarcely murmur when an old Chinese painting comes out looking like a tutti-frutti sundae.

—*Tokyo National Museum.*

"Lohan," by Kuan Hsiu.

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Lament for Latter-day Painting

The Irresponsible Arts, *by William Snaith (Atheneum. 278 pp. $5), and* ***Art or Anarchy?,*** *by Huntington Hartford (Doubleday. 204 pp. $4.95), agree that the fine arts in our time have been reduced to a shambles. Selden Rodman's books include "The Insiders" and "The Eye of Man."*

By SELDEN RODMAN

MODERN art is dead. With the victory half a century ago of the art-for-art's-sake esthetic, artists have successively abdicated every position from which painting and sculpture might have continued, as in the past, to provide mankind with delight, consolation, heroic vision, and enduring visual vindication. Yielding to such frivolous blandishments as the discomfiture of the "philistines" and the cheers of a self-styled *avant garde*, egged on by an Establishment of critics, collectors, and wheeler-dealers that has assumed all the stultifying authoritarianism of the old Academy, artists have succeeded in reducing the fine arts to a shambles. Abstract expressionism, neo-Dada, and pop follow each other with indecent precipitation in the frantic search for the New. Only the gimmick receives serious attention.

Up to this point of the indictment, Huntington Hartford and William Snaith are in agreement. And a majority of the public, philistines included, will no doubt applaud. Not to mention a minority of artists foolhardy enough to dare the consequences. And even a critic or two, including this one who has been saying substantially the same thing in book after book for ten years. But it is not enough to scold, to ridicule, to lament. Without a viable alternative, the art world is not going to go into reverse, no matter how cogent the arguments or how impeccable the moral position. And when it comes to offering alternatives, Messrs. Hartford and Snaith are both unsubstantial.

—*Peter Deitsch Gallery (Photo by Walter Rosenblum)*

"Le Repas Frugal," by Pablo Picasso, 1904.

Mr. Snaith is identified as president of one of the nation's big design and planning organizations, an expert yachtsman, and an active participant in suburban community affairs. He is also said to be at least a part-time painter, but he makes no reference to this in his book, nor to any of his contemporaries whose work he might find sympathetic or encouraging. When he is stating the historical case against the dehumanization of art, Mr. Snaith writes forcefully and with considerable wit. "We are beset not so much by original sin," he says, "as by the sin of originality." And, in reference to Whistler's dandyism: "A whole era of upper-class bad manners, disguised behind epigrams and faultless tailoring, was ushered in."

But in the latter half of his book Mr. Snaith's mind seems to wander, and with it the reader's attention and assent. There is an aimless walk on Park Avenue with a chatty report on the Seagram Building's plumbing problems. The new Philharmonic Hall's acoustical nightmare is compared, not very convincingly, to a "moonshot syndrome." The alarming seven-year occupancy of the average suburban home is viewed with alarm. And there is a chapter on world fairs that seems to have no bearing on the thesis at all. The consistent misspelling of the names of André Salmon and Jacques Lipchitz does not reassure one that Mr. Snaith's knowledge of the modern period is intimate. And when he complains that "the desire to communicate . . . cannot honestly be said to exist in art today," it becomes quite obvious that Mr. Snaith himself is a victim of the Establishment and has not bothered even to look at the many artists who have no use for a noncommittal art.

MR. Hartford needs no identification. As a philanthropist, a publisher, and a vocal critic of obscurantism and amorality in the arts, he is constantly in the public eye. The first part of his polemic is better researched and more sophisticated than Mr. Snaith's and the second part is certainly more "engaged." Mr. Hartford has a disconcerting way of identifying the sources of his quotations by name only (and sometimes not even by name), but I was particularly struck by two of them. The first, attributed to a Professor Meyer, has to do with the role of accident in the work of art: "There is a momentous difference between using art to create a sense of chance and using chance to create a work of art." The second, attributed to Picasso, seems almost unbelievably truthful: "Giotto, Titian, Rembrandt, and

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Goya were great painters. I am only a public entertainer who has understood his times and has exhausted the best he could the imbecility, the vanity, the cupidity of his contemporaries."

Mr. Snaith plays it cool, but no one can accuse Mr. Hartford of having less than the courage of his convictions—after all, hasn't he built a marble palace within five blocks of the New Academy to house *his* rival candidates for immortality? One would like to see Mr. Snaith's paintings; but everyone knows by now that Mr. Hartford rests his case with Gainsborough and Monet, Burne-Jones and Tchelitchew, Maxfield Parrish and Salvador Dali. Nor does he hesitate to say, in his book, that he considers Mary Cassatt and Winslow Homer to be the great American painters, and Dali the great modern. This basic timidity in Mr. Hartford's taste, its excessively narrow range if you prefer, may be attributed to an obsession and confusion that run through his book. The obsession comes to a head in an anecdotal and quite irrelevant chapter purporting to prove that the artist leads an irresponsible life. Very often he does; but if this provides any key as to which of these social pariahs create a morally committed art and which do not, Mr. Hartford hasn't found it. The confusion that flaws his thesis is that morality and idealism

(Continued on page 53)

The Dark Glass

By Herbert A. Kenny

A GULL behaving like a hawk
had caught the downdraft of the wind
and flown Plum Island to Salisbury
before you could say pterodactyl.

A day for birds! An eagle rode
a cake of ice like a setting hen
and in the fracture of the cove
the purple pipers buffed the rocks.

The stretch of sand the terns had left
first to the plovers and then to me
thrust its length in the curly mist
to stem the tide and the sea's passion

that rolled its green rage round the grebes
and ducks in their oily innocence,
harlequin and bufflehead,
and the gannet lonely as a man.

When I sat to lunch against a dune,
the horned larks stumbled up the bank
and in the stillness eye to eye
we watched, the dark glass between us.

Woman: Woe to Man?

The Dangerous Sex: The Myth of Feminine Evil, *by H. R. Hays (Putnam. 320 pp. $5.95), probes for the roots of masculine fear and hatred of the female. Emile Capouya is a regular contributor to* SR.

By EMILE CAPOUYA

WHY IS it that in nearly every society of which we have a record, the status of women has always been separate and unequal? The sensible answer might seem to be that men and women are naturally different in their mental and physical constitution, and therefore naturally adapted to distinct economic and social functions. But the sensible answer doesn't take us very far. Men's ability to perform heavy labor and women's ability to bear children may well be taken as typical reasons for the differentiation of function in the two sexes, but the difference cannot by itself account for the discrimination—amounting to persecution—that women appear to have suffered throughout history. In what we call civilized societies the inferior status of women is minimized and glossed over by men and women alike, but it is clear that even in enlightened America women labor under a kind of settled disapproval. It is not merely that they do not get equal pay for equal work. They do not get equal consideration for equal intelligence, energy, ambition, candor, or good will. It is almost as if mankind deliberately set out to lower the human potential by discounting the virtues and abilities of one-half of humanity. How are we to explain our "peculiar institution," by means of which not one race merely, but half of nearly every race and every social class, is kept in psychological subjection?

Mr. H. R. Hays has recourse to a myth in his attempt to understand this really astonishing state of affairs. Briefly, he attributes to the male in all ages and cultures a basic insecurity about his sexual function. Mr. Hays thinks that male uncertainty is translated into hostility and, eventually, social sanctions directed against women. In the last analysis, he suggests, the anti-feminine order is enforced by superior physical strength. And if we are inclined to quarrel with his premises, he marshals in their support a horrendous catalogue of beliefs and attitudes: the widespread legend of the *vagina dentata*, the taboos in all societies surrounding menstruation, the anti-female emphasis frequently expressed in male puberty rites, accusations of witchcraft (witches are most often female), ecclesiastical attitudes toward women as vessels of sin or things of nought (*cf.* the Jewish prayer, "My God, I thank Thee for not having made me a woman"), legends of vampirism and the vampire theme in formal literature, the concept of the *femme fatale*, and that commonplace of cocktail-party conversation of which we should be thoroughly ashamed but aren't, the notion of "the castrating woman." Chapter after dispiriting chapter enlarges on the grotesque imaginings—mostly concurred in by the victims—that present women in all eras and all societies as the dangerous sex.

The author's mythical explanation is plausible, being based on psychological principles that have long been familiar to educated people, and indeed have been accepted somewhat uncritically. But in the nature of the case his thesis is not susceptible of formal proof. I am glad of that, and I should be happy to entertain a rival explanation; it is hateful to think that mankind is doomed by a set of psycho-physical peculiarities to go on spinning those lurid fancies about half the population of the globe. Unfortunately, I am not sure that Mr. Hays has made the best possible case for his theory, so that I am not sure that we have heard the worst of the news: while his facts seem eloquent enough, his argumentation is far from rigorous, and some of his own fantasies challenge comparison with those he arraigns. For example, he writes:

> Apropos of the phallicism of the medieval fighting man, it is hard to imagine a more monumental symbol than the lance. The technique of lumbering at an opponent and knocking him off his horse with its point was so impractical and so formalized that it is hard to see it as anything but a symbolic penetration with a ten-foot phallus.

This passage almost persuades us that Mr. Hays, in Schumpeter's phrase, lacks an organ for the perception of absurdity.

Moreover, though the book as a whole testifies to a generous desire on the author's part to combat a universal injustice, one observes with surprise that he falls into vulgar male chauvinism when he discusses such representative figures as George Sand and George Eliot. He

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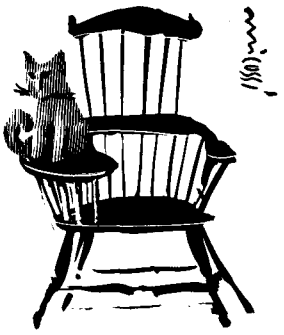


patronizes them insufferably, quite as if they were not people of extraordinary and unmistakable genius. In the same way, Mr. Hays's explorations of literature are among the least satisfying portions of his book. He starts with the perfectly sound idea of appealing to literary works as the embodiment of conscious and unconscious sexual attitudes, but enlightening as is his discussion of the development of the Cressida myth, and his treatment of writers like Poe, Baudelaire, Strindberg, Wedekind, and O'Neill, he somehow manages to strip his subjects of their genius. I am sure he is moved by gallantry toward abused womankind, but his tone in discussing these great writers half-discredits his judgments.

Nevertheless, this is a valuable book. I imagine that anthropologists and psychologists will be familiar with the essence of Mr. Hays's arguments and many of his examples. But for the rest of us, *The Dangerous Sex* usefully draws attention to the peculiar ferocity that governs relations between men and women. The situation he presents is far from edifying, but we must pay attention to it if we hope some day to declare a truce in the long-drawn-out, exhausting, and in every way useless battle of the sexes.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1114

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1114 will be found in the next issue.

SUDKV UYM DKM OSVVFQV SO

CFMDX.

VUADUXUAU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1113

You can change your faith without changing gods, and vice versa.

—LEC.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Holidays Around the World

By ALICE DALGLIESH

AS I assembled the books to be reviewed in December, I found that they were a decidedly international group. As usual, the books with a Christmas theme are of two kinds, secular or religious. This year there are three books that expand a legend, a poem, and a carol, according to the imaginations of author and artist.

There is *St. Nicholas and the Tub* (story by Brian Borland, pictures by Joseph Low; Holiday House, $3.25). This exchanges an ancient and grisly legend of the tub for a cheerful, personal one in which the saint kindly makes the tub into a boat to rescue three children from a flood (at this point he looks something like Noah). Later he initiates the practice of "giving in secret." The age level suggested is 4-8, but the book's main value is for children who no longer believe in Santa Claus and have lost their own particular image of him. Joseph Low's pictures give the book its distinction.

The Piper (by Eden Vale Stevens, drawings by Fermin Rocker; Atheneum, $3.25) is a story built around and inspired by Robert Herrick's poem "The Gift," which, as you remember, begins:

> Go prettie child and bear this flower
> Unto thy little Savior,
> And tell him by that Bud now blown
> He is the Rose of Sharon known.

Although the book has warmth and charm, as an adult I find it hard to visualize Ned, the London waif, being taken into a tavern by Herrick (who is about to read his new poem to friends), fed, clothed, and given the rose by the poet. This is a book for reading aloud. Its pictures give a seventeenth-century London setting, and if the allegory is a little obscure at the end, children will find their own meaning. But poems carry the poet's images, in his words, or evoke individual ones. I wonder if these images are not sometimes destroyed by pictures or re-creation in someone else's words. Herrick's poem is printed on the last page. No age level given.

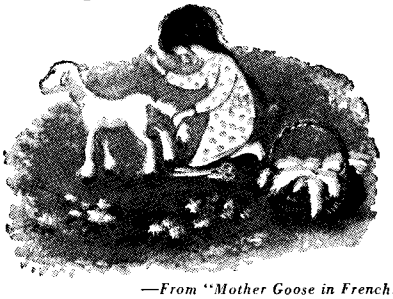
The third book, a story in prose, is *Good King Wenceslas* (by Mildred Corell Luckhart, illustrations by Gordon Laite; Abingdon, $3). Here the author enlarges with evident research the background of the carol, and elaborates on its setting in the little kingdom of Bohemia, many years ago. Although this chronicle of a dramatic struggle between Christians and "pagans" makes a good story, it tends to break down when the prose dialogue between king and page is overshadowed by the memory of the words of the quaint carol.

Perhaps the brightest, if most conventional book jacket of the season is that for *Christmas in Noisy Village* (by Astrid Lindgren, pictures by Ilon Wikland; Viking, $3). This picture book has no plot, nor does it need one, for it is simply an account of how a group of Swedish children celebrated Christmas. For those who know the other Noisy Village books it will be like a letter from old friends—and to those who have not read them the stories may introduce new friends. No age level given.

Now comes a French-Canadian tale: *The Letter on the Tree* (by Natalie Savage Carlson, pictures by John Kaufman; Harper & Row, $3.50). This author's books about the "orphelins" in Paris, and one about French Canada, are already favorites. The current book is a graceful Christmas story which crosses the border in friendship and feeling. Ten-year-old Bébert, the "narrator," lives on a farm which, among other crops, produces Christmas trees for the American market. Bébert yearns for an accordion—an expensive gift for a farm family—so he conceives the idea of writing a letter and attaches it to one of the Christmas trees.

There is coolness between Bébert and his father when the answer comes, because it seems to the latter that Bébert has overstressed the family's poverty. However, the misunderstanding is resolved, and Bébert is enabled to share what he has with the American family. Ages 7-10.

If a collection of charming old carols is what a family needs for Christmas, there is a reprint of *A Round of Carols* (illustrated by Helen Sewell, music arranged by T. Tertius Noble; Henry Z. Walck, $3.50). This is an excellent selection of thirty-three carols with very simple accompaniments.



—From "Mother Goose in French."

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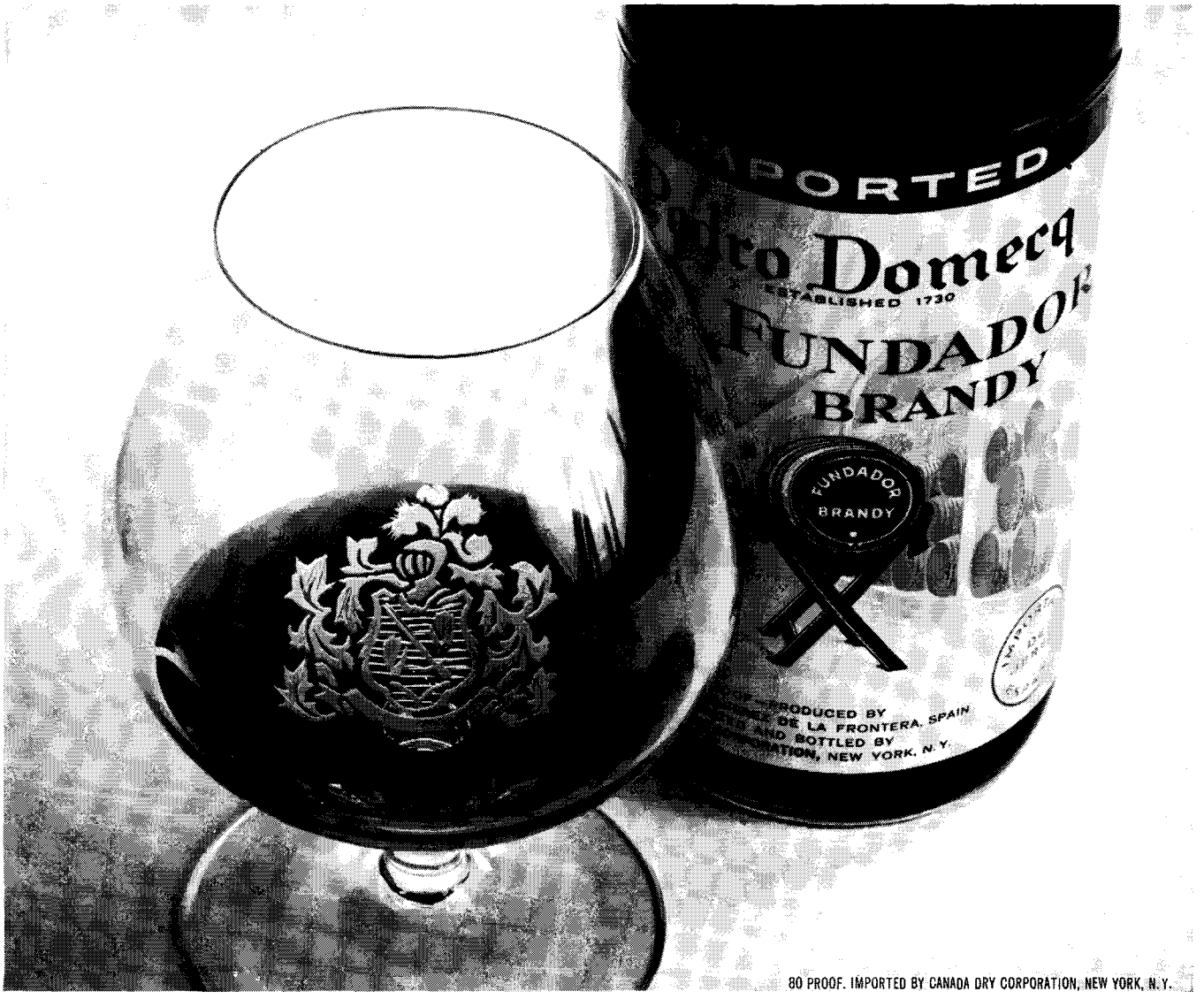

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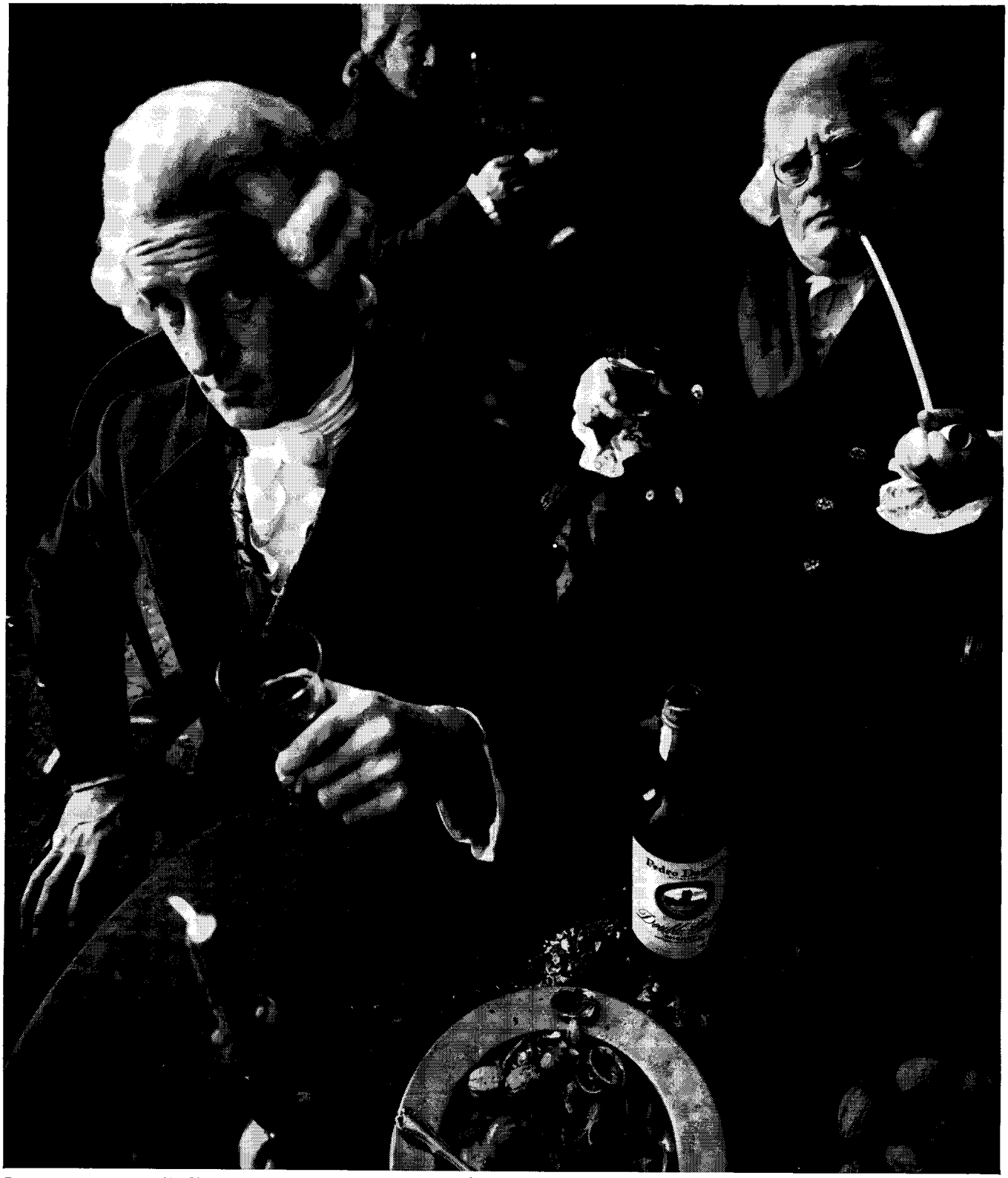

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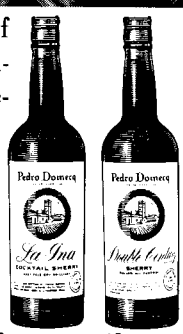

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Mr. Papadilly and Willy. *By Florence and Louis Slobodkin. Vanguard.* 40 *pp.* $3.50. This bright, cheerful, and amusing story is about a tame lion that grew up in a backyard and then went into a circus with his owner, Mr. Papadilly, "a gentle man who became a lion tamer quite by accident." Children will think the fact that the pair are billed as "Dillwilly and Mr. Papadilly" quite hilarious. Amusingly enough, there is at present a lion growing up in a backyard somewhere in Pennsylvania—but the Slobodkins with their lively imaginations were ahead of him. Ages 5-8.

Taro and the Bamboo Shoot. *By Masako Matsuno. Illustrated by Yasuo Segawa. Adapted from the Japanese by Alice Low. Pantheon.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. "Many, many years ago, a boy named Taro lived in a small village deep in the mountains of Japan. Thick groves of bamboo and dense forests of pine grew around it like a green wall, and cut the village off from the world beyond."

In this setting, undoubtedly symbolic of Japan's early isolationism, Taro goes out on his ninth birthday to dig up a bamboo shoot for his mother to cook. (Here the story becomes second cousin to Jack and the Beanstalk.) The magic shoot grows and grows and carries Taro with it, until it finally crashes to the ground with him.

The ending of the story is too exciting to give away. Suffice it to say that the villagers, rushing to Taro's rescue, find something wonderful in the world beyond. This is one of the best-sustained stories of the season, with a freshness that comes from material not overfamiliar to Western children. Ages 5-8.

The Lion and the Rat: A Fable by La Fontaine. *Illustrated by Brian Wildsmith. Franklin Watts.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. In the La Fontaine fable the familiar mouse becomes a rat, here an exceedingly vivid one. The pictures glow with color, as do all Brian Wildsmith's illustrations. This picture-book version sticks closely to the fable, which is told simply enough for even young children, and its moral can be clearly understood by all: "So the little rat, by patience and hard work, was able to do what the lion, in all his strength and rage, could not." Certain books printed abroad (Austria in this case) make one wish for more careful work on the part of some American picture-book printers. In the past year the same artist has illustrated *The Sun and the Wind*, but so far I have not seen it.

Mother Goose in French. *Translations by Hugh Latham. Pictures by Barbara Cooney. Crowell.* 42 *pp.* $3.75. A pretty book, in bright colors, with French backgrounds, this will be a charming gift for a child who can read French if that child will at the same time accept Mother Goose. The rhymes are well translated, keeping remarkably to the familiar rhythms. Some, of course, are not "true rhymes of Mother Goose" (folk rhymes). "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and "Old Mother Hubbard" are original verses with manuscripts extant, although they appear in many collections.

Adults who can speak some French will enjoy the book. It took me a few moments, however, to realize that "Oie, o oie, o joli jars" is "Goosey Goosey Gander." Jack and Jill are more ambitious in French: they do Alpine climbing—no small hills for them. Various ages.

Calendar Moon. *By Natalia Belting. Illustrated by Bernarda Bryson. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 64 *pp.* $3.50. Adults and poetic, artistic children will appreciate the primitive nature myths arranged by months and the misty gray and pale blue illustrations in this beautiful book. A companion to *The Sun Is a Golden Earring*, it is a book I would want to keep for myself.

From the contents of the poems the reader can sometimes guess their origin without looking. These for June:

"The west winds are still
The season of hurricanes is past,
The bread fruit trees that the winds laid down
Send their roots back into the earth."
(Samoa)

"There is no night
The Sun wanders in the sky,
Goes to the edge and feels the rim of it."
(Iceland)

No age level given.

Magic to Burn. *By Jean Fritz. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. Coward-McCann.* 255 *pp.* $3.75. The hero of this entertaining original fairy tale is a boggart. I've always contended that boggarts, bogles, goblins, and such have not successfully crossed the Atlantic, except in English books, but Blaze the boggart tries two hemispheres. Found in an English village by two American children, he stows away on their ship for the return trip to the States. Britain is becoming too mechanized; Blaze, who still lives partially in an old English world, crosses the ocean to go to that open, free land described by Raleigh. But with Blaze's first sight of New York and the West Side Highway as the ship docks the author begins to play him against an even more mechanized country than the one he has left.

Eventually he is homesick, and the children take him to England via jet, giving him "kitten tranquilizers" for the flight. These outrage him, but he takes them. We hope that he and the other boggarts found a quiet place to live on that unmechanized island off the coast of England. Age level not given – for anyone still receptive to fairy tales.

An Enemy at Green Knowe. *By L. M. Boston. Drawings by Peter Boston. Harcourt Brace & World.* 156 *pp.* $3.25. Looking at the author's house (pictured on the back of the jacket) one can see that it might have ghosts or evil spirits, and that it could inspire the popular Green Knowe stories, of which this is the fifth and one of the best.

If you want a suspenseful mystery, well written and illustrated with drawings that chill the blood, this is it. It has to do with witchcraft and the fact that a mad alchemist's books may be hidden in the house (remember it is an English house). Ages 9-12.

A Spell Is Cast. *By Eleanor Cameron. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* 270 *pp.* $3.95. It is always refreshing to have books for the middle group by a storyteller as good as Mrs. Cameron. Her books have a special atmosphere —perhaps because they are set in the general vicinity of Carmel-by-the Sea, where there are fogs and big rocks, twisted pines and tall redwoods. I still remember with pleasure *The Christmas Shell* published two or three years ago.

The current story, part mystery, part adventure, tells of a girl who supposes she is adopted. When she visits her grandmother she discovers that she is not adopted, legally she never has been. Although parts of the tale—among them, her quick transfer to another family—strain belief, the story holds interest throughout. Characterization is excellent, and includes a remarkable Scottish couple, Fergie and Andrew, who take care of the house and sing Scottish songs in the kitchen. Ages 10-14.

White Stallion of Lipizza. *By Marguerite Henry. Illustrated by Wesley Dennis. Rand McNally.* 116 *pp.* $3.95. Absolutely sure-fire for Marguerite Henry's fans, with good solid horse pictures by Wesley Dennis, this book will be loved by all horse-crazy children. The Lipizza stallions recently visited New York and Boston, so those who saw them will be especially glad to know how they are trained.

While I am not horse crazy—never got farther than currying my brother's pony—I found the story interesting, though I confess to being a little sorry for the stallions that have to undergo such rigorous training. However, perhaps it is no more rigorous than human beings endure for the ballet. No age level given.

Abraham Lincoln in Peace and War. *By the Editors of American Heritage. Author, Earl Schenck Miers. Consultant, Paul M. Angle, Secretary and Director, Chicago Historical Society. Distributed by Harper & Row for American Heritage.* $3.95. It is pleasant to hear that Heritage and Horizon will now publish six books a year instead of twelve. They are nearly always good, but that almost endless, yet necessary title page takes so much space here that it is difficult to review all of them.

The Lincoln book gives us no especially new material. How could it? Some of the pictures are new to us, but mainly because Heritage has used photographs of murals or paintings in public buildings for the color spreads. Needless to say, these vary in value. Various ages.

The Seventeen Cookbook. *By the Editors of Seventeen Magazine. Illustrated by Alice Golden.* 430 *pp.* $6.95. Carefully planned for a younger audience, this handsome volume is three cookbooks in one. *The Beginner's Cookbook* is for the girl who "can only boil water." *The Day by Day Cookbook* is practical; *The Party Cookbook* is fancy. Chapter 3 is "For the Boy Who Carries Your Books." Some of the names of the recipes are fascinating—"Golden Igloo Meat Loaf," "Chili Skilli," "Eggs Eidelweiss," and so on. There are numerous photographs in color, with tempting foods arranged against textured backgrounds. A fine Christmas gift for any girl who likes to cook. Those younger than seventeen will also appreciate it.

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Sex Was a Dangerous Obsession

***The Blue Room** and **The Accomplices**, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Eileen Ellenbogen and Bernard Frechtman (Harcourt, Brace & World. 284 pp. $4.95), dissect two protagonists driven to their limit by sexual obsession. Dorrie Pagones has studied literature in France under a Fulbright grant.*

By DORRIE PAGONES

YES, Virginia, there is a Simenon, but sometimes it seems that, like Santa, he must have many helpers, to each of whom he annually assigns a novel or so. Then, when all the books are done, Simenon himself pops them into his bag and drops them down the grateful publisher's chimney.

Nobody knows exactly how many books this most prolific of authors has written, but he has published at least 150 under his own name and probably more than 300 under nearly a score of pseudonyms. After working briefly as a baker's apprentice in his native Belgium, Georges Simenon began to write potboilers. Then, at twenty-seven he initiated the Maigret series of detective stories. Today he concentrates on his serious works, which must now number close to a hundred; these are short, tense psychological novels.

It is easy to conceive that among Simenon's diverse admirers must be a good many of the people who write to lonely hearts columns. One feels instantly that he is sympathetic and that nothing can shock him. He has said that his prime interest is in finding out what will oblige a character to go to his limit; in *The Blue Room* and *The Accomplices* the answer is the same—a sexual obsession.

The Blue Room is the place where Andrée and Tony meet to make love, deceiving her husband and his wife. As the novel begins, Tony, on trial for murder, is reliving their last meeting there. Slowly and with growing horror he realizes, through questions put to him by the judge, the lawyer, and the court-appointed psychiatrist, what the true nature of his seemingly carefree mistress must have been and what, accordingly, will be his fate.

The Accomplices is the story of a hit-and-run driver. For one moment, his mind only on the girl beside him, Joseph Lambert keeps to the wrong side of the road. A horn sounds but he hears it as in a dream. The next moment a bus carrying forty-eight children has crashed and burst into flame against a wall.

Lambert is not a bad man; he is more likable than anyone else in the book. But he cannot face responsibility. Caught in a boring marriage and business, he wants only to recapture an experience that occurred when he was nine. The dentist had given him a sedative for a toothache, and he was resting in the garden when he became aware that his pain had been subtly transformed into a kind of sensual pleasure:

> He could feel the waves coming and little by little learned how to provoke them, to direct them, as if they were music. The foliage above, with its light and shadow, the slight swaying of the branches, and the flight of the flies, took part in the symphony, as did the secret life of the canal, its breathing, the reflections which stretched slowly, the red float at the end of the fisherman's line, and the white patch of the straw hat in the shade.

Lambert wants to use his mistress as an accomplice to help him escape again into that childhood dream, shutting out ordinary life. He is the opposite of Tony in *The Blue Room*. In Tony's affair with Andrée, she is the single-minded fanatic; he "took in everything, the bustle, the voices, the play of light on the walls, even the footsteps on the pavement and the clink of glasses on the terrace tables."

Such passages show very clearly Simenon's painterly way of writing. The stories will doubtless be read for the suspense and sex that are their most obvious components; but they have another dimension—an indefinable atmosphere—and it is this that makes "a Simenon" unique. There is a real sense of tragedy, of human waste, of the beauty that could have been.

The Blue Room is the less interesting of the two stories, partly because the drama cannot hide the banality of the situation, and partly because the central character is completely passive. If this is your first Simenon (Maigrets don't count), it may make you wonder what all the fuss is about.

The Accomplices, on the other hand, is a complete success. It is not Simenon's Great Novel (he has said firmly that he will never write one). But it is an integral part of that fantastically varied mosaic that has been his life's work and that, happily, shows no sign yet of coming to an end.

One Weary Savage

***Cabot Wright Begins**, by James Purdy (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 228 pp. $4.95), reports the saga of a young Wall Street apprentice who, under the influence of a quack psychiatrist, turns into a rapist of folk-hero status. Novelist Julian Gloag wrote "Our Mother's House."*

By JULIAN GLOAG

WITH *Malcolm* and *The Nephew* James Purdy demonstrated his great gifts for satiric comedy, informed and steadied by an underlying sense of compassion. His caricatures and charades are fantastic, sometimes hilarious, often poignant, always clever and original.

In his latest novel, *Cabot Wright Begins*, Mr. Purdy has stretched his concept of the absurd wider than ever before. The intricate plot, handled with easy mastery, revolves round the attempt of three people to produce a fictionalized version of the life of Cabot Wright, who has achieved folk-hero status as a rapist. They locate Wright, now living in Brooklyn after having served his prison sentence, only to discover that he has lost all memory of his more than 300 rapes.

Cabot Wright is the supposititious child of wealthy parents who were burned to death in their yacht off Cuba, leaving him all their money; he was educated at Yale and worked for a Wall Street financier, Mr. Warburton, who shot himself and also left Cabot all his money, along with a volume of "sermons." Cabot has had every advantage, but as the quack healer he goes to see tells him, he is tired, tired like all America. His tiredness gives way under the ministrations of the quack to an insatiable sexuality, which his wife goes literally insane resisting and which launches him on his raping career. Cabot Wright cannot laugh, he can only giggle. He is incapable of feeling or making any connection except by means of his

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phallus, which is adored by all his victims, young or old, high or low.

Cabot regains his memory by reading Mr. Warburton's "sermons," the cracked messianic vituperations of a paranoid financier. It is here that something goes very wrong with *Cabot Wright Begins*: Mr. Purdy's engaging waywardness with language becomes frenetic nonsense; the saving edge of humor, maintained fairly well up to this moment, degenerates into a kind of senseless savagery, and all satirical point is lost in wavering and adolescent generalization. Presumably Mr. Purdy intended to work up to a frantic climax, at the height of which Cabot learns to laugh, realizing at last that it is all a huge joke and thus finally freeing himself to live. Unfortunately, in the process Mr. Purdy loses all his cleverness and all his wit, and, wildly lambasting everything in sight, merely serves up a froth of the staggeringly obvious. In attempting to render the totally absurd, Mr. Purdy becomes totally absurd.

NEVERTHELESS, more than half of *Cabot Wright Begins* comes off. Mr. Purdy handles the theme of rape with a delicate sense of pornographic ridicule; his caricatures, while as exaggerated as hell, are sharp; he deals with a cliché world but he manages most of the time to avoid cliché. Towards the end *Cabot Wright Begins* quiets down, and the author regains control.

Just before this point Mr. Purdy, by way of not very acute parody, delivers an attack upon certain well-known and ill-disguised critics who are most likely going to pan his book anyway. The parody is poor, the point obscure, but the defiance obvious. I wonder why Mr. Purdy bothers. He has enough originality and (albeit specialized) talent to outlast most critics.

James Purdy — "a delicate sense of pornographic ridicule."

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Coming January 2, 1965 ***SATURDAY REVIEW***

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Irish Times and Troubles

***The Scorching Wind,** by Walter Macken (Macmillan. 308 pp. $5.95), continues its author's fictional accounts of Ireland's "times of troubles." Irish-born Edward Callan is professor of English at Western Michigan University.*

By EDWARD CALLAN

WALTER MACKEN is one of the few Irish writers choosing to live permanently in Ireland, where he has exercised his talents as actor, playwright, and novelist for almost thirty years. He first achieved recognition with the Galway Gaelic Theater as both actor and director; later he spent three years with the Abbey Theater, and he also made brief appearances on Broadway in two Irish plays—one of them his own *Home Is the Hero.* For the past fifteen years he has given less time to the theater than to the profession of writing. He is prolific in this rather un-Irish activity, for, in addition to a number of plays, he has produced two collections of short stories and nine novels.

His three most recent novels constitute a historical trilogy of Ireland's times of troubles. The first two, *Seek the Fair Land* and *The Silent People,* were set in the days of the Cromwellian conquest and the Great Famine. The present novel, *The Scorching Wind,* has as its framework the three distinct "troubles" of the decades 1914-1923—the split between Sinn Fein and the Redmond Volunteers, the guerrilla warfare after 1916 that brought the Black-and-Tans to Ireland, and the Irish Civil War following the treaty with Britain in 1921.

As a novelist, Macken seeks to develop a compelling story in an authentic regional setting. His favorite milieu, which reappears in this novel, includes a Gaelic-speaking district close to Galway city and the Atlantic coast. The traditional storyteller's art is still alive here, and Macken has acquired the storyteller's skill in narrating convincing incidents with a wealth of interesting detail. He adds to this a working dramatist's ear for vigorous dialogue, reproducing the spoken word more authentically than the outlandish dialects sometimes favored by Irish writers of greater fame. But he shares the storyteller's weaknesses, too; chief among these is an addiction to the melodramatic flourish and a tendency to make characters subservient to incident.

Since he was born at the beginning of the decade he describes, some of Macken's success in capturing the atmosphere of the times may have its source in childhood memories (the harsh, urgent engines of the Crossley troop-carriers, the ring of military boots on empty streets, and the loud knockings on neighborhood doors); but he is obviously more indebted to stories of personal experience with ambush, capture, and escape. He manipulates incident and anecdote into an exciting sequence of scenes depicting the Black-and-Tan terror; but his hand is less sure, and the outcome too predictable, when he turns to the civil war. One theme of the novel is the heroism of ordinary people, and Macken's ordinary people seem more real than his main characters, who serve chiefly as a device to hang the story on.

The Scorching Wind has many of the ingredients of a popular success: it is exciting, largely authentic, and it moves at a good pace. Yet, with antagonists still living, Walter Macken has contrived to offend no one, English or Irish, of whatever persuasion; and this deference may guarantee that those who seek the inward-looking, the subtle, or the profound will find his novel disappointing.

The All-Important Weapon: With its extremely large type and typically "young readers'" jacket, Tom Lea's *The Hands of Cantú* (Little, Brown, $6.75) looks like a juvenile. And with its even, archaic style, it reads like a juvenile. Yet it is not a children's book. Were it, Mr. Lea's thirty Chinese ink drawings would appear outstanding; instead they seem rather obviously academic. Why then should *The Hands of Cantú* be sold as an adult rather than a children's book? Because it is dull.

There is precious little action in it and hardly the thread of a story. *The Hands of Cantú* centers on the impressions of a young man, Toribio de Ibarra, who comes to live with a celebrated horseman and horse-breeder, Don Vito Cantú. When six Spaniards set off to find the renegade who traded the all-important Spanish weapon—the horse—to the Indians, the reader is led to believe that action will finally penetrate the narrative. The author of *The Brave Bulls* disappoints us. The villain is dead, and no confrontation takes place. Seven hundred leagues of north Mexican wilderness are covered, but the dust never rises on the kind of excitement Mr. Lea should have generated.

The book does treat knowledgeably of a subject that has been scantily explored—the horse of the New World; the chapter on the training of colts is, in fact, totally absorbing. Nevertheless—its few stunning passages notwithstanding—*The Hands of Cantú* still leaves the field open for a writer who would exploit the odyssey of the horse brought by the conquistadors.

—MAIA W. RODMAN.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

THE UBIQUITOUS IQ

The letters "i" and "q" appear frequently in many English words in no way concerned with the intelligence quotient. Ruth C. Clarke of Plainview, Texas, has assembled the framework of fifteen such words and asks that you supply the missing letters according to the accompanying definitions. No proof of I. Q. needed to consult answers on page 73.

1. _ _ _ iq _ _ _ _ _	old-fashioned
2. _ _ iq _ _ _ _ _	compressed coal dust
3. _ _ iq _ _	coterie
4. _ i _ q _ _ _ _ _ _	declare ineligible
5. _ _ iq _ _ _ _ _	manners
6. _ i _ _ q _ _ _ _ _ _ _	certain cuts of meat
7. _ _ iq _ _ _ _	unrighteousness
8. _ iq _ _ _ _ _ _	settle indebtedness
9. _ _ _ _ i _ _ q _ _ _ _	grandiose in speech
10. _ _ _ iq _ _	slanted
11. _ _ _ _ i _ q _ _ _ _	nearness
12. _ _ i _ q _ _ _ _ _ _	galley with five banks of oars
13. _ _ _ i _ q _ _ _ _	renounce
14. _ _ _ iq _ _ _ _ _	sixteenth note
15. _ _ iq _ _ _ _ _ _	distinction

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Art

Continued from page 47

are expressed in art only by means of realism, romantic or perverse imagery, adumbrations of the "good" life. This eliminates Gruenewald, Bosch, most of Goya, Daumier, and Rouault from Mr. Hartford's pantheon, and almost every artist in our time who expresses the humanism Mr. Hartford demands, from Barlach and Manzu and Bloom to Shahn, Baskin, and Lebrun.

From Mongol to Meiji: Offering another of the many richly illustrated volumes that tempt the purse during the holiday season, Bradley Smith, who specializes in photographing sculpture and painting, has addressed himself in *Japan: A History in Art* (Simon & Schuster, $30) to a single country. His purpose was not to produce a history of Japanese art, although he makes a significant contribution to that much-discussed subject. Rather, he attempts to make vivid the cultural and political history of Japan through paintings and art objects as nearly as possible contemporaneous with the events they record.

The book opens with photographs of artifacts, mostly pottery, from what may be called Japanese prehistory. Further on we are given figures and paintings portraying the life of the Buddha, dating from the early centuries of the religion that did so much to shape Japanese life. There are in addition portraits, not necessarily from life, of some of the leading personages of their times.

Court life, amusements, ceremonials, the Noh theater, Shinto shrines, battle; fishing, hunting, rice-planting and harvest, cooking and the kitchen, and other scenes from the ordinary life of the people are among the subjects depicted. Attention is also paid to contacts with the outside world: the Mongol invasion, the coming of the Portuguese, early Christian missions, Dutch merchants, the "black ships" of Perry and the Russians, the reception for ex-President Grant, the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-95, and the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05.

The innovations of the second half of the nineteenth century are seen through Japanese eyes: an early railroad, the beginnings of industrialization, the introduction of Occidental dress, and the first session of the Diet in 1889.

The volume ends with a photograph of the procession of foreign dignitaries at the funeral of the last Meiji emperor in 1912.

The sources are many—museums in Japan and elsewhere, private collections. Some of the objects pictured here have seldom been accessible to the public. While most of the photographs admirably reproduce the original color, even the modern camera cannot always convey all the nuances of these subtle artists.

Professor Marius B. Jansen of Princeton has provided an outline of Japanese history, and Nagatake Asano, director of the Tokyo National Museum, has contributed a note on the special character of Japanese art. Each chapter is prefaced with a historical and artistic chronology of the period covered.

Mr. Smith's book is not intended primarily for specialists, although they will find in it some things that have not been previously available to them; directed to the interested general public, it admirably fulfills its purpose.

—Kenneth Scott Latourette.

—*From "Japan—A History in Art."*

"Women Watching Stars", by Ota Chou

GIVE

Saturday Review

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Othello: Olivier Triumphant

By JOHN CIARDI

Othello may not be Shakespeare's supreme play, but certainly the title role is the supreme test of a Shakesperean actor. Everything about the plot is wooden. Yet somehow, without significant addition to the action of the plot, Shakespeare raises the action of the soul to a splendor that towers even above the last rages of Lear. And he does so in what remains a one-character play.

His incidental characters are, to be sure, eloquent, but essentially lifeless. They are characters from the theater of humors. Cassio is hardly more complex than Tom Swift. Desdemona is perfect to the point of boredom. And Iago is not only a textbook villain but one of the editors of the textbook, taking time out to theorize on villainy and to supply footnotes on its nature.

The best that any actors can do in these roles is to make themselves formally letter-perfect, to sound the eloquence of the lines they are given, and to provide a background and set a pace against which Othello's passion may play. Fuller roles would, in fact, be less challenging. It is the poverty of the roles that tests, and the National Theater Company players pass the test with high grades in magic; all set and caught, all sweetly sounded true.

With or without the magic of superb actors, Othello himself seems destined to end up as some sort of cigar-store Indian among the wooden figures of the always foreseeable plot. What surprises are there, after all? A Moorish general of great ability wins the love of pale Desdemona and seems to have achieved all heaven when a villainous junior officer, passed over for promotion, poisons his general's mind with jealousy, leads him to believe Desdemona is a whore, and so impels him to murder her. So is the simple man of action snared. And so an end of him and an end of heaven, and all destroyed by jealousy.

But that is only the Othello of Cinthio's Italian original. Shakespeare's Othello, despite the two-dimensional company he keeps, is no such cardboard cutout, nor is jealousy the real point of his tale. Jealousy is the catalyst of Othello's inner flaw; it could not of itself shake the very premises of existence as Othello shakes them. His flaw is nothing less than original sin, the sin of all mankind in its sense of inferiority: to play God.

In Othello, moreover, this hubris as a rationalization of a sense of inferiority is inseparable from the fact that he is a Negro in a society that honors him for what he can do but rebuffs him for what he is. He has won his position by an almost superhuman self-discipline and by a lordly contempt for danger—his chosen godlike role. Yet, when he has won Desdemona's love, her father instantly accuses him of witchcraft; for how else, as the old Brabantio believes, could such a man have won the fair maid to his "sooty bosom"?

Othello stands magisterially aloof from such imputation:

> My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
> Shall manifest me rightly.

Yet, when Iago has poisoned his mind with doubt, Othello is ready to agree that Desdemona's passion for him, a Negro, was in itself unnatural:

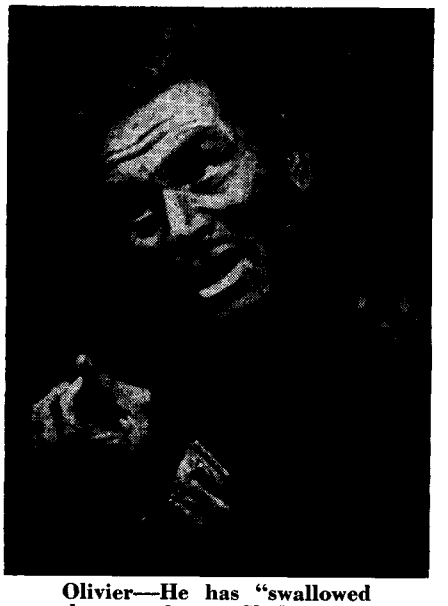
> Not to affect many proposed matches
> Of her own clime, complexion, and degree
> Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends—
> Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
> Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.

And Othello's decision in his extreme of doubt is to act the god again. He will control, he will judge, he will execute. "This sorrow's heavenly," he declares before the murder. And he chides Desdemona for protesting her innocence, since such protestation questions the rightness of his sentence:

> And mak'st me call what I intend to do
> A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.

A sacrifice, let it be noted, to himself. For it is a god who kills Desdemona and who commands her to pray before he does her the justice of strangling her.

But it is a ruin that takes its own life a few mad minutes later. The murderer was a god, ruthless, omnipotent, and self-justifying. The suicide is a man, the ghost of a man shrieking in the shapeless wind, with nothing left but the valor to cancel himself as a horribly realized mistake. It is this gale of mortal terror—what I think of as the Shakesperean Dark—that raises wooden event to its power upon us. It is not philosophical tragedy. It is not Aristotelian. It is cackling mad and darker than we really dare look into. But it is primal. And therefore it is fascinating.



Olivier—He has "swallowed the very demon Shakespeare breathed into Othello's skin."

Certainly it is Laurence Olivier's final proof of greatness that he is able to convey it whole. He has swallowed the very demon Shakespeare breathed into Othello's skin, and he registers every rake of the beast's claws as it rips its way out to leave the mortal mangle on which the curtain falls. It is reasonless, terrifying, stupid, and stupendously human. It seems impossible to imagine theater with any range beyond this. Broadway will finally touch greatness again when Olivier brings his company here.

And let me add a thanks to John Dexter's production for managing just the touches that allow it to work as a recording, which is to say for the ear alone. In Act IV, Scene 1, to cite a single example, Othello swoons, and the stage direction reads "Falls in a trance." In Act IV, Scene 1, Iago sets about reviving him and asks, "How is it, general? Have you not hurt your head?" On stage, Othello's visible fall would be enough to give point to Iago's line. But the line is meaningless on record unless the earlier stage direction is the producer's cue for an apt sound effect. I am happy to note that the sound effect is supplied and that Iago's line comes off as self-evidently right.

The conclusion is that the present album is certainly the best recording of any Shakesperean work now in existence. By now I have a five-foot shelf of good Shakespeare, some of which even touches upon greatness, but only this partial inch of it is supreme.

"LAURENCE OLIVIER IN OTHELLO." Boxed with acting script. A presentation of the National Theater of Great Britain. Laurence Olivier as Othello. Frank Finlay as Iago. Derek Jacobi as Cassio. Maggie Smith as Desdemona. Joyce Redman as Emilia. John Dexter, Producer. Victor VDM-100, $15.00, stereo VDS-100, $17.00.

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"Glade Jul!" and Other Gude Tydings

LIKE the sentiments themselves, most of the "new" offerings, musically, of this Christmas season are old: as old as Gian Carlo Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors,* which enters its 'teens this year, having been born in 1951; Humperdinck's *Hänsel and Gretel* of 1893, and Heinrich Schutz's *Christmas Oratorio* of 1664. All are being offered in productions not previously available.

Of special interest is the new version of *Amahl,* only the second for the phonograph in its happy, prosperous history. It is a derivation of last year's colorcast on NBC-TV, and those who found that venture to their taste will automatically have a kindly feeling toward the reproduction on RCA Victor 2762 (the mono prefix is LM, the stereo LSC, the prices, $4.98, $5.98 respectively) of its sound track. This is conducted by Herbert Grossman, and offers Kurt Yaghjian as Amahl.

Doubtless the need for a stereo treatment of this score had a part in the decision for its rerecording, and the cast surrounding the youthful Yaghjian brings together such able performers as John McCollum (Kaspar), Richard Cross (Melchior), Willis Patterson (Balthazar), and Martha King (Amahl's Mother). They do, without question, give a good performance: but the special virtue of its predecessor on RCA Victor LM 1701 was that everyone of the participants, from Kirk Jordan as Amahl and conductor Thomas Schippers through the members of the original cast were imbued with the enthusiasm of communicating something good and previously unknown. That quality is absent from the present effort, which is as fine-sounding as stereo plus Dynagroove can make it.

The interests of the new *Hänsel and Gretel* are substantial, beginning with the warmly appropriate sound of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra well-directed by André Cluytens, and progressing through a cast whose principal participants are Irmgard Seefried as Hänsel and Anneliese Rothenberger as Gretel. Each commands the vocal resources to create a dramatic image through appeal to the ear alone and in a work that has so much visual interest this is decidedly important. The other, well-qualified performers are Walter Berry as the Father, Grace Hoffman as the Mother, Liselotte Maikl as the Sandman and the Dewman. The new technical resources are skilfully deployed to give more illusion of the forest depths than was possible in the older version with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Elisabeth Grümmer under the direction of Herbert van Karajan. In all, it is the kind of gesture on behalf of the young listener which anyone else, no matter how old, can enjoy (Angel BL stereo 3648, $11.96).

The Schütz oratorio, which predates the birth of J. S. Bach by twenty years and the beginning of his productive work by many more, is certainly one of the wonders of seventeenth-century music. Its musical values are as enduring today as when they were written, speaking the undying poetry of the Nativity in language that is musically as contemporary as the German text. This is especially true of the recitatives sung by tenor Georg Jelden as the Evangelist. The instrumental ensemble is made up of recorders, clarinos, trombones, viola da gamba, Positif organ, and theorbo, as well as conventional strings, according to the practice of the composer's time. Claus Ocker as Herod, and the Windsbach Boys' Choir are among the other participants directed by Hans Thamm. I have no complaint about the authenticity or stylistic detail of the performance, which was recorded in Heilbronn; but it does sound a bit prosaic and matter-of-fact for the exalted sentiment it embodies. (Angel 36211, $4.98; stereo S36211, $5.98).

For a pleasant *mélange* of the expected and unexpected Columbia ML 6039, $4.98; stereo MS 66349, $5.98) offers the Philadelphia Orchestra at its most resonant, the Temple University Choir and the St. Francis de Sales Boychoir of Philadelphia, all under the direction of Eugene Ormandy. Familiar points of reference are provided by "O Tannenbaum," "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," and such *Messiah* excerpts as "For Unto Us a Child is Born" and the "Hallelujah" chorus, laced with such more provocative matter as "Here We Go A-Caroling," "We Three Kings of Orient Are," and "The Little Drummer Boy." The last of these is a traditional tune (some say of Czech origin) which has been adapted to a contemporary text. As performed by the St. Francis de Sales Boychoir it is this year's decidedly ingratiating addition to the accumulating list of holiday perennials. All of these, and the remainder of the dozen items on the disc, profit greatly from the arranging skill of Arthur Harris, who was similarly responsible for *The Glorious Sound of Christmas* in 1962. He has endowed them not only with a sense of orchestral color from a full palette, but one that is especially responsive to the subject at hand—the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Those in search of traditional matter from an untraditional source will find it on Capitol T 10377 ($3.98; stereo ST 10377, $4.98) titled *Glade Jul!* This runs a gamut from "Jeg er sa glad hver julekveld" ("I am So Happy on Christmas Eve") to "O du herlige" (an adaptation of "Sanctissima") all in Norwegian, as suits the performers: Olav Werner and the Soelvguttene boys' choir. Included is "Glade Jul," from which the album takes its title: a readily recognizable adaptation of "Stille Nacht." Unlike some products of our commercial recording studios, these performances ring not only with musical virtue but also with sincerity: they sound as though the performers were in the mood to be reverent as well as hospitable.

There is promise of more of the same in *'Round the World Christmas* also from Capitol (T 10379, $3.98; stereo ST 10379, $4.98). The table of contents ranges from "Once in Royal David's City," "Good King Wenceslas," and "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear" performed by the London Church Carol Choir, to "Stille Nacht," by the St. Hedwig's Cathedral Choir of Berlin, with incidental attention to such items as "Jingle Bells" in Portuguese, "Adeste fideles" in Spanish, and "The Three Kings" in French, plus others in Swedish, Norwegian, and Tagalog. Lacking, however, is the contrast or atmosphere that might have been contributed by imagi-

(*Continued on page* 60)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Count Basie: *It Might As Well Be Spring.* Basie, piano; Frank Sinatra, vocal; and 36-piece orchestra. Reprise 1012, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. Harry Edison: *"Sweets" for the Sweet.* Edison, trumpet; Gerry Wiggins or Don Abney, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Jackie Mills, drums; and strings. Sue 1030, $4.98; stereo $5.98.	As a follow-up to last year's successful album by Basie and Sinatra, this is very disappointing. The addition of sixteen strings, vibraphone, and three brass, not to mention indifferent recording, robs the Basie band of most of its character. Precision and drive are replaced by mushy textures, the fiddles soughing and whining as though in accompaniment to some second-rate movie romance. Kansas City was never like this! Sinatra's singing is generally rather mechanical, though his interpretations of "Hello, Dolly!" and "The Best Is Yet to Come" have their moments. Harry "Sweets" Edison, whose muted trumpet is to be heard in some far-off obbligati, is also dogged by strings on his own Sue album. There is a decidedly humorous element in this, for Sweets's normal mode of expression is tartly laconic, and strings and his trumpet go together like ice cream and vinegar. The performances of pop songs and standards are variously predictable, indigestible, or boring, but the blues settings that end each side are far more appropriate to his unique talent.
Herman Chittison: *Epitome of a Beat.* Chittison, piano. Jansara 83001, $3.98; stereo, $4.98. Ray Bryant: *Cold Turkey.* Bryant, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Walter Perkins, drums; Big Black, conga. Sue 1032, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. Ramsey Lewis: *At the Bohemian Caverns.* Lewis, piano; Eldee Young, bass and cello; Red Holt, drums. Argo 741, mono and stereo, $4.98.	Though the approaches vary, all three records fall into the "cocktail" category where jazz is an ingredient rather than a motivating force. Chittison decorates ten show tunes with a glittering profusion of fanciful ideas, very much in the manner of the late Art Tatum, but the brilliant execution in the treble is somewhat unsympathetically accompanied by a sober left hand and the heavy beat of his foot, the latter so well recorded as to sound at times like a bass drum. Bryant, one of the most gifted of the younger pianists, is largely defeated by too eclectic a choice of material—and by a conga drummer. There is simply not enough of his distinctive best here, though the versions of Randy Weston's "Congolese Children" and his own "Slip-Up" are rewarding. The skill and teamwork of the Ramsey Lewis trio are unabashedly turned in the direction of commercial popularity, but the group's true potential is usually revealed in at least one number per album. In this case it is "My Babe," written by blues bassist and singer Willie Dixon; here Eldee Young takes to the cello and plays pizzicato in an intensely exciting and rhythmic performance.
Grant Green: *Am I Blue?* Green, guitar; Johnny Coles, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; John Patton, organ; Ben Dixon, drums. Blue Note 4139, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Perhaps by design, this is a "mood" album overloaded with melancholy and dolorous slow tempos, the question in its title being entirely rhetorical. The playing frequently sounds lethargic, even apathetic. Green's single-line improvisations are lucid enough, but they are decidedly lacking in spirit except on the long "For All We Know." Henderson introduces some moments of Coltrane-like turbulence, but neither Coles nor Patton seem inspired. A good bassist would have helped this session without doubt. "Sweet Slumber," a composition credited to Millinder, Woode, and Neiburg, was worth reviving and merits further attention.
Johnny Hodges and Wild Bill Davis: *Blue Rabbit.* Hodges, alto saxophone; Davis, organ; Mundell Lowe, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. On three titles: Hodges, alto saxophone; Ray Jackson, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Wendell Marshall, bass; Bobby Donaldson, drums. Verve 8599, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This collaboration between Hodges and Davis is no less fruitful than its predecessors, *Blue Hodge* (Verve 8406) and *Mess of Blues* (Verve 8570). There is an admirable rapport between the two men, and Hodges, finding the context refreshing, blows with zestful mastery through a program that includes originals and old Ellington favorites. Davis contributes an unusual but well-titled number in "Fiddler's Fancy" (written twenty years ago in Texas), and Mercer Ellington and Jimmy Jones are jointly responsible for "Wisteria," a pretty tune that—like "Tangerine"—suits Hodges's silken ballad style to perfection. In contrast, he swings the blues with energy and authority, most notably in the two choruses following the organ solo on "Mud Pie." The blind organist Ray Jackson and Kenny Burrell do well in a haunting version of "Creole Love Call" where they respectively replace Davis and Mundell Lowe.
Quincy Jones: *Golden Boy.* Jones, arranger and conductor; with big band featuring Joe Newman, Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, tenor saxophone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Jerome Richardson, soprano saxophone; Bobby Scott, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Don Elliott, vocal and marimba. Mercury 20938, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Mercury should improve the backs of its liners. The "Hi-Fi Information" on this one mixes microphones, musicians, and personnel data so clumsily that it is impossible to tell, for instance, which drummer or bassist is playing on any given track. Luckily, the soloists are listed and the star of the album is established as Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, the tenor-saxophonist, who makes a welcome return to music here after a year as a booking agent. Well adjusted and never at a loss for ideas, Davis is bold and declamatory on "Soul Serenade," soft and smoky on "The Witching Hour." The latter, a Basie-styled creation of Quincy Jones, is the least pretentious and by far the most enjoyable performance on the record. The soloists disentangle themselves on the others with varying success from rich ensembles encumbered with strings, woodwinds, French horns, harp, and marimba. Jones may have found a popular formula with this kind of instrumentation, but it is to be hoped it does not divert him entirely from more serious jazz endeavors.
Brother Jack McDuff: *Prelude.* McDuff, organ; Red Holloway, tenor saxophone; George Benson, guitar; Joe Dukes, drums; with big band arranged and conducted by Benny Golson. Prestige 7333, mono and stereo, $4.98.	McDuff's has rapidly developed into one of the better organ units. It has a good group feeling, is never too ambitious, and produces a strong dance beat. Benny Golson's writing is excellent and the unidentified accompanying orchestra plays outstandingly well. *Prelude* proceeds from a solemn, Bach-like opening to exciting jazz solos over backgrounds of chanting brass and reeds. Holloway is a swinging tenor-saxophonist with something of Gene Ammons's power and concept. Benson's technique does not yet always keep pace with his imagination, but Joe Dukes shows himself a capable drummer in this big-band context. The recording quality is exceptional, and stereo, as on most records of similar instrumentation, proves a great asset. Prestige has three further albums featuring members of the quartet: *The Soulful Drums of Joe Dukes* (7324), *Cooking Together* by Red Holloway (7325), and *The New Boss Guitar of George Benson* (7310). "Brother Red" on the second and "Rockabye" on the third are particularly recommended.
Jelly Roll Morton: *Piano Solos.* Morton, piano and vocals. Mainstream 6020, $3.98; stereo, $4.98. *Stomps and Joys.* Morton, piano, in trio, quartet, septet and octet, and accompanying; Lizzie Miles, vocal. Victor LPV-508, mono only, $4.98.	These are valuable collections of recordings by one of the early masters from New Orleans. The Mainstream consists of ten piano "solos" made in 1939. Five have Morton's evocative and warmly intimate vocals, and all are classics of their kind. His professionalism invested his music with a graceful formality and a kind of proud dignity, but an artistically audacious element also gave it a spirit that still transcends period devices. The Victor recordings were made about a decade earlier in New York, after the great Chicago days, and they place him in a variety of contexts, in all of which he acquits himself well. He is handsomely supported by two of the best New Orleans clarinetists, Albert Nicholas and Omer Simeon, and by a couple of stirring trumpet players, Ward Pinkett and Bubber Miley. The Miley heard here was recorded a month after he left the Ellington band, on which he exerted an enduring influence.
Jimmy Smith: *Christmas '64.* Smith, organ; with Quentin Warren, guitar; and Bill Hart, drums, on three titles; and with 19-piece band on remainder. Verve 8604, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	The trio plays "Jingle Bells," "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town," and "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen" alone, and is joined by the big band for a second version of the last carol, for "We Three Kings," "The Christmas Song," "White Christmas," and "Silent Night." The scores by Billy Byers and the playing by fourteen brass—four trumpets, flugelhorn, four French horns, two trombones, two bass trombones and tuba—are altogether brilliant. In sum, the set could make a fitting *envoi* to the Year of the Jazz Organ. —STANLEY DANCE.

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An Opera for Christmas

TCHAIKOVSKY'S *Cherevichki* is a new addition to the list of Ultraphon Records (ULP 111/113, $14.94; mono only), which makes Russian operas its *spécialité de la maison*. It will, I am sure, be particularly appreciated by those who have been disappointed by the New York City Center Opera's production in 1955. At the City Center Opera *Cherevichki* was billed as *The Golden Slippers*, an erroneous translation of the name of Tchaikovsky's opera. *Cherevichki* is not a Russian word but Ukrainian, and it means high-heeled boots reaching just above the ankle, made of saffian, usually red in color. They were considered very chic by the peasants, and Oksana, the heroine of the opera, agrees to marry Vakula, the village blacksmith, on condition that he would present her with a pair exactly like those worn by the Czarina. In trying to accomplish this, Vakula gets involved with the devil, who has been seeking revenge for Vakula's painting of his image in a church, an act that made everyone laugh. But Vakula outwits the devil, rides on his back to a reception at the Czarina's palace where he acquires the coveted pair of *Cherevichki*, and wins his bride.

Such, in short, is the plot of the opera that Tchaikovsky composed when he had decided to enter the competition for the best comic opera written on a libretto derived from Nikolay Gogol's fantastic story *Christmas Eve*. Under its original name, *Vakula the Blacksmith*, its first performance was given at the Maryinsky Theater in St. Petersburg on December 6, 1876, but, not satisfied with his score, Tchaikovsky revised it, adding some completely new scenes, and omitting what he considered trivial. In fact, it became one of his favorite operas and was produced under his direction at the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow in 1889.

Alexander Melik-Pachaev, who was, until his recent death, well known as a conductor at the Bolshoi, leads (in these records) an extremely well-done performance with a large cast of soloists. The soloists show not only the fine qualities of their voices, but an amazing capacity for projecting the individual character in their roles. Georgi Nelepp, as Vakula, Eva Kruglikova as Oksana, and Andrey Ivanov as the devil give a performance worthy of the Bolshoi's style and tradition. The score abounds in Christmas Carols, arias, and folk-ensembles, as well as dances typical of the composer who has imbued the music with so much local Ukrainian color that I would think Ukrainians could easily claim it as their first National opera rather than Mikola Alkas's *Katerina*—an inferior work—which was premiered in Moscow in 1899. —VICTOR SEROFF.

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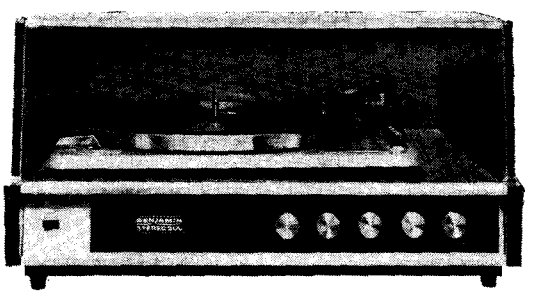

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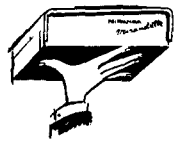

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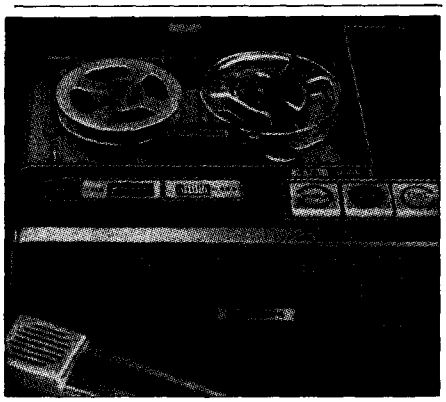

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Christmas Ribbon and Magnetic Tape

MORE accessories, gadgets, and supplies are available for tape recording than for any other facet of audio, and they cover a wide range of prices.

Many of these are for live recording—potentially the most rewarding audio activity but actually the most neglected. Most people with recorders try it, hear the results, and give it up thereafter. No recording is better than its microphone, and the mikes supplied with most recorders offer the sound quality of pocket radios. These mikes—and most mikes under $20 or so—suffer both from obvious deficiencies of response and from a lack of directionality. Directional mikes can be aimed to focus on whatever you're recording, with their relatively dead sides aimed at potential noise sources. Decent cardioids are available at moderate prices: Lafayette's 99 G 4641 at $21.50, University's 8000 at $29.95. Further up the price (and quality) ladder are the Shure 545 Unidyne and Electro-boice 664 (both $50 up), the Syncron transistorized condenser microphone ($169.50) and—for dreamers—the $295 Sony C-37A condenser.

Most of these microphones—save for the condensers—are dual-impedance. In their higher impedance position, they match most good-quality recorders, but are restricted to a cable only a few yards long. Extending the cable adds convenience but cuts high frequencies and introduces hum. These problems disappear in low-impedance operation; you can give these benefits to the owner of a dual-impedance microphone and standard, high-impedance recorder for only $17.50—cost of Shure's A95A cable transformer.

Serious recording—or even frivolous taping, if you do enough of it—requires microphone stands: folding types, such as the Atlas CS-42 ($13.75), CS-33 ($14.50), or CS-1 ($21), are handiest for the space-starved amateur, and an Atlas Baby Boom ($8) solves other space problems: how to suspend your microphone over the piano, for example.

Tape, of course, is always in season, but most recordists have their pet varieties: a casual glance at a fan's tape shelf will show what make he favors; if his machine is an old or inexpensive one, Scotch Type 201 recording tape will pep up its high-frequency performance, and a test roll of that should be worth a try. Not that 201 is unsuited for finer equipment, but better machines require adjustment to get full benefits from it.

Much of the fun of tape recording lies in the editing—removing mistakes and splicing together bits to form a sonic montage, or salvaging a good performance out of a pair of faulty ones. While editing can be done with scissors alone, only the steady-handed, the eagle-eyed, and the foolhardy will fail to use a splicer when there's one available. Some prefer the elaborate hold-downs, trimmers, and splicing tape dispensers of the Robins Gibson Girl series; others the durability, accuracy, and simplicity of the Editall blocks. Both types are available at various prices between $5 and $10. And even the most junior of allowances can encompass leader tape, splicing tape, and such mundane, inexpensive accessories as weighted-base Scotch tape dispensers (for splicing tape), single-edge razor blades, and China-marking pencils.

THE most drastic editing of all—complete erasure—is facilitated by a bulk demagnetizer. Ranging from $10 to $45, these erase the entire tape in seconds, minimizing background noise in future re-recordings. Tape heads need periodic demagnetizing, too, and suitable tools are available from three to about twelve dollars. A good head demagnetizer should have a pointed probe for easy access to the heads, and preferably one wrapped in soft plastic to prevent accidental head-scratching. Heads get dirty, too, and most audio dealers stock special head-cleaning solutions at about a dollar. Alcohol, by the way, is a handy head-cleaner in a pinch, but avoid carbon tetrachloride, which dissolves some heads. Cotton swabs of the common household variety make excellent applicators for these cleaning solutions—gift-wrapped, they lie within a child's "gift-for-Daddy" budget.

Last—and least—is that popular tape accessory, the telephone pick-up coil. While the market is aflood with them, we know of only one meeting all legal requirements. The $18 Robins TRB-3 injects a warning "beep" into the phone at fifteen-second intervals, as required by FCC regulations. Other types are employed at the user's risk. Should you desire to gift-wrap any of these with tape instead of Christmas ribbon, use a 1½-mil polyester, such as "Mylar": it will stretch, but is less likely to break than acetate. Audiotape will also sell you leader in any of several colors—Christmas red and green among them.

—IVAN BERGER.

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Herod of Fleury

"The Play of Herod" *from manuscript 201 of the Orléans Bibl. de Ville; transcribed and translated by Dr. William L. Smolden, scored for voices and instruments by Noah Greenberg. Boys' Choir, vocalists and instrumentalists of the New York Pro Musica, conducted by Noah Greenberg.* Decca DXA 187, $9.96; stereo DXSA 7181, $11.86.

Two liturgical music-dramas of the twelfth century have provided the enterprising Noah Greenberg and his Pro Musica ensemble with a splendid new holiday vehicle. Combined, they represent a worthy successor to the *Play of Daniel*, which the same forces have been performing throughout America and Europe since 1958. *The Play of Herod*, first mounted at the Cloisters in New York last year, offers a similar challenge, and it is being met with comparable style and authority.

The medieval music-drama was often a surprisingly theatrical affair, even though it was composed for specific religious occasions and intended to be performed in the church by members of the clergy. *The Play of Herod* is a reconstruction of dramas found in a playbook originally of the monastery of Fleury. The first deals with the story of Herod and his court, the second with the slaying of the innocents. To this austere foundation, in which practically everything is intoned *a cappella*, the Pro Musica forces have taken the liberty of adding some instrumental *estampies* from the thirteenth century and an organ prelude. Subtler liberties are taken in the form of repeated verses and simple instrumental embellishments. In each case, the "inventions" prove so tasteful and discreet that they could disturb only the most unbending purist. At the same time, they serve to make *Herod* a sufficiently varied emotional experience to satisfy even those listeners who do not happen to be scholars.

It is generally to Greenberg's credit that the performance emerges with none of that touch-me-not museum-piece air that robs even the best scholarship of vitality and communication. In this case, the quest for authenticity has not produced even a hint of pedantry.

If there is any flaw in the performance, it must lie in the polish of the singing and playing. It seems unlikely that the French clergy of the twelfth century could have numbered many musicians of this extraordinary caliber in its ranks. But there can be little doubt that exquisite music-making, as provided by the Pro Musica ensemble here, is preferable to rough, amateurish performing, no matter how authentic the latter may be historically.

—Martin Bernheimer.

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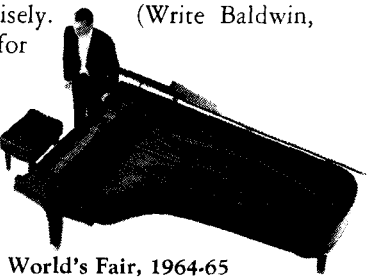

Official Piano and Organ, New York World's Fair, 1964-65

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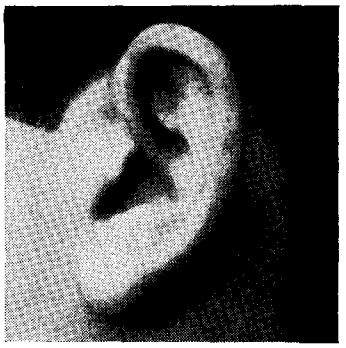

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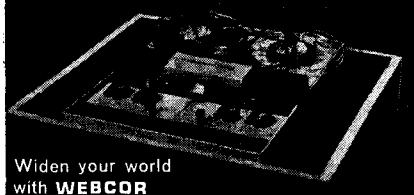

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"Glade Jul!"

Continued from page 55

native editing: it is all too obviously a compilation of bits and pieces from other tapes.

However, Capitol is all but undiscouragable at Christmas time, and the same label bears what is easily the most attractive "celebrity" greeting of the year. This is a contribution of the "voices" of Jo Stafford, as arranged by husband Paul Weston, with bells, chimes, Hammond organ, etc., supervised by Jack Marshall. Out of the resources of the electronic mixing panel, Miss Stafford is enabled to become a four- and five-part choir singing lead, second, third, etc., as circumstances require. The collection begins, as it happens, with the same "Little Drummer Boy" admired in the Ormandy-Philadelphia compilation, here sung by Miss Stafford as an antiphonal lullaby (in which the words are more intelligible than they are in the performance of the Boys' Choir). Almost everything indispensable is included, from "Deck the Hall" and "Little Town of Bethlehem" to "White Christmas" and "Jingle Bells," and not excluding "Santa Claus is Coming to Town." To be sure, vocal dubbing is nothing new, but anything as well and tastefully done as this is, per se, new. (Capitol T 2166, $3.98; stereo ST 2166, $4.98).

This year's version of the Ur-text of Irving Berlin's perennial favorite may be found on Reprise F 2022, in which Bing Crosby is necessarily the performer. Fred Waring is the orchestral embodiment of Father Christmas, playing host also to Frank Sinatra. They, too, get around to "Little Drummer Boy," performing it as one of two duets. (The other is "We Wish You the Merriest.") Also available for family gatherings are the voices of John Gary (RCA Victor LPM 2940, $4.98; stereo LSP $5.98), Jack Jones (Kapp KL 3399, $4.98; stereo KS 3399, $5.98), Hank Thompson and the Brazos Valley Boys (Capitol T 2154, $3.98; stereo ST 2154, $4.98), Jerry Vale (Columbia CL 2225, $3.98; stereo CS 9025, $4.98), Bobby Vinton (Epic LN 24122, $3.98; stereo BN 26122, $4.98; and Al Martino Capitol T 2165, $4.98; ST 2165 $4.98). His "Little Drummer Boy" is solo.

—Irving Kolodin.

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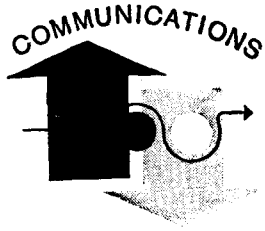
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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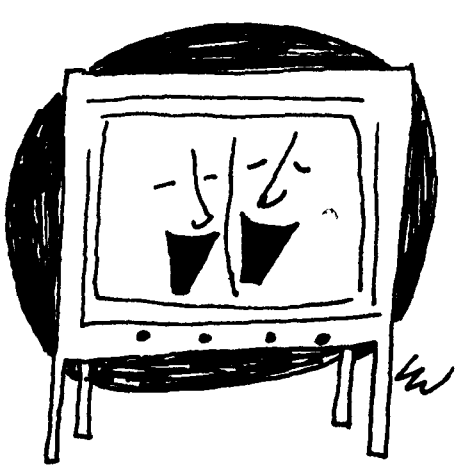

NBC Turns Down a Golden Chance

THE diligent Val Adams recently broke in the *New York Times* a story of more than passing communications interest. It seems that the National Broadcasting Company has canceled plans for televising a two-part drama about an ordinary high school boy who has contracted a venereal disease. Scripts were written for *Mr. Novak* and *Dr. Kildare* and, as we understand it, were to have been run in tandem instalments on the two programs. The programs had the formal backing of such eminent and worried medical authorities as the American Public Health Association and the Surgeon General of the United States. When NBC turned thumbs down, both these agencies issued strong renewed pleas.

The network canceled the project because, to quote Mr. Adams, "If the drama were to be valid, it would have to contain passages and dialogue, including a discussion of sexual intercourse, that the network considered inappropriate for television." Dr. Luther L. Terry, the Surgeon General, immediately pleaded with NBC to reverse the decision. In Dr. Terry's letter to Robert E. Kintner, president of NBC, he noted that 1,500 young Americans contract venereal disease every day. This is no typographical error. Dr. Terry did not mean 1,500 new cases per week or 1,500 per month —he meant what he said: 1,500 youngsters now contract venereal disease in the United States *every day in the year*. He added: "It is of the highest importance that every possible means of education be used to bring to our youngsters the message of prevention and cure in a manner they can appreciate and understand."

According to Mr. Adams, a high school teacher *(Mr. Novak)* was supposed to learn, in the script, that one of his students had contracted a venereal disease; then the medical aspects of the case were to have been dealt with by *Dr. Kildare.*

Among others who have petitioned NBC to reconsider its decision ruling out these vital scripts was Dr. John D. Porterfield, president of the American Public Health Association. In response to a letter from Dr. Porterfield, Robert D. Kasmire, Vice President of Corporate Information, wrote for NBC: "Let me assure you that all who took part in the decision recognize the seriousness of the problem of venereal disease, especially among young people. In addition, the subject was not held to be inappropriate for television. In support of both these points, I should like to point out that NBC personnel cooperated closely over many weeks with the producing organization with a view toward arriving at a treatment of the subject that would be consistent with the needs of an all-family audience. Out of this effort and, of course, the extraordinary talent of the writer came a skilled and sensitive treatment for our consideration. In the final determination, however, it was felt that passages within the story, considered by all concerned to be essential to development of plot and theme, made it inappropriate for such a program as *Mr. Novak,* and we decided not to proceed."

Now, we are not the science department and we have no inside knowledge of modern medicine's antidotes for venereal disease. But we do know, from inquiry at medical information centers, that cures are still by no means

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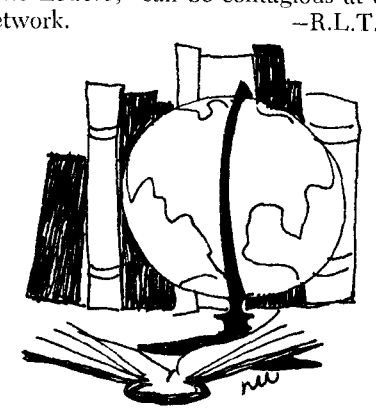
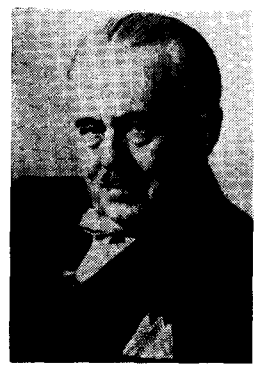
automatic, even in this age of penicillin and other wonder drugs, and we also know without asking anyone that young people are more totally promiscuous now than they have been in a long, long time, perhaps ever in U.S. history. John Crosby wrote not long ago that his generation thought mostly about gambling and alcohol, but this new generation of teen-agers thinks mostly about dancing and sex. The 1,500 new cases of venereal disease per day figure is a shocker, but it is believable in the context of the enormous explosion of population in the teen-age bracket and the stimulants and standards of our new world.

We know of no better medium than television to bring a message of this sort home to the teen-ager. Television is his or her home ground, no mistake about it. Surely some way can be found to say the words that need to be said. If delicacy is the issue with NBC's Continuity Acceptance Department, it had better take a hard second look at much that goes out on its network. Sex at every extreme and brutality without precedent this side of the Grand Guignol are such daily fare on television, including NBC, that even the most sensitive adults have become inured. Why Mr. Kintner should now gag on something as much in the public interest as the manuscripts in question is as difficult to comprehend as why a highly popular and entertaining TV show will vanish suddenly at the very height of its popularity (*Sing Along with Mitch* is a startling example). The answers apparently lie somewhere in the rather arbitrary and quasi-political world that the Kintners of television operate in and to which they have become as accustomed as the average TV viewer has to naked sex and violence every morning, afternoon, and evening in the week, available, incidentally, to small children as well as teen-agers.

We hope NBC reverses itself in this particular case, and soon, in the cause of a public interest that remains fundamental to the granting of TV channel assignments by the federal government. Here is the golden chance to grow up and prove that greatness, instantly evident in such a magnificent hour as NBC's *The Louvre*, can be contagious at the network. —R.L.T.



Roy Wilson Howard



"Print the News and Raise Hell": His ties put the sunset to shame. They were invariably bowties, made of the same material as his spectacular shirts. He loved to shoot craps and he loved to play poker, and not for pennies. He carried a pair of dice in his pocket on the odd chance of a game. When he bought a paper in Akron he and the seller tossed a coin after they had come within $25,000 of each other's price. Roy Howard lost the toss and looked glum. "Oh, the $25,000 is okay," he said, "but the cheapskate took my quarter."

We used to sit together and talk shop at the Dutch Treat Club in New York on Tuesdays, and I once asked him for a rule of thumb in the newspaper business. He thought a minute, then said, "There was a famous Chicago newspaper editor named Storey back in the days of the Civil War and he said it for all time: 'It is the newspaper's duty to print the news and raise hell.'" And that is precisely what Roy Howard did for more than six decades in a business that has changed radically since 1900, and not always for the best. At a time when the vast majority of the U.S. press opposed reform and change, the Scripps-Howard papers, under their colorful little captain, shouted from the housetops that Franklin D. Roosevelt was the man of the hour; his election in 1932 was in no small measure made possible because he had a nationwide mouthpiece in the press. A great chain of liberal newspapers, whose motto, "Give light and the people will find their own way," is not to be taken lightly these days, slowly developed under Roy Howard's genius. But he was an even greater reporter than he was businessman or editor. E. W. Scripps said of him after their first meeting: "His manner was forceful and the reverse of modest. Gall was written all over his face. It was in every tone and every word he voiced. He had ambition, self-respect, and forcefulness."

Fortunately for the American people, these characteristics were joined by one of far greater importance to the human race: Roy Howard had an inborn and unerring passion for the underdog that permeated every newspaper in his chain, and still permeates them. The Scripps-Howard papers are practically the only ones in this country that still crusade, and they do it in every city where they publish. What is wrong they attempt to right. What is lax they try to correct. What is corrupt they expose. In New York, when a Supreme Court justice sold his favors over the counter, it was, logically, a Scripps-Howard paper that found him out, exposed him to a trial that ended in his conviction, and won, incidentally, but one of a dozen Pulitzer Prizes for serving the public interest. It didn't just happen; it was indigenous to Roy Howard, as Roy Howard's shirts were once described as the product of the Congoleum Corporation of America.

He could make spectacular mistakes, too, like the false Armistice report in 1918, but when it came to interviewing and editing he had few rivals in American journalism. Some of this he learned from Lord Northcliffe, the English publisher. He said afterward: "Northcliffe showed me that the same emotions and appeals and technique that in journalism are required to interest people in one section of the country will interest them in any other section, that people are fundamentally the same everywhere, and that you can apply the same rules and theories to big-city journalism that you can to country journalism."

Roy Howard was once the heart and soul of United Press, now United Press International since its consolidation with International News Service, and he himself wrote constantly for it, using his entrée to famous people to the greatest journalistic advantage. He was an extremely friendly man and an absolutely democratic one, and it will be a long time before memory fades of his and his son Jack's generosity to my son Mark and me prior to the Dutch Treat Club's blowout each spring. He lived in a golden age of newspapering, and his like won't come along again because the circumstances that made Roy Howard possible in the newspaper world are gone forever. But while he was here—and that was for two-thirds of a century—he was a giant of journalism, though not much over five feet tall. We shall miss him, professionally and personally—miss him and never forget him. —R.L.T.

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Letters to the Communications Editor

Half of $40,000

CONGRATULATIONS on "How to Pick a PR Firm" by L. L. L. Golden [*SR*, Nov. 14]. Mr. Golden's warnings are also true in other fields: ". . . a good rule of thumb is . . . to turn down the cut-rate agency. . . . no one has yet found a way of giving $40,000 worth of service for half that amount. . . ." He warns against rash promises and rightly emphasized that "there is nothing that takes the place of good judgment that comes from long experience."

ELDREDGE HILLER,
Executive Director,
The American Association of
Fund-Raising Counsel, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Mad Avenue Courtship

WHEN I READ about Madison Avenue's courtship of Wall Street [*SR*, Nov. 14] I had to smile, for I have been courted by Mad Ave. myself (without let-up). Here was no sleeping beauty, as the numerous suitors—Handy Andy, Mr. Clean, the fee-fo-foam giant, et al.—discovered when each in turn scaled my fort made up largely of Fels Naphtha bar soap. Well, my husband isn't the jealous kind but about a month ago he observed cynically, "What's with the White Knight? How come he's here, too, jousting with woman's work?" His remark stung me to the quick and from that moment on I began to watch myself surreptitiously. Came the day when the Quaker (last name is Oats) gazed into my eyes and declared, "There's nothing better for thee than me," and I noticed I didn't respond with—"There's no fool like an old fool and my double boiler can prove it"—as had often been my habit, especially when the bottom of the boiler cooked dry. Instead, as if in a trance, I found myself moving great-grandmother's clavier out of the storeroom and into the parlor. There, hours later, my husband found me sitting, surrounded by relics of a bygone day, eating oatmeal—the kind you cook up slowly.

I think I can be of help to the Madison Avenue-Wall Street-TV combo. Right in our neighborhood are a cat who goes in for roof-climbing, a dog who has been trained to read stock market reports, and a parrot who can say Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith (does it without the cracker). Due to the high cost of masterful living, all three are seeking gainful employment.

RUTH MARTINSON.
Anoka, Minn.

No Loss for Words

MR. MARIO PEI'S interesting "A Loss for Words" [*SR*, Nov. 14] stirs a few more ideas that might be interesting. I would add "I wouldn't know" and "Goodbye now" to his phrases that might well disappear.

The adverb "leisurely" is often used in a way that is disturbing to me; "He walked leisurely down the street," which, compared with "He walked slowly down the street," gives us "His walk was slow" and "His walk was leisure."

As to *-ible* and *-able*, it would seem as though phonetic value should govern. Somehow I cannot imagine being content with "punishible" or "contemptable," and there is oddity in the fact that "edible" and "comestible" both refer to things that are eatable.

The use of our alphabet also sorely distresses me. Why do we use the letter *g* to indicate the sound of the equally available *j*? "Gorgeous" should be spelled "gorjeous" and "geography" should be spelled "jeography."

It would give a great lift of rationality to our spelling if the letter *c* were to be replaced with that single letter in the Russian alphabet which indicates the sound *ch*. Our *c* is useful only in combination with *h*. In all other uses it should be replaced with *k* or *s*, whichever of these two sounds it now misrepresents. "Choose" and "champion" should use the Russian letter sounded *cha*, and we should use *k* in "crack" (krak) and *s* in "central" (sentral). "Cancer" is stupidly spelled. A beginner with our language would have to ask whether it was pronounced "kanker" or "sanser" or "sanker" and we could give no good reason for our answer.

And if a ton of usage were piled on my chest, I would still have breath enough to howl "Never!" at "like" used as in "Do it like popper done it"—at least until "He done it!" is enshrined, through "usage" in the Websterian verbal hagiology.

JOSEPH S. THOMPSON,
Honorary Chairman of the Board,
Federal Pacific Electric Co.
San Francisco, Calif.

DR. MARIO PEI is to be commended for being able to employ so many words in saying very little about language and its utilization as a vehicle of communication. In a little book Dr. Pei co-authored with John Fisher, this comment is made: "Except, possibly, for one member of the United Nations Secretariat, Mario Pei has been said to read, speak, and understand more languages than any other living man."

I would like to add the name of a third man, Lord Bertrand Russell, and quote briefly his comments on language, and demonstrate his grasp of what Dr. Pei really wanted to say in the *SR* piece: "Language has two primary purposes, expression and communication. It will be seen that the utility of language depends upon the distinction of private and public experiences, which is important in considering the empirical basis of physics. This distinction, in turn, depends partly on physiology, partly on the persistence of sound waves and light quanta, which makes possible the two forms of language, speech and writing. Thus language depends upon physics, and could not exist without the approximately separable causal chains, which make physical knowledge possible; and, since the publicity of sensible objects is only approximate, language applying to them, considered socially, must have a certain lack of precision."

The remarks of Dr. Pei seemed petulant, accusatory, and I question their usefulness in *SR*.

ROBERT WASDON.
Land O' Lakes, Fla.

MARIO PEI is such an erudite gentleman that it is difficult to believe he doesn't know "why a period or comma should be enclosed within a quotation when logically it belongs outside." The answer: protective heritage.

In the days of hand (type) composition, the piece of lead (antimony and tin) on which the period or the comma was cast, was extremely thin and subject to easy breakage. As a measure of protection, the closing quotes, on a slightly wider body, afforded some protection against mishap. So the period or the comma was stuck within the protective closing quotes.

The same condition arose with linecasting machines where the period and the comma matrices are also very thin and easily bent. The closing quotes on a wider mat thus afforded protection to the thin period or comma. With present-day photographic typesetting there is no danger of breakage or bending, but tradition persists in most printshops.

G. HARRIS DANZBERGER.
Hingham, Mass.

I SEE by your November 14 issue that Mario Pei is still slogging the Merriam-Webster III Dictionary, this time with the wet noodle rather than his usual damp Kleenex. Poor Mr. Pei! Yet I envy his pipeline to God or whoever established *the* correct English usage which he claims to know all about.

Mr. Pei says that there is an "undying truth" in mathematics that, despite any opinion to the contrary, "two and two make four." He then implies that a similar "truth" exists about English usage. Pish and likewise tosh! If there were any such "truth" or a holder of such sacred matters, he should immediately set himself up as Guardian of the Language Against All Subversive Invaders from Inside and lay about him with the Sword of Correctness and Precision!

There is a truth about language, but it isn't what Mr. Pei dreams it is: any living language is going to change as people use it. Now there's a truth Mr. Pei and the Company of Puritans can hold to with one hand while they flay the linguists with the other. They can beat their breasts, tsk-tsk-tsk to their heart's content, and turn their eyes piously toward heaven in despair, but they can't change that undying truth.

Whenever I read such an article as "A Loss for Words," I always want to ask someone a very nasty question: If current English is so terribly, terribly, terribly decadent, pray what period represents the Golden Age of English Usage? The time of Beowulf? Chaucer? Shakespeare? Pope? Samuel Johnson? Tennyson? Wilde? Faulk-

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ner? The grass is always greener a couple of centuries ago, but I would hesitate to send any student to any of these authors and say, "Study X's prose (or poetry) and you will discover a truth you have long sought." Nonsense! Triple nonsense! Let Mr. Pei and his Guardian etc., etc., go back to whatever they want. Not many really astute students (or users, for that matter) of English are going to pay any attention whatever, thank goodness.

William C. Doster,
Director, Division of Humanities,
Miami-Dade Junior College.
Miami, Fla.

Degree or Not Degree

For years I have been an *SR* subscriber and continue to read your communications section with interest. It is an asset to the field. But oftentimes I am frankly disappointed. Some of the basic needs of journalism (and the public generally) are being neglected by the polemical, name-calling fights between the professionals (newspapermen) and behavioral scientists (communication researchers) in your pages. The professionals appear to be anti-academic, feel experience is totality, and tend to look askance at graduate journalism education, which they wrongly equate with communicology. The communicologists, who cannot be termed journalists, in turn condemn newspapermen as mere tradesmen.

I have B.S., M.S., and Ph.D. degrees from Northwestern University in journalism (not communication research), so perhaps I have some background in the matter when I say that both groups seem very wide of the mark. Journalism requires writing, reporting, and interpretive ability. One can become a writer through innate aptitude, practice, and much reading. One can learn to report through experience. But a crying need of modern journalism (and of our nation's people) is interpretive presentation, and this, given our complicated world, can be obtained, in large measure, through academic graduate journalism education with emphasis in the historical and political science disciplines. It cannot derive completely from either experience or communicology. Many journalism educators, perhaps too few, are disturbed by the polarization taking place (professionals *vs.* communicologists), with subsequent elimination of liberal arts aspects of academic graduate journalism.

Karlen Mooradian,
Assistant Professor of Journalism,
American University.
Washington, D.C.

I'm afraid David L. Grey misses the point in his November 14 letter. As a recent recipient of a graduate degree from an "old school" journalism school (Northwestern), I feel some comments are in order.

First, the argument against over emphasis on communications research in journalism education does not stem from "a mild inferiority complex" on the part of the "trade school side." Actually, a major reason for the growth of the tortured language and misdirected avenues of research among communications researchers has been an inferiority *they* felt toward the physical scientists, whose neat charts smacked of respectability which the social scientists thought could be attained only at the drop of a slide rule (rather than through professional excellence).

Second, and most importantly, I think, the term "trade school" is a misnomer except in those journalism schools which adhere to that unfortunate approach. There is a difference between a professional school of journalism and a so-called school of communications. In the former, one learns to synthesize a thorough knowledge of the social sciences into a coherent, accurate, and communicable story in such a manner that understanding is made possible. The communications school, in my opinion, tends to be divorced from the realities of newsroom conditions and to forget that its graduates are being trained for such work. Emphasis is on "communications," but one would never know it from an examination of most masters' or doctors' theses, which suffer from a form of non-writing that the late A. J. Liebling surely would have called "sociologicalese."

There are exceptions, of course. Professor Wilbur Schramm of Stanford University writes clearly and with insight; his articles and books are of great value to all persons interested in mass communications. The exceptions, however, are all too few.

For a person who never intends to become involved in media work, and whose interests lie solely within the realm of content analysis and such areas, a communications school and a Ph.D. are advisable.

But for the prospective journalist who wishes to combine a comprehensive knowledge of the history of society with the technical skills necessary to interpret events, a journalism school is requisite.

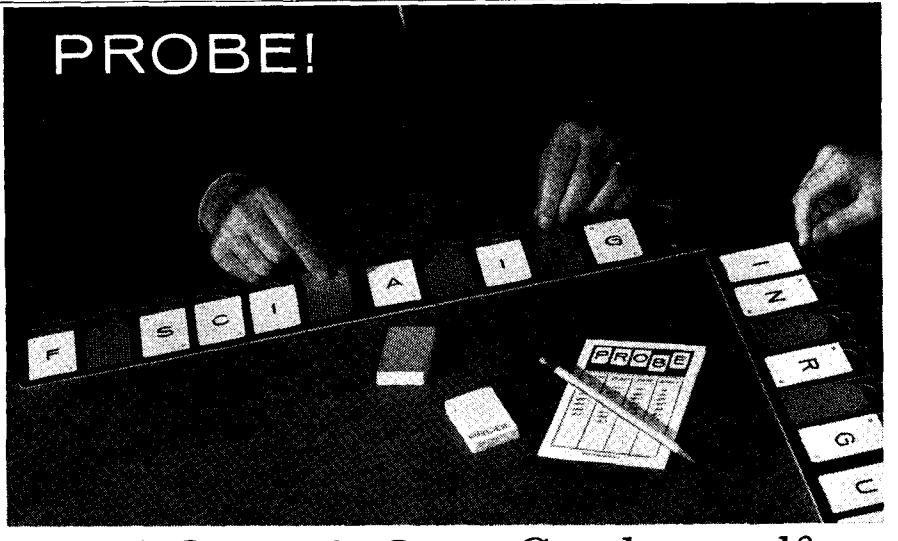
I agree, of course, with Mr. Grey that journalism educators should "try to put their efforts into improving the several types of programs." But my worry is that, rather than working toward mutual betterment, a conflict will ensue in which the "new" school's rush for respectability will stamp out the established benefits of the "old" school.

Robert A. Signer.
New York, N.Y.

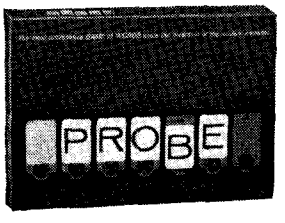
Followers of No-Think

A comment on George H. Diamond, Jr.'s letter [*SR*, Nov. 14] regarding R.L.T.'s editorial [*SR*, Oct. 10]. I am disturbed, as all rational and sensible people are, at the proliferation of the epistolary, literary (*sic*), and radio outpourings of the cultists of discord. I am more deeply concerned, however, about the uncritically obedient acceptance by a presumably intelligent person of a directive issued by a self-appointed arbiter of what we shall believe and think. Such kind of acceptance is a warning that "no-think" might well become our prime intellectual and moral problem not too many years away. To be sure, we have faced this danger before. At that time the hypnotic and mystic words were "Sieg Heil!" The Xerox Corporation is a close neighbor of mine. I have written *my* countervailing letter.

(The Rev.) J. Russell Dunlap,
Minister,
First Presbyterian Church.
Sodus, N.Y.



F_SCI_A_I_G . . . . *Got the word?*



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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1601

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

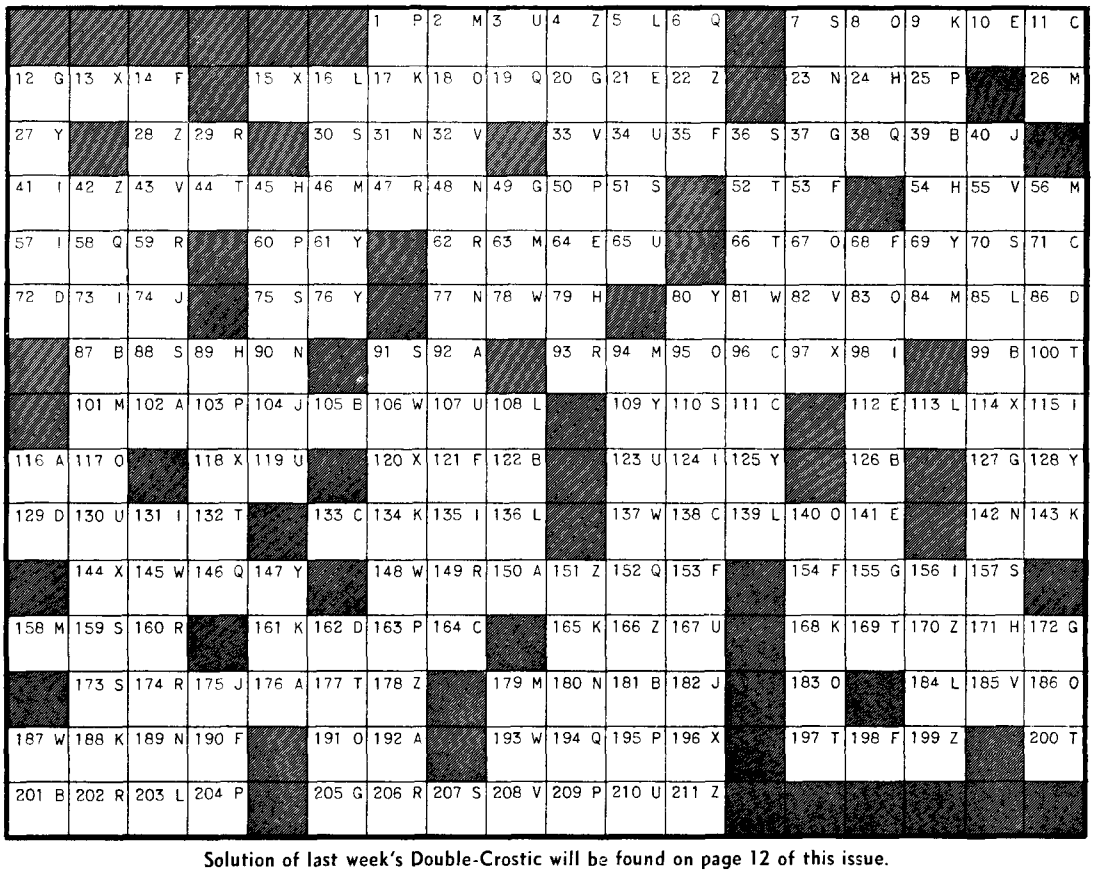
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Valuable fiber from Madagascar.	150 102 92 192 116 176
B. Little mummylike figures deposited in an Egyptian tomb, to do certain agricultural labors in the land of the dead.	201 122 99 126 87 181 39 105
C. Pledged; engaged to be married.	133 71 138 11 96 111 164
D. Maiden.	86 162 72 129
E. Biblical town in the mountains near Bethhoron.	64 141 10 112 21
F. Lack of something required, desired, or useful (3 wds.).	198 190 68 153 53 154 35 121 14
G. Tending to separate, or create discord.	205 37 155 20 172 49 127 12
H. Ancient Roman troops stationed on the wing of an army.	45 89 24 54 79 171
I. Equine to be saddled for use in traveling, but not for hunting or labors (2 wds.).	124 131 135 41 57 73 115 98 156
J. One of the two planets which are nearly of a size.	175 40 74 104 182
K. The English Channel in France (2 wds.).	161 165 17 188 143 168 134 9
L. Modern version of Wellington's famous words to his troops at Waterloo (4 wds.).	139 113 203 5 108 85 136 16 184

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Outspoken Puritan clergyman, Cantabrigian deprived of his post, imprisoned, but undefeated (1535-1603).	101 2 46 26 179 84 94 56 63 158
N. Illumination from the sky between full night and full day.	77 23 142 90 180 189 31 48
O. Capacity in which Nostradamus attained his greatest fame.	183 186 117 67 191 140 18 95 83 8
P. Any Japanese characteristic.	163 60 103 195 50 204 209 25 1
Q. A transverse piece in a structure.	58 19 152 38 6 194 146
R. Important product obtained from certain of the cetaceans.	59 149 160 93 202 47 174 29 62 206
S. Leaving nothing untouched or undone; out-and-out.	30 159 75 157 173 70 7 110 36 91 88 51 207
T. Long instrument equipped with a bell, used by the Swiss in signaling.	197 44 66 100 177 200 52 169 132
U. Made solemn declaration to establish some fact.	65 123 3 210 130 119 34 107 167
V. Showed clearly.	32 33 55 208 43 185 82
W. Having a scolding disposition.	148 78 106 81 137 145 187 193
X. Most full of destructive insects.	15 118 144 120 114 196 13 97
Y. Tenderness.	125 76 80 147 69 109 128 27 61
Z. None other (2 wds.).	166 4 28 170 199 211 151 22 178 42

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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by Doris Nash Wortman

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PUTTING THE TIMES TO BED

By JOHN TEBBEL

A VISITOR who enters the modest doors of the *New York Times* on West 43rd Street, hard by the side entrances of the doomed Paramount Theater, finds himself in a newspaper plant easily excelled in splendor by a half-dozen others in the United States and several abroad. What happens inside that plant every night, however, is quite another matter. A minor miracle occurs there which is unique in the business. It makes the *Times* what it is: a worldwide, indispensable institution.

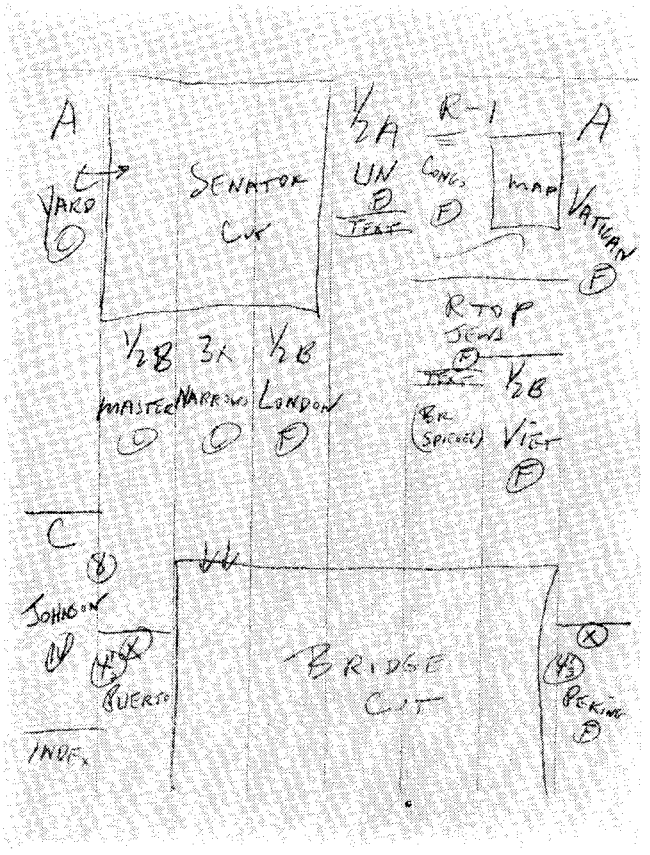
From a small and undistinguished lobby the visitor ascends to the third floor, his nostrils quivering with the institutional smell of newspapers everywhere, compounded of ink and paper and metal. A dim, plain reception room off the hall leads to the heart of the paper, the city room. Those who enter are confronted by a blank half-partition that compels them to turn left or right. Reporters turn left, the news executives right, pushing through a waist-high swinging door bearing a chaste brass nameplate bearing the legend "Managing Editor."

Well, yes, in a manner of speaking. Clifton Daniel, the managing editor, is nowhere to be seen, of course; he is tucked away in an office off the city room, adjacent to the space temporarily occupied by Turner Catledge, the executive editor, who is waiting for a new office to be built for him. What immediately confronts the wondering eye, once beyond the swinging door, is the vast plateau of the city room itself. In one respect it is like most other city rooms—that is, not fit for human habitation. Design has not yet triumphed in newspaper offices, and the *Times* city room is calculated to give its irascible architecture critic, Ada Louise Huxtable, the screaming fits. It is a far-reaching, low-ceilinged, many-pillared working place, with serried acres of reporters who are, some of them, so far from the city editor's desk that they have to be summoned by aid of a public address system. The *Times* has at least twice as much of everything as any other paper.

The guts of the news operation, where the miracle is performed, is the southeast corner of the news room, the office of Theodore Bernstein, assistant managing editor, with a row of desks stretching out from it along the east wall, all the way to the news conference room. These are the desks of the other assistant managing editors, each one with an accompanying secretarial desk.

Directly outside Bernstein's door is a cluster of three desks, the nerve center of the giant machine that is the *Times*. Here sit news editor Lewis Jordan; his

Front-page dummy of November 21 was fulfilled in final edition except for bottom left-hand column where Johnson story was replaced by Roy Howard obituary. Stories marked "C" were handled by the city desk, "F" by the foreign desk.



The New York Times.
LATE CITY EDITION
ROCKEFELLER ASKS JOHNSON TO HALT SHIPMENTS HERE
600 Belgian Paratroopers Massed for a Call to Congo
Council Votes Exoneration Of Jews on the Crucifixion
POUND WEAKENED BY HEAVY SELLING
ROY W. HOWARD PUBLISHER DEAD
President Pledges Fiscal Job Center

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assistant, Lawrence Hauck; and two alternating swing men, Henry R. Lieberman and Robert Phelps.

On a recent Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock, the nightly performance was just getting under way, with the Messrs. Bernstein, Jordan, and Hauck cast in the principal roles, working together like the leads in a Broadway play that has run for years. Onto Jordan's desk was spilling the day's grist from the mighty *Times* organization—from its far-flung bureaus all over the world, its American regional correspondents, its Washington bureau (largest in the capital), its city staff, its critics and special writers, funneling through the metropolitan, national, foreign, and obituary desks (the latter, oddly, also handles culture) in a cascade of all the news, as Adolf Ochs remarked more than sixty-five years ago, that's fit to print.

The news was coming in the form of summaries written by the various desk men, and already the shape of matters that night was taking form. At home there were to be two major stories, both covered with that comprehensive thoroughness which is the distinctive mark of the *Times*. One was the projected closing of the Brooklyn Navy Yard and similar area military installations. The other was the opening next day of the great Verrazano Bridge, connecting Staten Island and Brooklyn.

Emmanuel Freedman, an assistant managing editor in charge of the foreign news, in which he has been a specialist for many years, stopped by Jordan's desk with his own budget. It was dominated by the final reports of the historic Ecumenical Council in Rome, which were not only to be covered in detail by the paper's Vatican man, but whose texts were to be printed in full during the next two days—another unique function of the *Times*.

While the news summaries were coming in, Jordan was making rapid calculations on a sheet of copy paper, estimating the number of columns needed for the news and how, in a preliminary way, he planned to distribute it. Already he could tell that it would be a larger than ordinary Saturday paper, usually the lightest edition of the week. Besides the bridge opening, the Navy Yard, and the Vatican, there would be Secretary-General U Thant's annual report. On an ordinary weekday the *Times* carries 195 columns of news, not counting texts of public papers. This figure drops below 185 on the usual Saturday, but for the edition of Saturday, November 21, Jordan estimated he would need 205 columns, including the texts, which would mean a sixty-page newspaper, with 480 columns in all. In their own budgets, the various desks had requested space totaling 225 columns, meaning that twenty columns would have to be cut.

Jordan held a brief conference with the advertising department's man, to adjust the figures for news and advertising in a sixty-page paper. Sometimes these figures are in conflict and advertising asks more space than the editorial budget allows. In such cases, editorial tries to accommodate advertising as far as it can, but the *Times* is one of the few newspapers extant which, in case of necessity, will order advertising held over or even killed in order to make space for news.

While the news editor was determining space allotments for the night, Hauck, his assistant, was busy reading duplicate copies of all the news coming into the desks, shuttled to him by relays of copy boys. Hauck went through these "dupes" with amazing speed and accuracy, derived from a career on the *Times* that has included being news editor of both its United Nations and Washington bureaus, and coordinator of its late, lamented Western edition and the still battling Paris edition. Reading the duplicates is a backstop for the desks, so that nothing will be missed. Such constant communication between the desks and the "bullpen," as the southeast corner is called, is one of the prime factors in the paper's operation.

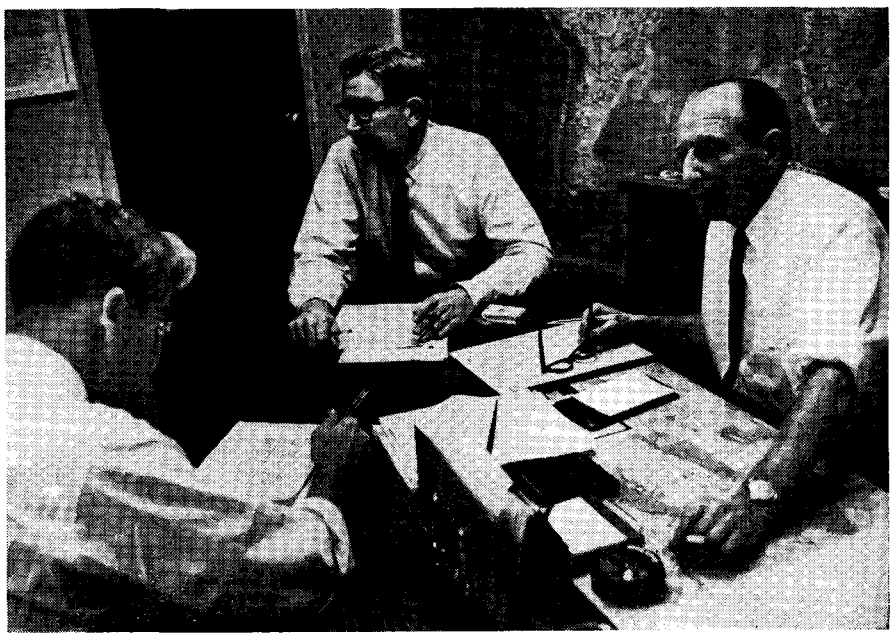
Shortly before 4 o'clock the circulation department drops a detailed report on Jordan's desk giving him all the statistics on the previous edition, including the fact that it was raining during the press run; weather, too, is a factor in circulation. The report lists the lead headline that night, and the one on the same day the previous year. It gives the day's distribution figure, compared with last year's, and the difference, along with other production totals. This report disclosed that on Friday, November 20, the *Times* sold 766,967 papers, up 79,284 over the previous year.

Until 4 o'clock, procedure on the *Times* is not much different from that of other morning newspapers, except for the sheer magnitude of the total operation and the unusual degree of communication among its various parts. At 4, however, there begins the series of events that are not so much unique in themselves as in the way the *Times* does them.

Most large newspapers, for example, have some kind of editorial conference, but more often than not it is an informal conversation between three or four news executives. At the *Times* it is a full-scale, rather formal conference in a room designed for the purpose, with a photomural of the Brooklyn Bridge and environs covering one wall, a map of the world spreading over another, and its far reaches currently doubling as Clifton Daniel's office.

Into this room at 4 o'clock every day come the men who are responsible for making the *Times* run. At one end of the long, rectangular conference table sits the managing editor, who is in charge. Since Daniel was in Phoenix attending the Associated Press Managing Editors' convention, his place at this conference was taken by Harrison Salisbury, the veteran Moscow correspondent, who was recently made an assistant managing editor. Bernstein, Jordan, and Hauck sat near him, and the conferees that night also included Steve Tyno, assistant sports editor; Claude Sitton, director of national news; A. M. Rosenthal, the metropolitan (or city) editor;

(Continued on page 76)



Nerve Center—Lawrence Hauck, Lewis Jordan, and Theodore Bernstein

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MOVIES THAT CARRY THE FREIGHT

By HOLLIS ALPERT

TIME WAS when the films produced by the Motion Picture Service of the United States Information Agency caused not the slightest interest either here or in the countries in which they were exhibited as educational material about the United States. I remember seeing some samples several years ago. One showed a piece of farm machinery moving against a field of wheat and a sky of blue, while a narrator's voice intoned some facts and figures about wheat production. Others were about as dull, most of them resembling the average public relations film. Things changed in the USIA film program when Edward R. Murrow was brought in to head the agency by the Kennedy Administration. Much of the change has been wrought by George Stevens, Jr., son of the famous director, and a young man who knows the difference between good film and bad. The government films took on a more genuinely documentary character, as Stevens, head of the Motion Picture Service, put several talented film-makers to work, and the improvement in quality was matched by zooming audience figures all over the world. In 1964 it is expected that three quarters of a billion people in more than 100 countries will have seen films produced by the U.S. Government.

The United States is not among those above-mentioned countries, for the simple reason that there is a bar against the domestic release of the pictures. The enabling act under which the USIA operates doesn't specifically say that the American people shall not see the films, but the intent is there and no one at the USIA is about to endanger its already skimpy allocation of funds by incurring Congressional displeasure. Thus the films remain unshown here, with one exception: the thirty-minute color film *Jacqueline Kennedy's Asian Journey*. But it took a Senate resolution before United Artists was permitted to distribute this film to theaters on a nonprofit basis, and there was some doubt about whether that resolution was sufficient. Some felt the House should have passed a resolution, too.

Now the ban on domestic viewing of USIA films has become a matter of public scrutiny, the matter brought to a head by a realization that the first feature-length film produced by the agency that Carl Rowan heads cannot be seen by millions of Americans who would dearly love to see it. The film is called *John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums*; it was produced by George Stevens, Jr., and was written and directed by Bruce Hershensohn, the same team that created a memorable USIA documentary last year titled *Five Cities of June*. This won an Academy Award, and again was not viewed by the American public. Of all the film and television coverage given to President Kennedy after the assassination, the film produced by USIA in color, with narration of appropriate dignity by Gregory Peck, is by far the best.

Its première was held in Washington and four foreign capitals on November 16, the American invitational showing taking place in the auditorium of the State Department. The audience included Chief Justice Warren, Secretary of State Rusk, various ambassadors and members of the diplomatic corps in Washington, government officials, and a few members of the press. The effect on this attentive audience was profound. No one stirred for several minutes after the showing was over; then the applause that came was sparse, mainly because a lot of people were still wiping their eyes. Through a skilful use of sound and image more than a portrait of Kennedy emerged; the meaning of his abbreviated term of office came through, told in terms of a six-fronted program of intent and action. The film juxtaposed its glimpses of a vital, personable leader with solemn scenes of the day of his state funeral. The personal comment was intermixed with coverage of large, world-affecting events. One saw the boyish grin of the President as he was being heralded in Costa Rica, and one also saw the glance that Jacqueline Kennedy stole at the flag-draped coffin as it was carried from the White House; and almost unbearable in its poignancy was a view of Mrs. Kennedy being handed the folded flag after the coffin was lowered into the grave that has become a shrine.

The film is, of course, a historic document that will testify to who and what Kennedy was for years to come. As of the moment, it is being used to carry forward around the world the objectives of our information program, and one cannot imagine a more effective way of doing so. The cost of the film came to slightly more than $100,000, and if it cost the entire amount of the film service's yearly budget for the making of films it would have been more than worth it. That budget, by the way, parceled out among dozens of film projects of varying length, would suffice to make one Rock Hudson-Doris Day comedy, and yet there are members of Congress who hack away at the program and its budget as though the movies made are vaguely subversive in nature rather than the valuable educational tools abroad

Self-help—Film shows how Colombians built their own school.

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that they invariably turn out to become.

One might guess that a Congressional resolution that will allow the Kennedy film to be shown in this country will be forthcoming. But the editorial writers around the country who suddenly became indignant that such a fine film would be denied us gave little thought to the policy considerations that brought about the proscription in the first place, nor did they make clear whether what they wanted was this one exemption, or that all films made by the USIA be made available for domestic exhibition. Few of them seemed aware that certain ironies were involved. For instance, several scenes in the Kennedy documentary had been taken from other USIA-produced films, including the previously mentioned *Five Cities of June* and one called *United In Progress*. If the Kennedy documentary should be shown, why not these two also? Presumably two more Congressional resolutions would be required.

The situation has come about mainly through fear. The two-party Congress has feared that one Administration might use unscrupulously the power of the motion picture to influence public opinion, to electioneer, and to propagandize programs and personalities. After all, the fearful reasoner might say, Hitler did it. Therefore, to make sure that the government film program serves its primary purpose of implementing and aiding our foreign policy abroad, the films are confined to exhibition in other countries. But because there has been so much honesty and art involved in the films during the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, their interest has gone beyond the mere serving of foreign policy. I have seen many of the films, and can see valuable use for them here.

Yet I must admit that I am prey to some fear myself. If these films were made available to the American public, I fear that certain publicity-seeking politicians might make use of them for personal ends. They might be labeled as propagandistic, as party-serving, even as radical. After all, one is called *The March*, and it vividly documents the civil rights March on Washington. Southerners opposed to the movement of Negroes toward full equality might raise a fuss and thus hamper the operations of USIA. It's a sticky business, and all one has to do is remember what happened to the Federal Theater Project of the late Thirties, and how Congress axed it brutally.

On the other hand, limiting the showing of the films is a form of censorship. Anyone who wants to see films made by the government should have the right to see them, and a reasonable position could loosen the situation. Commercial release of the films could be discouraged, but it should be possible for schools and organizations to obtain them on request. Precedent already exists for this. The films have never been barred to members of the press, and some press organizations have requested the Kennedy film for showing. Congress, rather than be put in the position of passing resolutions to allow showing of certain films, ought simply to spell out, through rewording of existing enabling legislation, who may see the films and how. Which is to say that the USIA would still refrain from arranging for domestic distribution of its movies, but would be permitted to accommodate those who may request prints for valid reasons.

One American citizen, before his untimely death, used to request the films frequently. That was John F. Kennedy, who enjoyed them enough to take them with him to Hyannisport and Camp David, or who would have them screened at the White House. The problem of whether or not to allow Americans to see the films might never have arisen if the program had not been vitalized by George Stevens, Jr., and the film-makers he recruited. Mr. Stevens was aware of the high order of work turned out by British documentarians under the revered John Grierson, who headed a film unit under the aegis of Britain's Postal Service, and he knew that government sponsorship could spur good documentary and also accomplish the objectives of our information program abroad.

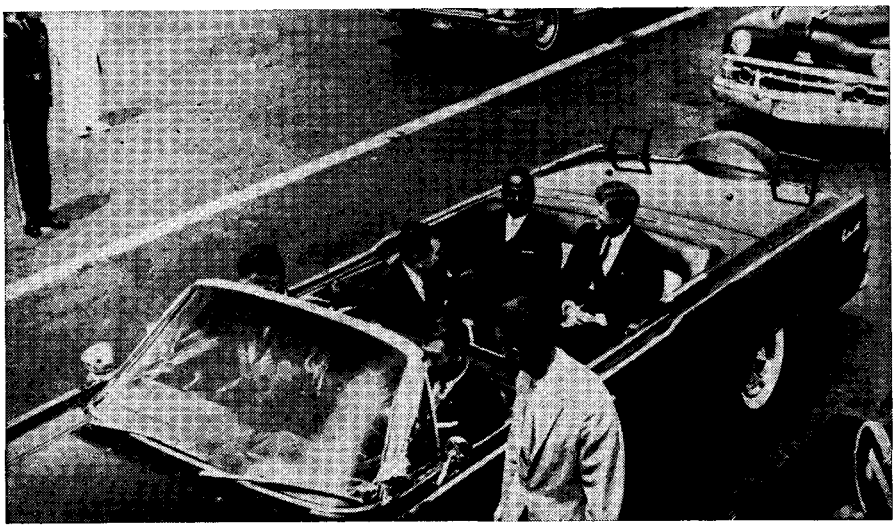
As Carl Rowan, head of the USIA, puts it, "The best propaganda is a persuasive telling of the truth." Rowan is aware, too, that quality work can't result if the film-maker himself is too closely confined in what he may tell or show. "There is a fine line we tread," Rowan said, "between allowing as much as possible for the artist's sensitivity and supporting the policy point I am obliged to make as director."

George Stevens, Jr., adds: "We try to match the mentality of the artistic film-maker to the subject being treated. This means finding someone who has an affinity to a subject we want treated. We don't ask for a complete script, but rather, in the interest of candidness and spontaneity, are usually content to work from a 'treatment' that embodies a clear-cut concept. We try never to trample on skill and grace."

In practice, this encouraging attitude has resulted in several films that are original in form and that make their points subtly. The films usually take actual events, and it is through editing and arrangement, and through the addition of a narration and music, that these events become persuasive insofar as selling our foreign policy is concerned. *United in Progress* showed President Kennedy on a visit to Central America in 1962; its foreign policy purpose was to strengthen the Alliance for Progress. Kennedy abroad, as the thirty-minute color film showed, was a remarkable ambassador of good will. His reception by crowds in Costa Rica was frenzied, and it made for colorful film sequences. The warmth of his greeting was met by Kennedy's personal warmth, which showed up on film far better than it could have to the admiring crowds. Other segments of the documentary tangibly demonstrated aspects of our aid to Central America.

I remember Stevens saying in 1963: "We deliberately played up Kennedy in the film, knowing the Latin American's tendency to admire the strong, hero figure." This doesn't mean that anything was added that didn't actually happen; but it was distinctly desired that Latin Americans see a pleasant, reassuring image of the American President, and this was, of course, liberally provided by Kennedy, who couldn't very well help himself since he behaved with his customary grace, tact, and

(*Continued on page* 77)



Kennedy on film—"A remarkable ambassador of good will."

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ADVICE FROM A MILLIONAIRE PUBLISHER

By JOHN HAY WHITNEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Hay Whitney, editor-in-chief and publisher of the New York Herald Tribune, was recently named the 1964 Elijah Hay Lovejoy Fellow at Colby College in Maine. In accepting the honor, he made an address so unusually candid that its repercussions among journalists and many people outside the profession were immediate and widespread. SR is privileged to reprint his remarks.*

IN SOME cultures it is believed possible to gain merit by sleeping on beds of nails or tattooing the body. In ours, possibly as the result of confining religion to Sunday sermons, there seems to be a belief that merit attaches to the occasional public address. The teacher is neglected, the haranguer from street corners is ignored. But the man who speaks to the testimonial dinner or delivers the memorial lecture, and the audience that settles quietly to listen to him, both take deep draughts of comfort in doing good.

Oddly, there may be some truth in it. It forces people like me to come to grips with the ideas that lie behind our daily actions and if the audience can rise to a decent skepticism about the whole process, it can use the opportunity to judge those ideas.

Let us begin with the skepticism. A lot of nonsense is talked about newspapers and publishing – not least by newspapermen and publishers. Quite simply, I am proud to be here. My predecessors at these lectures have been eminent men who have all worked long at their profession. But I think it is clear that though I have worked at journalism, I am here today primarily because I am a millionaire.

It is not polite to go into this sort of thing. Heaven knows it is not comfortable. This was brought home recently when I read about my wealth, my homes, and my possessions in *Fortune* magazine. But in all honesty, I know, as you should, that I am the fourteenth annual Elijah Lovejoy lecturer here today because five years ago I was able to buy the New York *Herald Tribune* and I have since been able to finance it and help it find new paths in American journalism.

I did not do so in hopes of finding fame and fortune. Nor did I do it, as Lord Beaverbrook used to claim on his own behalf, in order to find a vehicle for political propaganda—although my newspaper and I share a view of life we like to call Independent Republican. As for business reasons, well, it may be that there are worse investments in this country than running a competitive morning newspaper in a busy, bitterly competitive, sophisticated town, but I have never run across one.

I did it because I had to. I did it because all my life, in one way and another, I have been involved in—horrible word—"communications." I did it because we live in a time when there are challenges only a newspaper can meet and excellences only a newspaper can set and because I believe we cannot let the world go by default to the dullards. In short, I did it because when the opportunity arose to buy the *Herald Tribune*, I looked back on my life and found that I was an apprentice journalist.

The process has been a long one and I could have spoken on some other occasion—indeed, I have spoken—as a man from another career.

I made movies once, with David O. Selznick, when there was fun and adventure in the enterprise. We made *"Gone with the Wind"* and other films, talking about them as "only entertainment," and looked back to discover that we helped shape an art form.

After the war, with J. H. Whitney and Company, I started a venture-capital enterprise that tried to turn ideas into industries. What we found, instead of the postwar slump and recession that everyone had predicted, was an eagerness to translate the new technology into new products. In a small way, we were creating the physical face of the world you and I now live in.

And I was an ambassador. In a part of the world I love, where my education was shaped and many of my closest friendships made, I was charged with interpreting to Britain what was best in America. There I found that you can hold the values of your life, like playing cards, so close to your chest, that in working out the game you forget exactly what they are; you don't see them; they are part of you. But asked to explain the hand, you can look again and name them —values *and* cards.

By that path, I came here today, to talk about journalism. And where are we?

We are, I think, at a point where to venture into a competitive market requires a great deal of money or a great variety of resources. And the profit still lies in monopoly situations where, too often, there is more income than excellence. It becomes proper to ask whether newspapers are not, perhaps, old-fashioned squares in a life which is bewilderingly complex. It is also proper to ask whether, perhaps, the newspaper's day has come and gone and television and news magazines are here to bury it; whether age has not made it infirm and challenge timid; whether there is any excuse for anyone bothering any more with the craft of journalism except as an aid for the professional few who need technical information and the bored many who need a hiding place on the commuter trains.

Consider that we are gathered here as survivors of the recent political campaign. To some—indeed, as I read the reports from around the country, to a very great many—its chief characteristic was that it was boring. In the hurried reporter's great cliché, it was full of sound and fury signifying little.

Not so.

FOR our history and our future, it was historic almost to the pitch of high tragedy. To see nothing but its boredom is to confuse lack of suspense with lack of meaning. Lacking suspense, lacking also the sharp definition of great issues we had been told to expect from the man who was going to provide a choice not an echo, it seemed pointless.

But throughout the early fall we were dealing with the temporary, we hope, disintegration of a great party. In the broad sweep before us any citizen could sense the nation was at a political watershed. And we saw a vote not for but against—against Senator Goldwater and occasionally against President Johnson.

This was the reality behind the daily appearance of press conferences and Midwest swings, television appearances and behind-the-scenes briefings. This is the reality that will make history.

Journalism's pride is to call itself the annotator of instant history, the source material for later interpretation. But what newspapers in the United States printed the reality instead of only the appearance? Which headlines are not headed for the forgotten addenda of some future doctoral thesis?

Again, we had a campaign remarkable in the volume of its reporting, an election night remarkable in the speed of that reporting. We had more statistics

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more quickly available for more interpretation than at any time in our history. In some instances, there were barely fifteen minutes between the close of the polls and the announcement of who won. And who did all this? The newspapers? Hardly. The *New York Times* allied itself with CBS for the night; the *Herald Tribune* allied itself with NBC and the wire services pooled with both.

And almost uniformly, using the computers that television brought and the speed that television demanded, faced with the drama that television could produce for a new generation of Americans, the newspapers of this country—with a few minor typographical innovations—produced the same morning-after papers they produced a generation ago.

Indeed, we seem to have lost something: a spirit of independence, a spirit of our own ferocity, that has made us captive to the press release and the gentlemanly code of going to great lengths to avoid embarrassing anyone.

In one way, life has been made incomparably easier for today's reporter than it was a generation ago. There is no corporation that does not strive to produce news about itself. There are few bureaus that do not employ a briefing officer. There is no reporter who could not produce enough copy simply by collecting what is given away.

But the privileges we claim for ourselves at every step are based on the old conception of ourselves as the public's watchdog, as the men a little outside our society, measuring it with a pinch of skepticism. If the press conferences become less productive because they are more polite, the fault may be ours. And it's a fault that cuts across the whole of newspaper life. Reporters who don't believe it is right to compete for news; editors who hesitate to offend an Administration or take issue with it because to do so may be uncomfortable; publishers whose political friends become sacred items of news.

To be fair is not enough any more. We must be ferociously fair, the way a computer can be on election night when it tells you facts you would rather not know—but tells them nevertheless, with the emphasis they deserve.

I am a man involved in more directorships and enterprises than many of my fellow citizens. I have political as well as other friendships. But the day my newspaper begins to cease troubling my nonjournalistic life, I will know something is wrong with it.

Yet when all this is said, I feel there is a good bit right with the press. The questions we raise point to the answers we can be proud of. And it was never more necessary than now to seek and be certain of those answers.

Consider our situation. World War II stirred forces and made realignments on a world scale that are hard to comprehend and harder still to measure.

We are told that America has enormous power to lead, but no one seems to have enormous will to follow. We cannot translate atomic power into jungle victory.

And on this vast scene lives modern American man, affluent beyond the imagining of Croesus but not understanding the economics of it—in other words, not knowing where the wealth really came from or how long it will last. Mobile beyond the capacity of any previous people to move, but not really sure where he wants to go. The object of a bombardment of information more intense and more insistent than at any conceivable time in history, but always unsure of what really happened. Needing more and more to know in order to choose his way of government best, able less and less to understand.

WE have a public mind, a popular consensus composed of the biggest hit songs and the highest-rated shows, the best comic strips and the latest fashions, the newest auto styles and the fattest best-sellers.

Smaller countries and older civilizations might take accepted ideas of life and, translating them into terms shared by all, make them applicable to each citizen so that every man roughly understood what his neighbor was like. But we are a huge nation, a continent wide but sometimes incredibly narrow. Our common denominators seem to get lower and more common as time passes so that the public mind, the generalities that help us understand each other, is full of trivia, impersonal and cold. It deals with masses, not with men. It doesn't enlighten, it just communicates.

The creative arts of our day are experimenting now with a way of dealing with this scene. The Picasso that hangs on my library wall is not a generation ahead of the painting we saw when I was a boy. It is a century ahead. Our music began leaping forward years ago. The drama that was once contained in neat settings and careful plots is shifting into new forms. We are testing out ways of the novel today that didn't exist in the world of 1940.

And where these things have gone, newspapers as a creative craft must follow, but in a special course.

A newspaper is as various as the men and the community it serves. It comes into the world new each morning, yet still the same. The challenge it faces is the same as that which faces the men and women who read it—to take a stand in an embattled culture and make sense of it all. Our task is to cut through the junk in the public mind by seeking the order that underlies the clutter of small events; to winnow out of the apparent what is the real; to cede to television and radio the mere repetition of activities and to look behind the bare event for meanings.

Increasingly, those meanings are personal. A newspaper is no longer the only chronicle of events. It is a guide and an interpreter for the reader. It daily grasps the whole cultural kaleidoscope and brings it into focus in terms that will interest him, be meaningful to him—talk to him, like a human being talking to another human being.

Fifty years ago our industry fell in love with a convention of objectivity that was to lay a dead hand of pattern on our news pages and freeze us into "good form." But the reporter who writes "objectively" still selects the items he puts into the story, the editor still selects the stories that make up the page and the publisher still selects the men. And in the spaces between their several objectivities—in what they leave out—may lie the real life of our time, the real color, the grainy detail that mean the difference between the clear ring of life on the printed page and just another newspaper story.

What we should worry about more is whether we are using the freedom we have and which no bureaucrat has yet denied us, to report the way we should; whether we are organizing the material at hand so that the obvious question is not merely implied but asked outright; so that the story about an anti-welfare town manager in some New York community—the one that points up a general trend in our society through a specific man in a real setting—is not hidden in the background because the main stories of the day are dreary repetitions of previous handouts. This is the real excellence of editing.

We all speak a language of marvelous flexibility and great precision that has become tortured through the usages of haste and headline writing into a cliché form that seems comfortable because it is old but has become almost unnoticed, ugly. Maybe it is only new clichés we need. I trust not. But certainly there is a modern idiom that has largely passed the newspapers by, just as there is a grace and precision that seldom seems quite translated into their pages. It is not good enough to look at the readers and say they are happy with what they have. We are supposed to lead; we must challenge them to move ahead with us or neither of us will move at all. We will slide, as a craft, as a profession, and as readers, too, into the stagnation of shopping sheets, throwaways, and the junior partner of television.

The role we can play every day, if we try, is to take the whole experience of every day and shape it to involve American man. It is our job to interest him in his community and to give his

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ideas the excitement they should have. These are the excellences of our craft.

They are produced by men who are truly engaged in producing the poetry of everyday life. The task of poetry remains the old calling: To take the language and, using the matter at hand, speak to the mind and the heart of individual men. It is the calling of newspapers also; it is their challenge. The excellence of publishers lies in recognizing this and in providing the opportunity and the goad for men of varying talents to reach out beyond their best to meet the challenge.

Hold the cards of your values away from your chest for a moment to see them clearly. Some, like loyalty and honor, have a schoolboy look about them and get praised dutifully—even automatically. Some, like taste and appreciation of what's fun in life, get neglected. Some, like involvement in life and the necessity for individual response, are actively challenged by everything around us and are in the greatest need of repair.

Then look back 100 years when this industrial society was being shaped and Matthew Arnold made it personal. The world, he said—

> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
> And we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

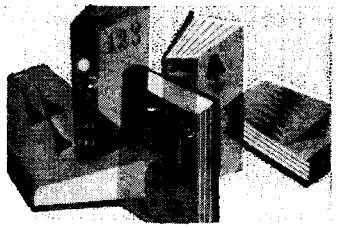
Is it true? Are the Mods and Rockers who fight now on Dover Beach a mockery of history, a cheap jest to show how low the truth has fallen from that cry of poetry?

No, I think that the ignorant armies have always been with us and I believe, as a passionate, personal thing, that joy and love and light exist here. Perhaps it would be hard for someone who for a lifetime has been associated only with newspapers to recognize, hard for him to boast that newspapers have within them the capability to write the real poetry of everyday life. Perhaps, too, I am a square in a hip world. But I think that in our present problems lies future greatness. I know that I have a newspaper reaching slowly forward along this path. I believe that together we see a profession that can accept its challenges and make them excellences.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. antiquated. 2. briquette. 3. clique. 4. disqualify. 5. etiquette. 6. hindquarters. 7. iniquity. 8. liquidate. 9. magniloquent. 10. oblique. 11. propinquity. 12. quinquereme. 13. relinquish. 14. semiquaver. 15. uniqueness.

Books in Communications



Travelers' Tales

FROM THE beginning, man's curiosity has prompted him to seek knowledge of the world that lies beyond the reach of his own eyesight and hearing. Whether from military necessity, greed, or the simple hunger to know, he has always sent forth representatives to gather the news, and he has always sought to learn that news as quickly as possible. Centuries ago it was already coming to him by carrier pigeon—a spectacular communications breakthrough in its time—and by the late eighteenth century strings of towers, fitted with telescopes and semaphore devices, linked every corner of France. The telegraph, the wireless, the radio, and the Telstar are later variations on the theme.

None of these devices, however, various as they may be, has yet succeeded in eliminating one common element: a man at the scene to observe and interpret what is happening. It is the history of this man, in his endless manifestations, that is told in John Hohenberg's *Foreign Correspondence: The Great Reporters and Their Times* (Columbia, $8.95). Hohenberg, a professor at Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism and a member of the Pulitzer Prize Advisory Board, has stitched together some 500 pages of history that manages, for all its scholarly care, to read like an adventure story. There is high drama in the grueling saga that began when J. D. Kennedy, a night telegrapher in the Boston bureau of the Associated Press, listened one night in 1912 to his homemade wireless receiver and heard a message from the unsinkable *Titanic:* COME AT ONCE WE HAVE STRUCK A BERG. . . . There is pained memory in the story of the Battle of Britain and its correspondents, Edward R. Murrow ("This . . . is London"), Quentin Reynolds, and Raymond Gram Swing among them. And there are great names and the record of their great reporting.

But *Foreign Correspondence* is more than a record. Throughout, there is an emphasis on the significance of the foreign correspondent's role. In discussing the Battle of Britain, for example, Hohenberg writes: "The cumulative effect of the reporting . . . was incalculable. It served to generate an atmosphere in which President Roosevelt could arrange with Churchill for the destroyers-for-bases deal, for lend-lease, and for the close cooperation that made continued resistance stronger." And later, in a section titled "The Peace Correspondents," he describes the frustrating but ultimately successful efforts of James Reston to report on the planning behind the United Nations. "It was his special virtue as a journalist," Hohenberg writes, "that he made the reporting of peace as exciting as that of war."

Are the days of the great reporters now ended? It can, of course, be argued that television may be forcing them into obsolescence. But Hohenberg thinks not. For one thing, newspaper readers themselves say they depend heavily upon print for certain kinds of news (one survey, made during New York's 114-day newspaper strike in 1962-63, quoted a respondent as saying, "A newspaper is my way of knowing what is going on in the world"). For another, the need for foreign correspondents is growing vastly in Africa, Southeast Asia, Latin America. If Hohenberg's prediction is right, his book is only the first chapter. Until the next one is written, it will remain the best thing of its kind available.

Better Late Than Never? *I Can Tell It Now* (Dutton, $5.95), a collection of reporters' footnotes to history, raises one main question: Why? Written by thirty-odd members of the Overseas Press Club of America, it purports to contain "stories that had not been told before because of censorship, the sensibilities of those then living, or the shortsightedness of editors." It's a catchy idea, all right, and a catchy title, but in practice the book turns out to be an undistinguished hodgepodge of sadly moldy pieces that weren't likely to find their way into print any other way. It would be unforgiveably impolite to single out the moldiest of them, for they are written by men and women of otherwise sound reputation, but it may be forgiveable to point out that nearly half of one of the pieces—to take only a single example—is simply quoted from something written and broadcast by the author in 1945. An occasional story is amusing or interesting enough, but it would be a mistake to expect the promise of the title to be fulfilled. —JAMES F. FIXX.

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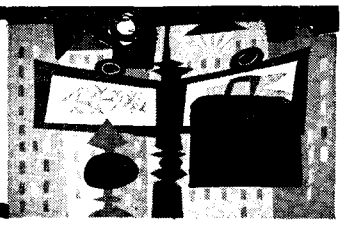
Madison Avenue



When Magazines Fight Together

By THEODORE PETERSON, *Dean, College of Journalism and Communications, University of Illinois.*

WHEN 1964 has slipped deeper into history, chances are good that magazine men will recall it as the year when publishers began to believe that they could work more effectively by fighting together than by fighting one another.

Even in this age of the company man, magazine publishing still has its aspects of anarchy. The battle for advertising is a battle for survival, and the prime rule of warfare has been every man for himself. In the fierce contest for survival, publishers have slugged, kneed, knifed and gouged one another with good-natured ruthlessness. They have acknowledged some common enemies, including television, but they customarily have united to fight only one thing—increases in postal rates.

Part of their in-fighting has been in the quiet offices of advertising agencies, where their salesmen have passed along the confident rumor that this competing magazine or that was going out of business. Part of their fighting has been in the advertising trade press and in the metropolitan dailies that advertising executives read.

Magazine publishing is perhaps the only business in which companies promote themselves by publicly knocking competitors by name. Just recently, for instance, *Time* bought space to shout that it is the most efficient of the selective magazines and to urge advertisers to compare its rate of $5.45 a thousand readers with *Newsweek's* $5.60. *Newsweek* quickly punched back. To reach 917 adult readers costs a dollar in *Newsweek*, it said, but $1.22 in *Time*. And it ticked off other features that make it "a more efficient buy than *Time*"—households with high incomes, households with heads who hold influential positions. *U. S. News* asserted that *it* has the highest percentage of readers in the upper levels of income, education, and occupation. And *Scouting* asked, somewhat peevishly, "Don't you know we beat the big-name bunch in reaching your most desirable households?"

The battle has gone beyond words. A year ago a major commercial research agency called off an elaborate study of the size of magazine audiences because one magazine was flooding the test areas with free copies.

But in the warm days of summer and in the balmy days of autumn, the dove of peace hovered over scattered sectors of the battlefield. Although the bird has by no means taken up permanent residence, there are signs that some publishers are seeking strength through solidarity.

One sign came in late July. Then five magazines—*Look*, *McCall's*, *Reader's Digest*, *Redbook*, and *Saturday Evening Post*—jointly commissioned a $500,000 research program on magazine audiences and on reader exposure to advertising pages. "This is the first time five magazines have got together to sponsor anything," one publisher remarked. Another said that the magazines planned to present the findings without knifing other publishers.

The project was significant because for probably the first time diverse publishers cooperated on a single piece of research not sold on a syndicated basis. For years advertisers have been urging magazines to provide objective information about their audiences. In 1957 the Advertising Research Foundation tried to raise $800,000 for a study covering thirty-four leading magazines and involving 30,000 interviews. Several major publishers killed the whole project by withholding support on the grounds that they were being pressured into it and that they already had spent heavily on their own studies. Last summer's venture meant that a few publishers were taking matters into their own hands. "We're sick and tired of second-class research," one publisher said, "and there must be an objectivity involved when five different guys get together and settle on one point of view."

A second sign came in September at a meeting of the Magazine Publishers Association. Richard Babcock, the new chairman, urged members to make the association "the federation of all of the interests of the periodical publishing industry." Most of the magazines in the MPA are addressed to the general reader, and they include all the giants. A few farm magazines belong, and so do a few business-oriented magazines, but the vast majority of such publications do not. Babcock proposed that the MPA broaden its membership to include these specialized periodicals and its activities to encompass their needs. He hoped the MPA "would be able to speak for the whole industry when its voice needed to be heard."

Babcock's plea and his announcement of a five-year development committee seem to point the direction in which the MPA is headed. Since 1957, when TV began grabbing off a huge share of advertising and the deaths of the Crowell-Collier magazines briefly undermined confidence in magazines, the MPA leadership has been trying to get publishers to put up a united front to advertisers and government. The solidarity has become more evident in the past couple of years.

The third sign, in October, was the merger of the two associations representing trade, technical, and business periodicals, Associated Business Publications and National Business Publications, into American Business Press, Inc.—a feat that required as much delicate negotiation as a border dispute in the Middle East. The basic difference between the groups was their attitude toward circulation. ABP, for the most part, represented proponents of paid circulation audited by the Audit Bureau of Circulations. NBP, in general, represented advocates of controlled circulation—that is, free distribution to a carefully chosen audience. An outsider might regard circulation methods as unlikely a cause of warfare as Jenkins's ear, but business paper publishers have waged bitter battles in its name.

The new association, bringing together about one-third of the 2,500 business publications in the U.S., should help diminish fighting over paid *vs.* free distribution. According to its leaders, it should also make possible a united front to government and industry, larger sales development and public relations programs, and increased services to members.

Not even a chronic optimist would take those signs to mean an end of internecine warfare. Indeed, Babcock's proposal got a mixed reaction from MPA members, and after the ABP-NBP merger thirty-four business magazines formed a new association, the Paid Circulation Committee, to protect and promote the interests of periodicals with paid circulation. Yet the signs do hint that even if publishers have not laid down their swords, they may draw them less often on one another and more often in common cause.

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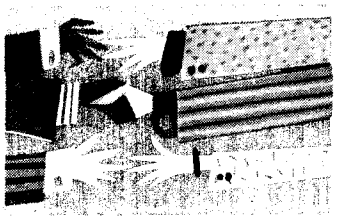
Public Relations



Sears, Roebuck Calls the Doctor

MANY of the larger and better-managed corporations have for a long time had a policy of making important contributions to the advancement of educational, scientific, and charitable programs in local communities as well as nationally. And the more thoughtful and creative of these corporations always seek to provide gifts that have a multiplying effect.

One of the most intriguing of these multiplying efforts is the Community Medical Assistance program of the Sears-Roebuck Foundation, which helps smaller communities throughout the country find physicians. The problem is a serious one for small towns that have been unable to attract medical practitioners.

In 1958 the Sears-Roebuck Foundation began its campaign to attract doctors to rural areas. The foundation, whose funds are donated by Sears, Roebuck and Company, worked out a carefully designed plan. It has resulted in good medical care for thousands who were previously without local medical assistance.

The Sears-Roebuck Foundation went about developing its Community Medical Assistance Program with the kind of planning for which Sears, Roebuck and Company is known in the merchandising field.

In cooperation with the American Medical Association, a step-to-step plan was worked out. It has proved that if enough thought, practical sense, and energy are combined, unusual results can be obtained.

The Community Medical Assistance Program begins with an economic survey, which need involve only 100 families. The survey is usually carried out through a local civic organization such as the Kiwanis Club. Sears provides instructions and manuals.

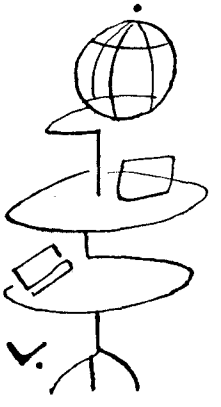
There are many factors involved in judging whether or not a community is eligible to participate in the program. But the determining one is the likelihood of a gross expenditure of $25,000 a year on office calls by members of the community. The $25,000 figure was chosen because the average net income of a general practitioner is $16,000 a year. (Operating expenses average about 40 per cent.)

The next step is the town meeting. Here a representative of the foundation explains the program and answers questions. Then the community votes secretly on whether or not it wishes to go ahead. (The foundation provides a leaflet, "A Doctor for Our Community," that contains a ballot.) The attendance at these town meetings has varied from 600 people at Prairie City, Iowa, to ten at Sandstone, Minnesota. Since the townspeople wouldn't be at the meeting unless they wanted the plan, votes are nearly unanimous in all instances. Town leaders are then asked to hold discussions among themselves for a week before notifying the foundation.

The third step embraces organization and fund-raising. Money is needed to build a medical center for the physician. A nonprofit corporation is therefore organized with the help of the foundation by providing pledge cards, information leaflets, certificates for investors, sales talk outlines, and suggested posters showing the community's progress in the fund drive.

Inherent in the plan is the assumption that if one has invested in the fund for the medical center, he will become a client. The loans are interest-free and are repaid through the rent received from the doctor for the center's building, or through the eventual sale of the building to him. In this way the physician has a built-in practice from the start.

The fourth step is the building of the medical center. The foundation provides complete blueprints and specifications for a specially designed center that becomes one of the lures for the general practitioner. The foundation also provides professional help to the community in site selection and acts as the agent for the community in letting all building contracts.



Then comes the problem of finding a physician. The Sears people feel they have a moral obligation to get a doctor once the community has built its medical center. Here the foundation works closely with the placement service of the American Medical Association. Doctors are brought to the community and if they and the community hit it off, the deal is made.

Once a physician is obtained for the community, the foundation provides a professional business consultant to help him in getting local financing. He is also given advice on equipment purchases, along with aid in setting up a sound bookkeeping system.

After all this effort, what have been the results? So far the Community Medical Assistance program has brought ninety physicians to thirty-three communities that previously had no doctors. Sears is currently working with an additional twenty-one communities.

The cost of this program to the foundation runs between $5,000 and $7,000 a unit. But what the whole program shows, above all, is that a creative approach can accomplish far more than if the same money were spent without an appreciation of the value of seed money.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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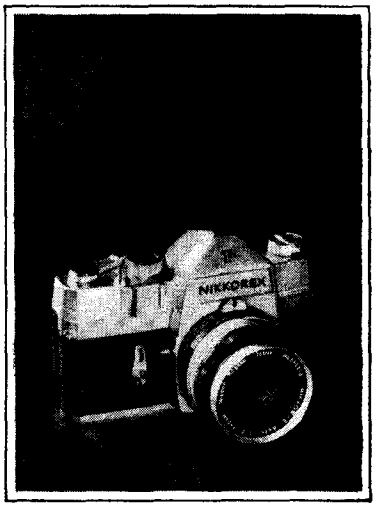

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The Bullpen

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Freedman; John Dubin, sitting in for picture editor John Radosta; Joseph Herzberg, director of cultural news; Tom Mullaney, financial editor; and Robert Garst, another *Times* veteran and former city editor, now an assistant managing editor.

Scattered about the room in the "outfield" were representatives of WQXR, the paper's radio station; its syndicate; the writer of the news summary; a representative of management (that night it was Harding Bancroft, executive vice president); one man each from promotion and circulation; and Catledge, the executive editor. Only the advertising and production departments are never represented.

The purpose of this conference is to make everyone entrusted with putting the paper together aware of the news going into that edition. The managing editor or his deputy calls on every man at the table to present his news budget for that edition, and it is read or simply reported in quick summary form, like news bulletins on radio. A few comments or questions punctuate the reports.

In thirty-five minutes that night the conference was over. But in that time everyone had heard, among other items, about the paper's elaborate plans to get the Ecumenical Council's texts from Rome into print by cable and jet delivery, about the situation in the Congo and other foreign places in the news; about the Brooklyn Navy Yard and the Bridge; about a Cezanne bought that day in London for $1,400,000; and about the murder of a wife by her double-amputee husband.

Back in the bullpen after the conference, Jordan had a brief session with a man from the metropolitan desk, which has jurisdiction over all airplane accidents, wherever they occur. There had been a crash in Sweden; no details yet. Then Jordan and Hauck moved into Bernstein's office for a picture conference with William Farrell, assistant picture editor. Photographs of the Narrows bridge were placed in a long rack on one wall while the editors discussed them and decided which to use and how large to make them.

By this time it was 5 o'clock and the tempo was slowly increasing. For the next hour Jordan and Hauck were busy checking on details, reading more wire-copy duplicates and summaries from the desks, all of which passed in a chain from Jordan to Hauck to Bernstein, along with carbon copies of every headline. The summaries now were of stories. On the *Times*, a reporter turns out a summary of his story for the bullpen before he begins to write it; if he telephones it, someone on the desk writes the summary for him. Pictures are also summarized by the picture desk. The bullpen, consequently, gets in these early hours a capsule impression of everything going into the paper.

At 6:10 comes the moment of truth, when it is time for the front page and split page to be dummied. Jordan and Hauck retired to Bernstein's office to complete the job for which everything else had been a prelude: the face the *New York Times* would present to the world next morning. To an outsider or a non-newspaperman, it would have seemed an absurdly quick, almost casual operation, taking only twenty minutes by the clock. Bernstein sat at his desk, dummying in stories on a layout sheet the size of a typewriter page, carrying on a running dialogue with the others. Where the stories should go, what maps to use, headline sizes, pictures, what stories the other papers might be playing—the decisions were made quickly and without hesitation. But into them went Bernstein's forty years of experience with the *Times*, and fifty years more from Jordan and Hauck combined.

Inside pages are dummied by David Lidman, chief makeup editor, whom the *Times* considers the best in the business. He does it with the aid of summaries from the desks and page dummies from the advertising department.

With the dummying over, the tempo in the bullpen again slowly increased:

6:30—first galley proofs from the composing room.

6:45—dinner delivered, eaten at the desk while working.

7:05—end of dinner.

8:00—Phelps arrives to join the bullpen. He will be late man, staying until 3 A.M., in charge of the late city edition, which goes in at 11:45, and of the final, closing at 2.

8:30—Jordan and Hauck take one of the world's smallest elevators (three people crowd it) from the city room to the composing room, on the fourth floor.

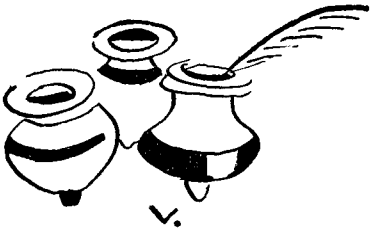
Until now, so smoothly has the giant machine worked that there has been no sense of pressure, but the clock moves relentlessly toward 9:15, deadline for the first edition. In the clattering hurly-burly of the composing room, the climax of the nightly steeplechase begins. An electric board bearing numbers, like the call board in the public library, shows the numbers of the pages still on the stone to be closed. A nearby blackboard shows in chalk the number of pages in the edition by signatures and, in a parallel column, the number of pages made up at that moment. Slowly the numbers diminish on the electric board and climb on the blackboard. Page one is not ready to go until 9:10, as Jordan and Hauck, reading proof, continue to make last-minute corrections. At 9:10 it goes and two minutes later it is held for a final correction.

BACK in the city room at 9:15, Jordan and Hauck learn that Roy Howard, the noted publisher of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, has died—missing a deadline at last. That will be a front-page story for the second edition, and Phelps's responsibility.

Meanwhile, there are a few more chores remaining. At 9:25 the bullpen trio goes over page proofs of the financial pages and of the split page. At 9:50 the first edition comes up from the press room and a last conference takes place in Bernstein's office, with Jordan, Hauck, Phelps, Lidman, and Farrell having a final look at what they have created, ordering changes here and there for the second edition.

At 10:15 that conference is over. A few minutes later Bernstein puts on his hat, exchanges a few pleasantries, and goes home. Along executive row, it has been quiet since the 4 o'clock news conference, with nearly everyone else vanished by 6. At 10:30 Jordan and Hauck are ready to leave, and by 10:35 Bob Phelps is in sole charge of the bullpen. Another edition of the *New York Times* is a matter of history.

What has happened since 3 o'clock has been the making of a unique journalistic product, unrivaled anywhere in the world, the end result of a news organization that is the largest and most complete ever known. In the end, the making has come down to the brains and judgment of three men in the bullpen, who pull the strands together and in an incredibly brief time weave the day's news into a pattern which is accepted everywhere, whatever its imperfections may be, as the best that human hands can devise. This, in brief, is the miracle. It happens every night on West 43rd Street.



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Films

Continued from page 70

good humor that fitted every occasion.

An incident can illustrate its value to the government. In September 1963, several USIA films were shown in an open-air theater in a Central American town, under the sponsorship of a local anti-Communist welfare committee. Word of the showing apparently got out to the local Communists, and as the show began a group of teen-agers appeared waving Cuban flags. All were members of the Friends of the Cuban Revolution, who had recently returned from a visit to Cuba at Castro's expense. The audience ignored the teen-agers until *United in Progress* was shown, upon which the audience broke into cheers and tore the Cuban flags from the demonstrators' hands. Surprisingly, the pro-Cuban group did not leave, but stayed to see the rest of the show. Kennedy, along with production quality, had done the job.

SOME films are made specifically for a certain area, such as Latin America, and others are aimed for more general showing. James Blue, an able young maker of documentaries, turned out a little classic in *The School at Rincon Santo,* which showed Colombians building themselves a schoolhouse. The film demonstrated how the Alliance for Progress could improve conditions in a locality, but did it dramatically instead of through a heavily scored message. The film had been made to be shown mainly in Latin America, but it was found surprisingly useful in almost all underdeveloped countries around the world. No matter how subtly made, it is nevertheless mandatory that each film must carry its "freight," as older hands at USIA say, meaning the message. But indirection is a useful method, too. John G. Fuller, for instance, produced and directed a government film called *The Making of a Champion.* It dealt with a visit to this country of thirty-two athletes from smaller countries, all here to improve their track and field performances in American schools and under American coaching. The point of the film was not, however, the better times that were recorded on stop-watches, but race relations. *The March,* another excellent documentary by James Blue, wasn't made to show that racial turbulence exists in this country, but to illustrate dramatically our use of our rights of peaceful assembly and protest. *Born a Man,* on the other hand, showed an American electrician blinded on the job, recuperating, rehabilitating himself with community help, and resuming his trade. It was made to be shown in Latin America, but it was also found useful in Africa. And, meanwhile, the film was evocative enough and human enough to do a good deal more than carry its "freight" about the value of individual and community action.

The films made by USIA are seen, all in all, in more than 100 countries, and sometimes require as many as fifty different foreign soundtracks. Many of the English tracks have been narrated by important Hollywood stars, among them Charlton Heston, Paul Newman, and Edward G. Robinson, who contributed their services free. The subjects are extremely varied, ranging from documentaries that rove over the entire American scene to coverage of the state visits of foreign dignitaries. Because the trips made abroad by President Kennedy were so thoroughly covered by USIA photographers, a valuable store of historic film about him now exists.

George Stevens, Jr., has conceived training programs through which he hopes to discover talented new film-makers for the Motion Picture Service. He split up one $30,000 film budget into six $5,000 parts. Six would-be film-makers at American universities were selected to make ten-minute films on subjects that would be useful to the USIA program. The best of these was called *Student Engineer* and was shown widely abroad. Stevens calls this kind of thing his "intern" project, and this year's project involves giving similar budget sums to five film-makers of promise who work outside the universities.

THIS stimulation of interest in the government's film program is necessary, for the fact of the matter is that those who make films for USIA become discouraged after a time by the lack of recognition in their home country. They achieve, but nothing is known of it, and their professional careers do not advance as inevitably as they would otherwise. Many more, including important Hollywood directors, would probably be attracted to the program if the barrier to United States exhibition did not exist. Creative film people don't generally like to work in what sometimes appears to them as a vacuum—although of course what they do is immensely valuable abroad. For the foreign version of USIA (it is called USIS abroad) makes sure that no exhibition possibility is overlooked. The films are shown in theaters and over television; they are screened continually at USIS posts, and several hundred mobile vans with projection equipment thread through rural areas to set up film programs. It is expected that *John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums* will far exceed the audience figures for any other USIA film made, and it can be assumed that it will carry a great deal of freight all over the world.

Antidotes

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the password to permanent adolescence.

Much has been said—and for sound reasons—about the need to build a solid wall of separation between the Central Intelligence Agency and both the operational and policy-making agencies. For very similar reasons, such a separation of our statistical competence from the standard-setting, law-making, and educational leadership seems to me essential. Unless this separation can be enforced, the standards of competence will decline and the changes of society will be adjusted, unchecked, to the pressures of mass behavior and mass attitudes. And since such behavior and attitudes are today, more than at any previous time, exposed to the influences of the mass media (including the mass medium of professional education), the dangers are monstrously magnified.

A third priority is to teach increasing numbers of children, adolescents, and adults the ability to consider the consequences of their actions and attitudes. If I had to settle for one single aim of education, this is the one I would pick. It is most likely to protect us, to paraphrase John Gardner, against a society so defective in competence that neither the ideas of its philosophers nor the pipes of its plumbers will hold water. It also offers the greatest measure of safety against the oversimplification of demagogues. Who could, after considering the consequences, maintain that the poor be held responsible for their poverty or that unequal rights of citizenship be considered anything less than a national concern?

Ideally, of course, it ought to be self-evident that the study of man's progress must teach this concern with the consequences for each individual's actions. In practice, it is open to question whether the most has been made of this opportunity. If the sterility of many available textbooks is any yardstick, the answer is that it has not. The excuses are familiar, too. To teach man's history honestly invites attacks by those who would substitute indoctrination. This is why there is a greater demand for docile rather than competent teachers of the humanities and social sciences.

Fortunately, today, we can turn to science and the teaching of science for some of the answers about how to combine competence and courage in the teaching of man's past and future. It is among the scientists that the questioning of the consequences of their actions has been most evident. It is among scientists—even among the lesser practitioners—that the relationship between competence and success and between competence and status has been made

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most explicit. And among the greatest of the scientists—because their competence has brought about the most world-shaking changes—the compassion for generations on the razor's edge of disaster has been most outspoken.

Competence, consequences, and compassion — these ought to be the keys. They join pragmatism and humanity. They make the technician human and the humanist accountable to contemporary life.

Nothing I have said applies exclusively to our time or is new in itself. What makes the contemporary scene so different in degree from the past, however, is the enormity of the powers lodged in man today. The power of destruction at the top of the human pyramid is too obvious for discussion. But the power of the individual to get in his neighbor's hair is closer to home and less readily recognized. From the noisy transistor radio on a bus to the destructive force of a recklessly driven car or the message by a commercial on a children's program, the immense powers of the people in a crowded, urban civilization are staggering.

It is for this reason that modern teaching—in direct contrast to much of the current practice—requires stress on the importance of voluntary restraints and self-discipline as a balancing force to the vital protection of individual freedom. The self-indulgent slogan-question, "It's a free country, isn't it?" —usually asked to justify the desire for instant gratification — increasingly requires the answer: "Not if you think you can do as you please." Never before has it been so important to apply the checks-and-balances concept of American institutions to the American individual's freedoms and restraints.

Finally, I should like to register a strong, personal dissent from those economists and educators who, because of anticipated changes as a result of automation, believe that the answer must be sought in a dramatic reduction in everybody's working hours and days. They see the human solution in massive education in the use of leisure time. I believe that this approach to the changing scene will be self-defeating. The economic consequence, already demonstrated in many short-hour fields, is simply to encourage people to look for a second job. But, more important, the hope that leisure can, if it becomes a major part of an active adult's waking hours, be productive, creative, and satisfying seems to me an illusion. The Sunday sailor is more likely to turn into a part-time commercial fisherman. Three or four days of golfing will change relaxation into a chore. Give the mass media the equivalent of their present peak hours on an almost continuing basis, and the saturation of the airwaves with violence and vulgarity may well become total. No, I am convinced that the no-work predictions are both wrong and unduly defeatist. As I indicated earlier, I am not convinced that there is really an irreversible need for the disappearance of certain jobs that at present are disappearing. I am not at all convinced that there is universal agreement about the desirability of abolishing manned elevators. I have yet to meet a single person who considers the substitution of a central televised security system in apartment house lobbies and elevators preferable to the presence of a reliable face.

BUT this is a minor aspect of my disagreement with the prediction that we are running out of work and must therefore put up with a redundancy of idle people. I see around me neighborhoods that need tearing down and rebuilding. I see, in these slums, a vast reservoir of humanity that also must be reclaimed. And even if the task may at times seem nearly hopeless so far as the older people are concerned, surely we know that there is hope for the children. I see schools that, by being doubled or tripled in size, and staffed with armies of competent and compassionate teachers, could do all the tasks in which we now know we fall short. I see hospitals lacking in beds, nurses, and doctors. I see vast stretches of once beautiful countryside and shoreline crying out for beauty to return.

Surely we could all extend this list of unfinished business. We could add to it the poverty and backwardness of a major portion of the world beyond our own borders and the challenge of making this earth a place where nations and races not only coexist but even rejoice in each other's differences.

In teaching young people about man's place in the world, the fusion of competence and compassion is more urgent than ever. The battle against sham and fraud in public, private, professional, and business life is imperative. But most important, higher education must help us free ourselves from the straitjacketing myths that prevent us from seeing that, although the job descriptions and the required skills will change and some will disappear altogether, we have not run out of unfinished business. The United States that created the Land Grant colleges when the agricultural and mechanical revolution called for it should have little difficulty creating new institutions for new tasks. The real test is not one of detail but of attitudes. If higher education can give us confidence in strength born of the marriage of competence and compassion, then we should not doubt that we —and not some vague statistical change in mass mores—can shape our destiny.

First Things First

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authoritarian movements. There is one chief difficulty. It doesn't work.

No, I believe the solutions must rest upon the cumulative efforts of millions of individuals. It was not, after all, the Emancipation Proclamation that ended the institution of slavery in the United States. It was the evolution, in the minds of millions of Americans, of the idea that slavery was wrong. Without that commitment on the part of the citizens of the North, it is doubtful whether Mr. Lincoln's proclamation would have survived as anything but a public relations gesture that sounded good but in the end proved little.

So it will be, I believe, with our other problems. They will not be solved by the Congress of the United States, or by the directives of any government agency. They will be solved by small groups of intelligent men and women thinking about them, discussing them, and gradually distilling, in their intellects and their imaginations, the approaches that will ultimately yield success.

This is not the easy way. There is no easy way. But it is a way that at least promises success, and I know of no other that does. And so, when we ask the question of what the humanities have to contribute, it would seem that there are two answers.

The first is the improvement of communication. It is easy to belittle this field. But the fact is that effective communication is an extremely difficult matter, complicated by all sorts of subtleties. Educators have a great responsibility in this area, for communication between human beings is as much their province as the mechanical means for transmitting the human word is the province of the physical scientist. This is no slight mission. The future of the world may well hinge upon our success.

The second thing the humanities have to contribute is no less important. It is to arouse the minds of the millions of men and women with the intellectual capacity to do something about the world's problems. There are some of these people who are not giving our civilization the benefit of their intelligence, who are ignoring anything not related to their immediate concerns. We have in them a tremendous natural resource. I think one of the first goals of educators should be to lead young men and women to realize the necessity for them to interest themselves in the world's problems, to equip themselves to contribute something to their solutions.

As the Chinese philosopher Lao-tse said in approximately 550 B.C., the journey of a thousand miles begins with the first step.

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Automation

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one can act as a man and, if you will, suffer from one's mistakes. Maybe therein lies some attraction.

But mentioning the use of value judgments in the higher reaches of government reminds me that we are concerned here with the humanities. And this is the crux of the problem of man and machine. Those persons who are most likely, by education and general background, to benefit most from continuing studies of, or simple reflection on, the subjects with which the humanities deal are those least likely, in government at any rate, to have the time to do so. They are in the jobs that can't be automated. Ask any Assistant Secretary of State, for example, how much time he has at his disposal for, to borrow a phrase from Randall Jarrell, "pure reading" as opposed to "applied reading." Who among them can find the time after a glance at the *New York Times Book Review* or *Saturday Review* to read even a small percentage of the novels and the poetry that he has seen reviewed? Who has time to attend the ballet, the theater, and concerts, and generally to engage in those cultural pursuits for which the machines are presumably producing the leisure for us to enjoy?

Surely we have here one of the ironies of modern times. We try to minimize it, to be sure, by dragging executives, whether from business or government, off to remote and frequently mountainous places to meditate on the great books, after they have tried to read them on the plane on the way out to the meeting. Even this is difficult now that the airplanes incorporate one more distracting feature of one's living room—a movie or TV.

So the machines continue to evolve, even become airborne, and continue to produce for some the leisure time the human race has dreamed of since the beginning of history. The machines have the easier time of it, though. None of them need worry for one moment about the ethical problems with which dozens of government officials are concerned day to day. They are happily untrammeled by morality. They are not making esthetic judgments of their own. In short, no machine is a man.

Yet if we can somehow divide labor differently we can provide the leisure required for the fullest appreciation of the humanities for those persons, in the government and out, who most need and want it. Surely such a division will call into use more and more complicated machines.

But no matter how complex the machines, how human, we will always be able to say with e. e. cummings, "The single secret will still be man." When we are reduced to enforced contemplation of this secret that is man, we shall then find ourselves face to face with the problems that concerned the Greeks and Hebrews in the days when there were, according to our lights, practically no machines. But these ancients with leisure at their disposal (because they had slaves to do the chores, as we have machines) wrestled with the problems of the ultimate nature of man, his relationship to the universe and to God or the gods, however conceived. The machines may ultimately force us into this happy encounter with our being again. Who knows what that struggle will produce?

"Do for him what you did for me!"

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(Continued from page 79)

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